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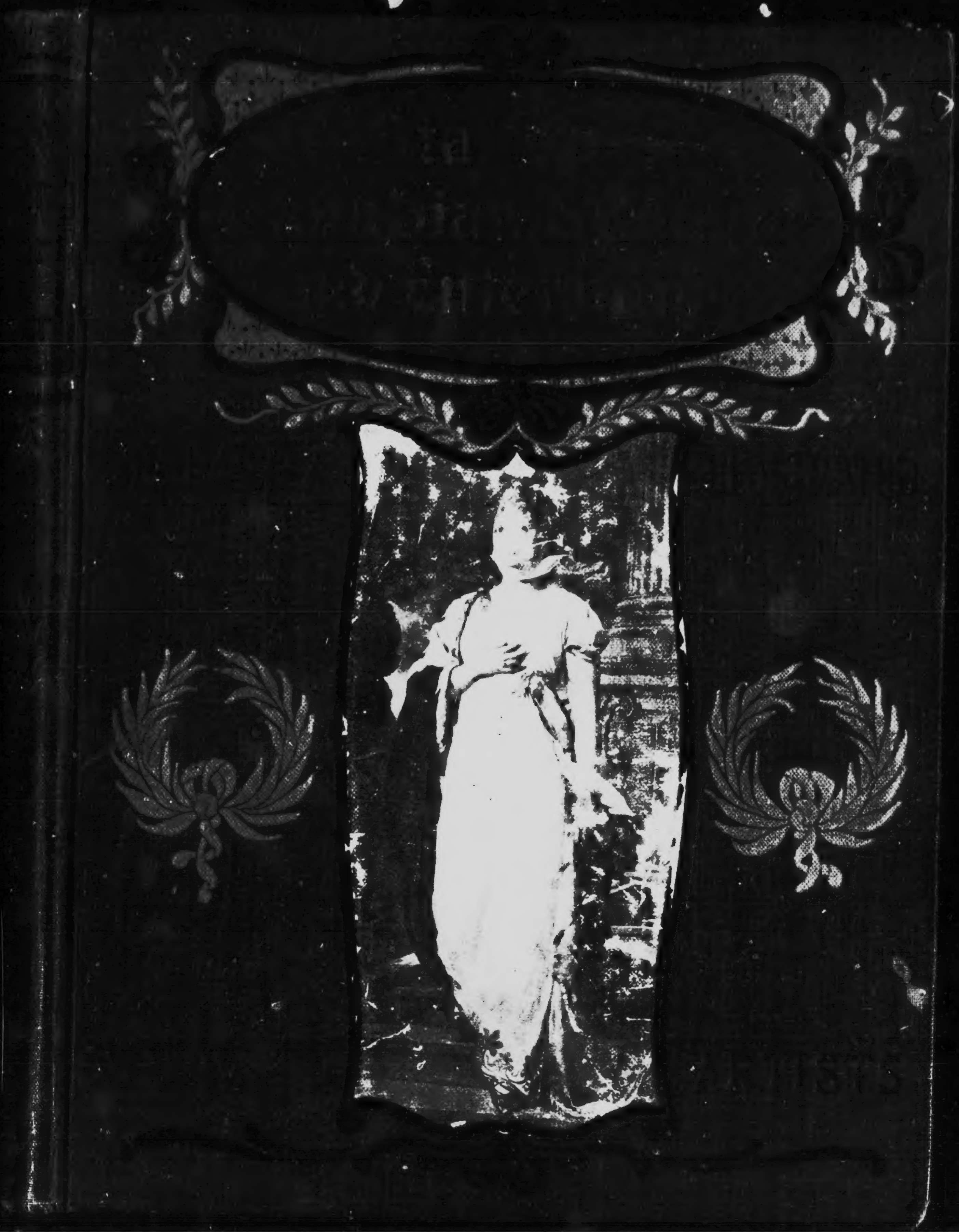

ANA

LEADERS OF PUBLIC THOUGHT WHO HAVE WON DISTINCTION AS ORATORS AND PLATFORM SPEAKERS

The Standard Canadian Speaker and Entertainer

RECITATIONS, READINGS, PLAYS, DRILLS, TABLEAUX, Etc.

—Together with—

Rules for Physical Culture and for the Training of the Voice and the Use of Gesture, according to the Delsarte System

—BY—

FRANCES PUTNAM POGLE, B.E.

—AND—

THOMAS S. MECH, M.A.

And Other Eminent Specialists

Including also New and Original Musical Compositions with many Old and Popular Favorites and Suggestive Programmes for Entertainments of all Kinds.

A Complete Hand-Book of Entertainment for all Ages and Occasions

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THE BRADLEY-GARRETSON COMPANY, Limited

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INTRODUCTION

IN presenting this work to the Canadian public we beg to state that it has been prepared expressly to meet a practical need. There are many speaker books, yet there seems to be an almost universal demand for a volume combining appropriate selections for declamation, recitation, reading, dialogues, tableaux, plays, musical numbers, etc., which shall be suitable alike for the home, school, church, temperance, patriotic, social and all ordinary entertainments.

There is hardly a community where such entertainments are not of frequent occurrence, and, we might say in nine-tenths of them, the chief difficulty is to find persons with ability or training to take part. A second difficulty also arises in making up a programme of suitable selections. This volume will be found a help in overcoming both these obstacles. It furnishes for the teacher and the individual a method of simple training which enables them to train others or prepare themselves to speak easily and gracefully; and at the same time places the material at their hands from which to make suitable selections.

Miss Frances Putnam Pogle, B.E., of the Cumnock School of Oratory, of Chicago, who prepares the departments of "PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT" AND "DELSARTE TRAINING AND ELOCUTION," is one of the most successful teachers of these specialties. She has devoted years to the study, practice and teaching of elocution as an art. She begins by training the body to make itself a willing, graceful and obedient servant to the will and the emotions of the speaker. Next she trains the mind to abandon itself to the spirit of the selection in hand, forgetful of self and surroundings, the speaker becoming for the time the real character or soul of the lines rendered.

The Delsartean method has been thoroughly mastered by Miss Pogle. Her instructor was trained by the famous Delsarte himself. Elocutionists and orators everywhere declare it is the only system by which to discover and develop those true powers of eloquence which, Webster declares, "Labor and learning may toil for in vain. Words and phrases cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject and in the occasion," and come from the speaker as naturally as "the breaking out of a fountain from the earth." Miss Pogle's method of teaching this subject is remarkable for its simplicity. The common-school child can follow her

easy conversational description and instruction. It is written in the author's simple and familiar manner of teaching individuals by correspondence. Possessors of this book will feel as if they were her personal pupils—as they really will be—following the instructions of a letter written personally to themselves.

This series of lessons will be found of incalculable value to those who have not had a course at a school of elocution and physical culture. Even reading the pages over in a casual way will be found interesting and beneficial, while a short period each day devoted to study and practice will make any ambitious young man or woman more than a fair elocutionist, besides repaying the student with general benefit both mentally and physically.

The Department of Music has been edited by Mr. George M. Vickers, a musical authority who himself adds some of his own pieces. The selections will be appreciated by all lovers of sweet music in the home, school and social gatherings. "The Little Foresters," a musical sketch for Arbor Day entertainment, and "The Musical Asters," a flower story with special settings are both designed for several singers, and with others, were prepared exclusively for this volume and cannot be found elsewhere.

The general selections for the book are divided into departments, those relating to "PATRIOTISM AND WAR," leading, in deference to the prominence of these two subjects at present, as well as to the duty of patriotism upon every citizen and our obligation to teach it to the young. Recognizing the fact that real patriotism does not necessarily mean war and that our civilization favors peace, selections have been introduced which favor this view and which are also the best of modern literature. The selections of this department have been made and arranged by a distinguished Canadian writer and authority on literature and elocution. They are representative of the best productions of the Dominion. The death of our late beloved Queen Victoria brought forth many beautiful and noble tributes, the best of which will be found in this department. These selections may be used on many occasions, such as anniversaries and national holidays. They also include the best national pieces of other great peoples, and will be appreciated by all lovers of choice elocution. The remaining departments, "NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE," "HUMOROUS AND DIALECTIC," "RELIGIOUS, MORAL AND DIDACTIC," "PATHETIC," "TEMPERANCE READINGS," etc., embrace the best selections and cuttings to be obtained from a wide field of research in both ancient and modern literature. While hacknied selections have in the main been discarded, yet old and standard pieces of perennial interest have been retained. The classifying of all the selections under their proper headings renders easy the work of choosing suitable pieces of any character.

These will meet the approval of that large number of Sunday-school teachers and temperance workers whose duty it often is to make selections for public entertainments.

Attention is particularly called to the department of "ENCORE SELECTIONS," so much sought after by popular reciters; also to "THE LITTLE FOLKS' SPEAKER," a department of the work devoted entirely to bright speeches for children—enabling mamma to find something pretty for the child to speak in a few moments.

INTRODUCTION

"HAPPY QUOTATIONS is another department which, with the suggestions as to the manner of using them, will also be found both helpful and entertaining to old and young.

"DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX AND PLAYS" are also grouped together in a department devoted exclusively to that class of selections; and, the SHAKESPEAREAN DEPARTMENT," in which representative cuttings from the great plays of the world's greatest playwright are presented, will prove of special value to those who aspire to the higher levels of the dramatic art.

Thus it will be seen that the work, while most comprehensive, including altogether more than 1,000 selections, suited alike to all ages and to all occasions, is so classified and arranged as to make it of the greatest possible convenience and availability in the practical using.

We trust that the labor expended upon it, and the efficient and original manner in which it has been executed and arranged for the practical use of the masses may be rewarded by the cordial reception which this new and originally planned work deserves at the hands of the public.

Respectfully.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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Part I

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

By FRANCES PUTNAM POGLE

What do we mean by "Physical Development?" It is the training of the bodily organs and powers with a view to the promotion of health and vigor, or strength.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon physical development when one begins to study Elocution.

To begin with, the first requirement for public speaking is "physical strength."

Because in order to become a successful public speaker one must be strong enough to withstand not only the *nervous* strain under which such an one is constantly laboring, but also the *physical* strain which of necessity must come to the body from long standing and constant activity in changing from one character to another during an evening's program.

Besides, one cannot possibly lose himself in a selection unless the body is free from pain, and perfectly at ease.

The least pain or awkwardness in any part of the body, the mind concentrates itself upon that one part to the exclusion of all else, and, instead of decreasing, the pain or awkwardness increases by much thinking on, until the infection spreads over the whole body and finally takes entire possession of the mind as well.

The result is *a failure*, in which the recitation has degenerated into mere

"Words, words, words!"

as Hamlet says.

What was the cause of the failure?

One little part of the body [illegible] not up to the *standard!* Nothing to speak of—but enough to spoil the good effect of all the stronger parts. As a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, so the human body is only as strong, and, shall we say as graceful? as its weakest part. Shakespeare has it—

"So, oft it chances in particular men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault."

The Doctor's Test.

After looking at a rather dyspeptic patient a moment, an eccentric physician said very abruptly, "Where is your stomach?"

"Here!" said the patient, promptly, though looking bewildered by the question.

"How do you know?" said he.

"Why, because that's where the pain is whenever I swallow anything."

"Then my supposition was correct," declared the doctor. I thought you had dyspepsia the moment I laid eyes on you, but thought I'd test you to make sure."

As the patient looked puzzled, he continued: "You see, a person who has a good stomach oughtn't to know that he *has* one, much less *where it is*."

The doctor's rule for a good stomach is my rule for a good body.

On getting up to recite, if you feel that you *have* a body, then there is something *wrong* with it. When your body has reached the state where it is not a subject of consideration to you, then and not until then, will you be able to do your best work.

After all, the body is merely the *veil* through which the *soul* shines, or the *glass*

through which the *sun* shines. If the veil is marred in any way, the attention of the outsider is drawn to the mar, while the soul which shines through is unnoticed; or, if the pane is blemished, the beautiful sunshine comes through but dimly, and then in distorted shadows.

Is it possible ever to attain to the state where one is unconscious of the body?

Yes: but only after long and careful work. In order to reach that condition you must pass through one of extreme and painful self-consciousness, but it will pay in the end. In order to reach heaven, one must pass through "the valley of the shadow of death!" Most of the things worth having on earth are only the result of great and painful effort. Ask any one who has ever seen it, if the view from the top of Mt. Blanc is not worth the struggle up its side. So do not be discouraged, but as Emerson says:

"Hitch your wagon to a star!"

All great orators and actors have had physical defects to overcome.

Look at Demosthenes! Who does not know the story of his patient and successful efforts to overcome his life-long habit of carrying one shoulder lower than the other? One of my earliest recollections is the picture of that great orator reciting in front of his mirror with the sharp edged sword placed so that it would cut into the flesh every time his shoulder should sink to its old level.

Abraham Lincoln, with his loose-jointed frame and homely face, was by nature the embodiment of awkwardness; but when roused to the pitch of eloquence the beauty of his soul transfigured him, until his every move was strength, grace and dignity!

And so I might go down the long line of famous speakers, pointing out some fault or faults in each, which had to be overcome before greatness was attained.

For the sake of illustration let us liken the body to a garden. What does the expert gardener do before planting his seed?

He begins by pulling out or cutting down the weeds, which, if allowed to grow, would soon overrun the whole garden, choking out the seed which he intends to plant in the future. Then he plows or spades the earth in order to loosen it; after which it is ready for the planting.

How does he plant his seeds? By simply throwing them upon the surface of the soil, and then paying no more attention to them? No, he plants them *carefully*, seeing that they are covered with earth; and then he tends them day after day, until the fruit ripens under his care into perfect growth and symmetry, and is ready for use.

To one who would be an effective speaker the mental faculties are the gardeners, the body is the garden; the weeds are the faults of carriage and bad habits formed in years of thoughtlessness; the instruments with which he loosens the soil are the relaxing exercises; the loosened soil is the body when it has become free of faults; the seeds are the principles for obtaining strength, ease and grace, without which nothing can be truly beautiful; the careful planting is the putting in of these principles by steady practicing of exercises which will take root in the body; the careful tending after the seeds have taken root, is the watchfulness of the mind to see that the body does not break the laws of nature; and the ripened fruit is the body which has become so thoroughly developed and perfected under long and careful training that it is no longer an impediment, but the instrument through which the soul works its will.

To quote from a former figure, the blemish in the glass, the mar in the veil, are gone, and now we see the sublime spectacle of the workings of a human soul.

Following the wise leading of the gardener, I will begin by trying to weed out your faults and bad habits of carriage.

In the first place, *have* you any bad habits or peculiarities which need to be corrected? Let me tell you right here that not one in a hundred is free from *some*, and, in most cases, *many*, defects of carriage. Sometimes it is one thing, sometimes another, but usually the fault lies with the hands, feet, head, abdomen, shoulders, or the placing of the weight.

By watching yourself you can soon tell if you have any faults to overcome. When you enter your friend's parlor, if you feel as if you do not know what to do with your hands or feet, then the trouble lies with them. If any other part feels too prominent or heavy, then the trouble lies *there*.

To relieve stiffness and awkwardness of any part of the body I should advise thorough practice in the following relaxing exercices.

I shall frequently use the term "Military Position." By it, I mean—

(*Military Position.*)

1. Heels together, with toes at an angle of forty-five degrees.
2. Head erect.
3. Shoulders well up.
4. Arms close at sides
5. Knees stiff
6. Weight on the balls of the feet.
7. Abdomen back in place.
8. Chest up.

Relaxing Exercises for the Hand.

I.

1. Military position.
2. Clasp the left wrist firmly with the right hand, at the same time letting the left hand hang as if dead or relaxed.
3. By moving right hand and arm, shake left hand violently up and down, round and round in every direction, until it feels numb, or, as if all the blood in the body were in it. (Be sure that the *right* hand and arm are doing all the work.)
4. Reverse the movement, making left hand do the work and right hand hang relaxed, etc.

(*Repeat ten times.*)

II.

1. Military position.
2. Lean the body forward and dip the tips of the fingers into an imaginary basin of water.
3. Shake the water off *violently.*

(*Repeat twenty times.*)

III.

1. Military position
2. Clench hands tightly at sides, arms being tense and strained
3. Hold strained position while counting twenty
4. Relax arms and hands

(*Repeat fifteen times.*)

Relaxing Exercises for the Foot.

I.

1. Military position.
2. Right foot forward.
3. Lift right foot off the floor, bending the leg at the knee
4. Relax right foot
5. Shake right foot violently as if shaking off water.
6. Right foot back to place
7. Reverse the movement putting left foot forward, etc

(*Repeat eight times.*)

II.

1. Military position
2. Place hands on hips.
3. Lift right leg, bending it at knee and letting lower leg hang relaxed
4. By quickly raising and depressing upper leg, swing the relaxed lower leg backward and forward in a movement resembling the pawing of a horse
5. Reverse the movement.

(*Repeat five times.*)

Relaxing Exercises for the Head

I.

1. Military position.
2. Press the head back as far as possible until the muscles under the chin and at the back of the neck feel strained
3. Relax these muscles letting the head hang back, relaxed
4. Bring the head to place.
5. Press the head as far as possible to the right until the muscles at the left and right sides of the neck feel strained
6. Relax the muscles
7. Reverse this movement pressing head to left etc.
8. Press head forward as far as possible and relax
9. Press head straight up as far as possible and relax

(*Repeat this [illegible] four times.*)

II.

1. Feet in military position, hands on hips.

2. Close eyes and slowly relax the head, letting it fall forward on the breast.

3. Imagine life cut off at the neck, and the head simply attached with a string.

4. By moving the trunk in a circular direction, let the head roll around of itself, making several circuits of the body. *Be sure* that the *head* does *none* of the *work*.

RELAXING EXERCISES OF THE WHOLE ARM.

I.

1. Stand with left foot at walking step in advance of right, letting right arm hang relaxed at side, and placing left hand on hip.

2. Move the body forward and back, shifting the weight first to forward foot and then to back, and bending the knees more and more each time. If the arm is perfectly relaxed it will swing forward and back, going a little higher each time, until at last it moves clear around in a circle parallel to the body.

3. Reverse the movement, placing right foot forward, and relaxing left arm.

4. Double the movement, letting both arms hang relaxed, etc.

(*Repeat this movement five times.*)

II.

1. Military position.

2. Keeping body perfectly rigid, raise arms straight over head.

3. Hold arms erect while counting twenty.

4. Let them drop relaxed at sides.

(*Repeat this movement five times.*)

RELAXING EXERCISES FOR THE WHOLE LEG.

I.

1. Stand with the left foot on a thick book or a small elevation. Balance weight carefully on it.

2. Let right leg hang relaxed. (If it is entirely relaxed, the toe will point downward.)

3. Move the body forward and backward bending slightly at hips. This action of the upper body ought to swing the leg, if it is relaxed, very gradually higher and higher until it moves like a pendulum.

4. Reverse the movement.

(*Repeat five times.*)

II.

1. Military position.

2. Lift right leg straight out in front, having whole leg and foot *tense*, with toe pointing away from the body.

3. Hold this position while counting four.

4. Let the leg drop relaxed.

5. Reverse this movement, lifting left leg, etc.

(*Repeat this eight times.*)

III.

1. Lie flat on the floor.

2. Lift right foot up as far as possible.

3. Hold strained attitude while counting twenty five.

4. Let it drop relaxed.

5. Reverse the movement, using left foot.

(*Repeat ten times.*)

RELAXING EXERCISES FOR TRUNK AND ARMS.

(To be taken without tight or stiff clothing.)

1. Take a rather wide base, letting arms hang relaxed at sides.

2. Slowly relax face, letting eyes close and chin drop.

3. Slowly relax head, letting it drop forward on the breast.

4. Slowly relax shoulders and spine, letting the head, arms and trunk sink gradually until the whole upper body hangs lifelessly to the hips.

5. Hold this position while you can count thirty.

6. Shift weight from right to left and back, repeating the movement until the relaxed trunk, arms and head swing from side to side.

7. Slowly energize, letting the life steal upward through the spine, then shoulders, then head, then face, and lifting the body

into correct position, *i. e.*, hips and abdomen back in place, and shoulders well drawn *up*, instead of being thrown *back*.

This movement, especially, is often given by prominent nerve specialists to their patients as being fine for the nerves of the back, which are the most delicate of the body.

Relaxing Exercises for the whole Body.

(All tight or stiff clothing should be removed for this movement.)

1. Lie flat on the back on the floor, with arms at sides, and eyes closed.
2. Lift the head and hold it off the floor while you count ten.
3. Let it drop, relaxed.
4. Lift right leg and hold aloft while counting twenty.
5. Let it drop relaxed.
6. Lift left leg, and hold aloft while counting twenty.
7. Let it drop relaxed.
8. Lift right arm straight up while you count thirty.
9. Let it drop, relaxed.
10. Lift left arm straight up while you count thirty.
11. Let it drop, relaxed.
12. Lie quietly five minutes until thoroughly relaxed.

This exercise is often given to produce sleep, and is much more restful to the body and mind than two hours of unrelaxed sleep. If you are at all nervous, lie down quietly and *relax* yourself. It will soothe you more than any amount of restless turning and twisting in trying to get to sleep.

Before giving a recital I always go through with the relaxing exercises, and then lie down quietly for thirty minutes It makes me feel delightfully refreshed

This completes the first of relazing exercises. Remember that unless you practice them faithfully, you will continue in your old faults. This is the only way to cure them. As you cannot build a symmetrical house without a foundation, so you cannot build a symmetrical body without the relaxing exercises. In fact, they *are* the foundation of the house of strength, ease and grace. No teacher of elocution could commit a greater crime toward a pupil than to give him gesture work before curing him of his faults of carriage! Such teachers bring ridicule upon our art, which is the oldest in the world,—the art of expression.

Now that we have laid the foundation, let us put up the framework. For what does the framework stand? Beauty? No! Grace? No! For what, then?

For strength.

If the reader has access to a gymnasium, I should advise the use of the Indian clubs, dumb bells, parallel bars, chest bars, vaulting pole, punch bag, rings and turning pole, for developing physical strength. I might say right here that this advice is to women and girls as well as to men and boys. All of the above-mentioned apparatus can be used as well and as profitably by the one sex as by the other, if the women are properly dressed and do not go to an excess

One of the greatest pleasures I have ever known was in conquering the different apparatus until I could use them as well as any boy in the gymnasium.

If you have not access to a gymnasium, you can do a great deal to develop your strength by using the following exercises:

Exercises for Strengthening the Arms.

I

Caution.—Every move of the following exercises must be made with energy.

a.

1. Military position and hands closed firmly at sides.
2. Right hand at chest
3. Right hand back at side.
4. Repeat.
5. Left hand the same.
6. Both hands the same.

b.

1. Both hands clenched on chest.
2. Right hand shoot straight out in front at shoulder.
3. Back to chest.
4. Repeat.
5. Left hand the same.
6. Both hands the same.

C.

1. Both clenched hands on shoulders.
2. Right hand straight up.
3. Back to shoulder.
4. Repeat.
5. Left hand same.
6. Both hands same.

II.

"Anvil Movement."

1. Place clenched fists one on top of the other at arm's length in front, about on a level with the waist line, so that the thumb of the right hand touches the little finger of the left.

2. Drop the right hand in a circular movement, bringing it around with all its force and striking the clenched left hand on top, send it round to come back and strike the right, which repeats the movement as before. This must be done in such a way that anyone looking at you from the side sees each arm perform a perfect circle.

III.

(To be practiced with care, being sure to keep the back rigid.)

1. Military position.
2. Taking a chair by the top of back in the right hand, raise it slowly at full arm till on a level with the shoulder.
3. Lower it slowly to ground.
4. Use the left hand and arm.
5. Put the chair in front of you, and lift it with both hands, *being careful not to bend at the waist line*

[illegible] may be used, beginning at first with [illegible] the water [illegible], and increasing amount slowly.

IV

1. Take hold of anything from which you can hang, a short distance from the ground.
2. Try to draw your chin up to your hands.

(Repeat this five times.)

Exercises for Strengthening the Legs.

1. Feet in military position, hands on hips.
2. Right foot forward in a diagonal line, putting weight onto it at same time.
3. Back to place.
4. Repeat.
5. Left foot same.
6. Right foot forward and back.
7. Left foot forward and back.
8. Right foot forward and back.
9. Left foot forward and back

In this movement be sure to shift the weight with each move of the feet.

II.

1. Place hands on hips.
2. Run on toes round and round a large room or out of doors, being sure to touch merely the ball of the foot

III.

1. Heels together, body erect and lightly poised over the balls of the feet, and hands held out in balancing attitude.
2. Bend the knees slightly.
3. Jump straight up into the air, coming down on *toes* with heels still together.
4. Sink heels slowly to ground, but keep weight poised over balls of the feet.

(Repeat ten times.)

IV.

1. Place your back against a flat surface, say a door, being sure to see that your head and heels also touch the door, and that your hands are flat at sides.
2. Without removing head from door, drop straight down as far as possible, bending the body nowhere except at knees.
3. Raise the body in same way.

(Repeat four times.)

(This movement, as you will find upon trial, is very difficult, and takes much practice before satisfactorily performed.)

V.

1. Military position.
2. Raise right foot and kick violently
3. Right foot back to place.
4. Raise left foot and kick violently.
5. Left foot back to place.

(Repeat ten times.)

VI

1. Feet in military position, hands on hips

2. Right foot forward.

3. Shift weight to it.

4. Bend right knee, sinking almost to floor, and keeping body perfectly erect.

5. Rise slowly, keeping weight on the ball of the front foot

6. Shift weight to back foot.

7. Right foot back to place

8. Reverse the movement, placing left foot forward, etc

(*Repeat five times.*)

Exercises for Making the Feet Strong and Pliable

I might remark here that it is very important to use the joints of the feet, if one desires to become a graceful walker. Nothing is more ungraceful than that flat footed walk which one so often sees on the street

Siddons' Opinion.

It is said of the great Siddons that at one time a young actor who had taken the people of England by storm, came to her to ask for her patronage. She put him upon the stage, watched him go through one scene of *Hamlet*, and then told him quietly but firmly that she had no place for him in her company. When asked her reason for this decision, she remarked: "My dear young sir, you walk as if your feet had no joints. Every time your foot falls flat! on the plank, it sends a cold shiver all over me. Could I think thee, fall in love with a flat footed *Hamlet?* Godzooks, no! I prithee, go limber up thy joints!"

We cannot afford to slight the opinion of so great an artist as Siddons, therefore let us come to the point.

I

1. Heels together, hand on hips, weight on balls of feet.

2. Rise on toes slowly, counting one two, three.

3. Hold position, counting one, two, three.

4. Sink slowly to first position, counting one, two, three.

(*Repeat five times, being sure to see that your body rises and sinks gradually but firmly, not in an uncertain manner*)

3

Exercises to Stengthen the Hand.

I

1. Clench and open hand forcibly as if grasping and unwillingly releasing something with which you do not wish to part

2. Do this first with one hand and then the other.

(*Repeat twenty times.*)

II.

1. Beginning at the centre of the palm, make the life and force flow gradually outward to the tips of the fingers and thumb, opening the hand slowly and forcibly at the same time.

2. Close the hand in the same way, letting the life slowly flow *from* the finger-tips back to the centre of the palm.

3. Work on this movement until the hands are so thoroughly under the control of the will that the movement resembles the opening and closing of the petals of a flower.

Exercises for Strengthening the Back.

There is a warning I should give, and perhaps this is the best place for it. It is: Women, be careful of your *backs!*

The most delicate and most easily injured part of a woman's body is the region around the waist line, just at the middle of the back. Why is it delicate? Because it is so terribly abused. Every time a woman puts on her hat, or ties her veil, or combs her hair, I will venture she misuses her back! How *do* women stand when they perform those functions? They stand, as a rule, with their shoulders bent back, their abdomens protuding and their weight thrown way back on their heels. How *should* they stand? They should stand with their shoulders erect, their backs either perfectly straight or bent slightly to the front, their abdomens back in place, and their weight always on the balls of the feet.

My dear reader, you are a woman, try to do these things properly next time, and see how much easier it is to do them with the correct than with the *incorrect* poise. Also remember that it is just as important to

carry yourself properly in your *home* as it is on the streets, and, indeed, I might say *more* important, for more of your time is spent at home than on the streets. Have you ever known a woman who didn't care anything about her appearance at home, and who went around the house with her shoulders and abdomen entirely out of place, but who straightened up considerably and made a fairly good appearance on the street? I am sure you will not have to look far to find such a one. Very likely that woman was continually complaining of headaches and backaches. No wonder! With such treatment the wonder is that she was ever *free* from them.

Half of the nervous disorders come, not so much from overwork, as from carelessness in the use of the body. Whenever I see a man or woman pounding along down the street, with the body all out of poise and the weight on the heels, it makes me shudder; for I think how every step jars the delicate spine which, in turn, jars the base of the brain. What wonder that headache is the result!

Professor Paine, of astronomical fame, always walks on the tips of his toes. It looks rather peculiar to see a tall, thin person like the professor tiptoeing down the street, and the first time I saw him I was decidedly amused, though I instantly knew why he was doing it. His nervous system is very delicate, and he walks in this way in order to save his spine and brain from jarring. If he had only known, he could have accomplished the same r sult without making himself so conspicuous. One can walk with the entire weight on the balls of the feet just as well when the heels are touching the ground, as when they are not. In fact, that is exactly where one should *always* carry the weight.

All of the movements I have given, work toward strengthening the back, inasmuch as the spine is to be held rigidly through most of them, and this very rigidity is of itself strength-giving. The relaxing movement for the trunk, head and arms is especially good for that purpose, as, when the body is relaxed, the back is rested, and, when the spine is slowly energized, the back is made to use each *vertebra* separately. Therefore the back is made pliable and yet strong; for it does all the work of lifting the heavy and apparently lifeless trunk, head and arms.

I.

(Before beginning this movement all stays and tight garments must be removed.)

1. Place the feet a slight distance apart.

2. Without bending the knees, bow the body forward, and very slowly down, down, with hands extended as if pressing something to the floor.

3. When you have reached your limit, rise slowly with palms turned upward as if pressing something toward the ceiling.

4. When your hands are on a level with your shoulders, turn the palms down and repeat the movement.

(*Repeat ten times.*)

II.

1. Military position.

2. Raise arms straight over head.

3. Quickly sway the body forward at the hips, and swing arms forcibly in a circular movement downward, trying to touch the floor.

4. Raising the body quickly, repeat the movement.

(*Repeat ten times.*)

III.

1. Military position!

2. Place right foot forward and shift weight to it.

3. Rise on tiptoe, and at the same time lift the arms, reaching up as far as possible, being certain *not to bend back*, but to reach forward and upward

4. Sink back to place, letting arms fall relaxed at sides.

(*Repeat ten times.*)

[illegible]

EXERCISES FOR PUTTING THE SHOULDERS IN THEIR PROPER PLACE.

1. Military position.

2. Place the tips of the fingers on the tops of the shoulders.

3. Keeping the fingers in their places, revolve the elbows slowly toward the front, making them perform circles of which the shoulders are the centres, and which are as nearly parallel to the sides of the body as possible.

(SUGGESTION.—The movement will be more easily arrived at if you imagine yourself standing between two black boards which are very close to you. Then imagine that the point of each elbow is a piece of crayon, and try to paint on the largest and most perfect circles possible, using your shoulders as the centres.)

(Repeat the movement ten times.)

Reverse the movement, making the elbows start over and toward the back.

(Repeat the movement ten times.)

The idea in this movement is to make the elbows come as nearly as possible *together* in the *back*

II.

1. Place yourself in the corner of a room so that you are a foot and a-half from and facing the angle

2. Place the palms of your hands so that they are on the two surfaces forming the angle, at about a foot and a half from the line of intersection, and so that they (the hands) are on an exact level with the shoulders, and with the fingers pointing up.

3. Keeping the whole body (with the exception of the arms) perfectly rigid, and making the elbows move on a level with the shoulders, press your face forward until it rests in the angle formed by the intersecting wails.

(Repeat ten times.)

(This exercise is not only good for properly placing the shoulders, but also for strengthening the back and arms, and for widening the chest line across the front while narrowing it across the back. At first it is apt to lame the muscles of the arms, chest, and back, but if continued for several days, the lameness will vanish.)

III.

1. Military position.

2 Raise the arms straight up in front till the palms of the hands touch on a level with the shoulders.

3. Keeping the body perfectly rigid and erect, swing the arms quickly around to the same relative position in the back, making the backs of the hands meet on a level with the shoulders.

(Repeat the movement ten times.)

(This movement is always impossible to a beginner, but after three or four days' practice, comes very easily.)

IV.

1. Place your back firmly against a door, so that your shoulders and head touch the door.

2. Interlace your fingers behind your neck, being sure to see that neither your head nor shoulders leave the door.

3. While in this position make your elbows touch the same surface which your head and shoulders touch

4. When your shoulder blades are perfectly flat keep the same position, only walk about for five minutes.

(This movement, if practised faithfully, will entirely do away with protruding or prominent shoulder blades.)

Now that I have given exercises to strengthen each of the separate parts of the body, I shall give one which will test and develop the strength of the body as a *whole* or *unit*.

EXERCISES TO STRENGTHEN THE BODY AS A WHOLE.

1. Stand erect, with your feet a very little distance apart.

2. Bend over until the palms of the hand are flat on the floor, and then, by moving one hand before the other (keeping the feet where they are), advance your body along the floor until it is extended at full length, the weight resting entirely upon the toes and hands, and the whole body as rigid as a bar of iron.

3. Still keeping the body rigid, slowly bend the arms at the elbows until the face touches the floor between the hands.

4. Raise the body slowly until the arms are straight.

5. Repeat the raising and lowering process three times.

6. Slowly move the hands toward the feet, the body having meantime bent itself double

7. Rise to upright position.

In our house of beauty we have laid the foundation by means of the relaxing exercises, and built the framework by means of the strengthening exercises; so we must now begin to put up the walls and build the roof, or, in other words, teach you to stand, to walk, and to do many other ordinary

things, properly and gracefully, for there is a good and a bad way to do everything.

Those who are acquainted with the delightful little story, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, will doubtless remember Mrs. Ruggles' saying to the children before they started for their Christmas party: "I wish I could git it into yer heads that 'taint so much *what* yer *say*, as the *way* yer *say it!*" Mrs. Ruggles was a philosopher! She had discovered the secret of society.

I say to you, "It isn't so much *what* you *do*, as the *way* you *do* it."

Remember that you are being judged at all times and in all places. You may hand a beggar a penny and he will know you are a lady, while your next door neighbor may throw him a dollar and be judged just what he is, a commoner. Not that the dollar isn't appreciated, but "'taint so much *what* you *do*, as the *way* you *do* it!"

The exercises which are to follow, though they come under the head of Physical Culture, are classified under the more specific branch called "Delsarte." *(See next division.)*

Part II

DELSARTE TRAINING and ELOCUTION

By FRANCES PUTNAM POGLE

I never hear that name that I do not feel reverence for the man who bore it

Sketch of Delsarte

Many years ago, in the early part of the nineteenth century, there was born in a little village in France, a child who was destined to become one of the most famous men of his times—François Delsarte

As is almost always the case with men of genius, his early life was anything but pleasant. His father, a physician, was possessed of a proud, hard nature, which was not improved by constant worrying over money matters.

Whenever anything went wrong, the father's spite was vented on his wife and sons In fact, matters went from bad to worse, until one day the mother, feeling that anything was preferable to her past life, took her two small children and went to reside in Paris

Madame Delsarte was a woman of marked abilities, and, had she lived, would, doubtless have done much to encourage her elder son in his struggles to develop his talents; but shortly after reaching her destination, her sad career was brought to an abrupt close, and her two children were left shelterless in the streets of Paris.

The younger child, a frail little fellow, was not long in following his mother, and thus we find François, at the age of ten, alone and penniless

A poor old rag-picker, finding the little fellow numbed with cold and weak from hunger, took him to his miserable home and cared for him. The next two years of Delsarte's life were spent in helping his protector to gain a meagre livelihood.

Not much chance to develop genius here! So it seems, but, nevertheless, it was during these two years that Delsarte's great passion for music began to show itself. Many a night, after a hard day's work, the poor little rag-picker would be seen following some favorite street band from place to place, sitting with rapt face until the music ceased, and then trudging patiently behind the musicians until they played again.

One day Bambini, the great teacher, found a small ragged boy making peculiar marks upon the sand in the gardens of the Tuileries

"What are you doing my child?" said the old professor, interested to know what was meant by the figures.

"Writing down the music that band is playing," somewhat impatiently replied the youngster, not knowing to whom he was speaking, and being anxious not to lose any of the tune.

"Who taught you?" said Bambini.

"Nobody, sir; I taught myself."

Thus it was that Bambini discovered Delsarte. The kind hearted master took the child home and taught him until the pupil outstripped the teacher.

At 14, Delsarte entered the Conservatory, where he developed a style entirely different from that of his instructors.

Malibran, the great singer, encouraged him in his methods, and later on, by sheer pluck and indomitable will Delsarte gained a position as principal singer in the Opéra Comique

After four years of almost unprecedented success on the stage, he had the greatest sorrow of his life—he lost his voice. Though terribly shaken by this calamity, he courageously went to work at something which had always interested him—the study of the human body and its capabilities of expression.

His manner had always been distinguished for its courtliness, and, in fact, during his operatic career, people had been attracted to him as much by his imperial gestures and wonderful grace of person, as by his magnificent voice; so, now that the one was gone, he decided to make use of the other.

The first thing that he did was to make a thorough study of anatomy and physiology in order that he might know all of the uses and capabilities of the muscles. Then he began to study the effect of the different emotions upon the body; and, in seeking his subjects for experiment and study, he went through the whole gamut of the social scale, from the highest to the lowest. In order to make his deductions, not from one class of individuals, but from all classes, he studied his friends, who were among the highest in rank, and also spent a great deal of time visiting the hospitals and prisons.

Among his pupils were the great Rachel, Sontag and Macready on the stage; and Père Hyacinthe in the pulpit, besides members of most of the royal families of Europe who sought his instruction in order to make themselves more attractive.

Many persons are under the impression that Delsarte taught a new way to stand, sit, walk, and so forth; but he did no such thing. He taught the *best* way to do these things in order to obtain the most ease and grace. Surely no one would be better able to do this than the man who made the art of expression his life study.

What do we mean by "Delsarte" when we speak of it in the abstract?

Delsarte is the study of the human body with a view to making it respond easily and gracefully to the promptings of the soul, or, in other words, Delsarte is the art of expression.

Is it positively necessary to study Delsarte in order to become expressive? Look about you and see for yourself. Does your mother have any difficulty in expressing her anger? Do you feel at a loss to express your indignation when you see any one stoning a poor dog? Does the baby stop to wonder how it can let you know that it has cut its finger? Not a bit of it. The difficulty lies in *controlling* your expression, so as to make yourself understood. The question is not, can you *express* your feelings, but—are you able to express them *truthfully* and *gracefully*?

Emotions are expressed in different ways by different people, as, for instance, *anger*. Some express anger by tapping the floor with the foot, others by protruding the lower lip, and others in still different ways; but there are certain *general* characteristics which always appear in an angry person, such as the clenching of the hands, the straightening of the figure to its full height, the terseness of all the muscles, the distension of the nostrils, and the widening of the eyes.

So it is with all emotions, and it is the study of these *general characteristics* that enables one to sink the individual in the type, a feat which is absolutely necessary in order to become a good elocutionist. There is nothing more detrimental to a public reader than to have mannerisms which he carries into his character sketches. He must absolutely lose himself in the character which he wishes to represent. Another thing to remember is this—in expressing a sentiment, you must do it in such a way that it will appeal to the instincts of every one in your audience as being the right expression. The only way to do this is to make use of the general characteristics.

"But," you say, "How shall we know what *are* the general characteristics?" My answer is, "By keeping your eyes open, and by comparing the effects of the same emotion upon different people." In order to become a good impersonator, you must learn to notice everything that goes on around you. If you see a peculiar expression on any face, go home and try to imitate it. It is very seldom that I leave a street car, or return home from down-town without two or three examples which I mean to imitate as soon as I reach my room. In

time, you will find that the study of faces is one of the most interesting occupations you have. There is a great pleasure in conquering a set of unruly muscles and making them do as you wish.

However, before trying to take on *other* people's characters and carriage, you must be perfectly sure of your *own*. Your body must be so thoroughly trained that it is under control, and will respond instantly and gracefully to the slightest emotion or volition. It must be so perfectly trained that an ungraceful or unsympathetic action would be impossible to it.

How can you accomplish this result? By constantly watching yourself and correcting every mistake immediately after it is made. We are mere creatures of habit, and if you never let a faulty action pass, by-and-by your body will form the *habit* of doing these things *correctly*, and then you will do them without thinking. You must be so sure of it that it never causes you a qualm; or, in other words, you must be thoroughly master of your body before you can become unconscious of it.

Have you never visited a reading class when you have thought to yourself, "How awkward these children are!" Yet, ten to one, if you had seen these same children on the playground during the recess period, you would have thought exactly the opposite. Why is it? Because the moment the child had a book put into his hand, and was told to "stand up and read," he became self conscious.

What is "stage fright"?

It is merely another form of self consciousness,—*uncertainty as to appearance and correctness of poise.* Therefore it is very important that you should know exactly how to poise yourself so that when you get up to recite, you will not be bothered by such questions as, "Am I standing right?" or "Is my position graceful?" but you will *know* that it is all right.

The Correct Position for Reciting.

Stand easily, with one foot in advance of the other about the distance of a walking step, with the arms relaxed at sides and the hands falling naturally slightly in front of the hips. Let the head and shoulders be held easily erect, being careful to avoid all appearance of stiffness or angularity. The weight must be kept over the balls of the feet, and shifted easily from one foot to the other, according to the emotion or character represented.

There are three principal positions to be used in recitations—the objective, the normal or neutral and the subjective. The objective is with the weight poised over the front foot, and is used in all descriptive reading and in the emotions that are directed against things outside of your own body. The normal or neutral is with the weight poised over both feet, and is used to express uncertainty or doubt. The subjective position is with the weight poised over the back foot, and denotes deep thought or meditation, fear and all emotions directed toward self.

Unless you change your position with an object in view, *avoid unnecessary shifting of weight*, as it indicates nervousness.

Be sure to *keep a narrow base*, as nothing will spoil your appearance on the platform more than standing with a broad base. There is a saying of Delsarte's that runs something like this: "A wide base indicates conscious weakness; a narrow base, conscious strength." For examples to prove this rule, we need not seek far. For instance, notice a child just beginning to walk. It is weak and uncertain of itself, and therefore takes wide base. So does an intoxicated person, or one who is old and feeble. For an example of conscious strength and a narrow base, take the runner, or the statue, "Flying Mercury." In both cases the weight of the whole body rests upon the toe of one foot.

Another suggestion which should always be heeded is this: Do not let the front knee be bent when your weight is on the back foot. Whenever this happens it gives an awkward, humpish appearance to the whole body.

The chest should be held well *up*, but not to the extent of giving a conceited look to the reader.

Walking.

An easy, graceful walk is so great a charm to one's personal appearance that no one

can afford to slight it. Nothing gives one a greater appearance of good breeding or self possession.

Have you ever seen a woman stumble into a room as if dumped out of a bag? Contrast this entrance with the easy, dignified entrance of some other guest, and the force of this suggestion will come home to you.

One should never hurry into a room as if afraid the door would be shut if not there in time; nor should one slink into a room as if wishing to get in without being seen; but walk in easily and naturally, as if entering your own parlor.

The same caution should be observed in taking the floor for reciting. Walk to your place naturally, forgetting none of the little courtesies of polite society, as if you were going to take a chair or do any other ordinary thing. Nothing is more ridiculous than a stilted or conceited manner, and nothing more to be avoided than a frightened, flurried appearance.

This easy manner can be cultivated and acquired in time by perseverance.

I shall never forget an experience that I had at a temperance entertainment. It was given in a friend's parlors for the benefit of the W. C. T. U.

When the programme was about half finished, a number was announced, and walking up the centre aisle, came a girl of about twenty. Her face had on it an expression of sneering contempt which plainly said, "I know I am foolish to recite at this place. None of you are capable of entering into my high sentiments." She was followed by a chorus of very audible groans.

Imagine the sympathy felt by the audience for her when she began to recite, that beautiful, humble old poem of John Knox, "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

I echoed the sentiments of a young fellow who sat in the same row with me. Turning to one of his neighbors he said rather forcibly, "Well—if that's elocution *excuse me!*"

You cannot afford to lose the sympathy of your audience as did this young woman, so beware!

Correct position in walking is the same as in standing; but there are some suggestions which are important to remember.

1. In walking, swing the leg as a unit from the hip, and never bend the knee of the forward foot.

2. *Dignity* is added to the walk by keeping the toe of the back foot on the ground as long as possible. This is what is called the "stage walk."

3. The arms should never swing beyond the draperies, and, if relaxed, they will not do so.

4. Be very careful not to break at the waist line, as that gives a slouchy appearance. The trunk from the hips up, should be perfectly rigid.

5. Walk so that if you should strike a wall, your chest would strike first. In other words, your chest should always lead, and the head, feet and rest of the body should follow.

6. Avoid walking with a jerk. The movement should be continuous and even.

7. Do not swing the hips from side to side, as it gives an extremely vulgar effect.

8. If you are going in one direction, and want to turn suddenly about, do not take three or four steps to turn yourself, but *pivot*.

Exercises for Poise and to Properly Place the Weight.

I.

1. Military position.
2. Rise slowly on toes, counting one, two, three.
3. Sink slowly back until heels touch floor, counting one, two, three, as before and keeping weight on the balls of the feet.

Repeat twenty times.

II.

"Flying Mercury" Movement.

1. Military position.
2. Right foot forward at an angle of forty five degrees from the front.
3. Shift weight to right foot.
4. Rise with weight poised upon the toe of the right foot, at the same time lifting the left foot off the floor and raising right arm diagonally at front, [illegible] just over the

right foot, till on a level with the shoulder, while at the same time left arm rises diagonally at back.

5. Lower heels and arms to place, and bring right foot back to military position.

Reverse the movement, putting left foot forward, etc.

(*Repeat five times with each foot.*)

III.

1. Stand in position the heels a few inches apart, the toes pointing outward.

2. With a springy, dancing movement of the body, take a step forward and back to place first with the right foot, then with the left springing lightly on the balls of the feet as in waltzing and marking time rhythmically, one, two forward and back to place on the right foot: three, four forward and back to place on the left.

3. Repeat the movement backwards, one, two, backward and forward to place on the right foot; three, four, backward and forward to place on the left foot.

4. Continue the movement to the right and to the left, pointing the toes of the foot on which the step is taken, obliquely from the body, and marking time as before.

(*Repeat five times.*)

IV.

"PENDULUM" MOVEMENT.

1. Stand with the feet slightly apart, the weight resting equally on both feet.

2. Slowly sway the body forward until its weight rests entirely on the balls of the feet, but without lifting the heels from the floor.

3. In the same manner sway backward as far as possible with the weight entirely on the heels.

Avoid over-balancing in the movement, and bend no part of the body except the ankle joints.

V.

1. Stand with the feet slightly apart, the weight resting equally on both feet.

2. Withdraw the weight gradually from the left leg, giving it entirely to the right, the head following the direction of the weight and the trunk taking the opposite direction.

3. Reverse the movement, gradually withdrawing the weight from the right leg, give it over to the left, the head and trunk moving in opposition as before.

(*Repeat twenty times.*)

EXERCISE TO ACQUIRE A NARROW BASE.

1. Select either a crack in the floor or a seam in a carpet.

2. Stand in military position directly over this line so that it runs between the two feet and touches the heels exactly at the line where they meet, and divides the angle between the two feet in halves.

3. Keeping the feet in the same relative position to the line, walk slowly forward being sure to see that the heels do not *cross* the line but just touch it each time.

EXERCISE TO AVOID BENDING THE FRONT KNEE.

1. Military position, hands on hips.

2. Shift weight to left foot.

3. Without bending the right leg at the knee, swing it forward as a unit from the hip, counting one.

4. Then swing it back as far as it will go, counting two.

5. Repeat this three times and on the fourth, take a step putting weight into right foot and leaving left foot free.

6. Reverse the first movement, swinging left leg forward and back three times, and stepping on the fourth swing.

(*Repeat this movement, walking slowly all around the room.*)

PIVOTING EXERCISES.

I.

1. Feet a slight distance apart, weight on the balls of the feet.

2. Put weight on left foot.

3. Pivot from left to right at same time shifting the weight to right foot and lifting left foot from floor.

4. Pivot from right to left, at same time shifting weight to left foot and raising right foot from the floor.

(*Repeat twenty times.*)

Suggestion.—Of course all pivoting is to be done on the toes, not on the heel.

II.

1. Military position.
2. Right foot diagonally forward.
3. Shift weight to right foot.
4. Pivot from forward foot to back foot, letting [illegible] right [illegible] this correctly [illegible] nally opposite [illegible]
5. Pivot [illegible] shifting [illegible] foot [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible]

III.

Walk from one side of the room to the other, and when you have reached the other side, pivot on the forward foot and walk back, pivoting when reaching the opposite wall, etc.

Exercises to Give Lightness to Body.

I.

1. Military position [illegible]
2. Cross right foot [illegible] left, touching [illegible] the floor.
3. Rise on toes and pivot [illegible] to left [illegible] right foot [illegible] foot.
4. Right foot back [illegible]
5. [illegible] foot over right [illegible] to right.

Repeat.

II.

1. Military position.
2. Right foot diagonal forward.
3. Shift weight to it.
4. Pivot from right to left foot [illegible] at same time over the [illegible] foot.
5. Rise on left foot, keeping all the weight on it.
6. When erect, pivot and shift weight from left back to right foot, kneeling at same time over right foot.
7. Rise on right foot, keeping all the weight on it.
8. When erect pivot and shift weight, etc.

(*Repeat this movement ten times with each foot.*)

Exercise to Add Dignity to Walk, or "Stage Walk."

[illegible]

Military position.

Swing [illegible] foot forward from the hip [illegible] walking step.

[illegible] foot [illegible] the [illegible] floor and giving a [illegible]

Swing left foot forward from the hip [illegible] step.

Shift weight to left foot, keeping the toe of the right foot on the floor and giving a forward impetus with it.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] walking should be considered [illegible] very important. Bowing. [illegible] bow is now out of [illegible] a much more graceful substitute. The proper bow at the present time is a slight inclination of the whole body from the ankle upward.

[illegible] is ill-bred.

The side bow should be made over the weak foot [illegible] right [illegible]

[illegible] the stage bow [illegible] over the strong foot.

Exercises for Bowing.—Front, Street Bow, and Stage Bow.

I.

1. Military position.
2. Put right foot forward, shifting weight [illegible] bowing over it to some imaginary approaching person.

3. Reverse the movement, bowing over left foot, etc.

4. Take it in connection with the walking exercises.

NOTE. In this exercise when the climax of the bow is reached, the body should have the form of a [illegible] with the feet and chest as its tips, and the head held back in opposition to the trunk. When bowing to a person the courteous thing is to look in his eyes.

SIDE, STREET BOW

(To be used when passing a person at close quarters.)

1. Military position.

2. Right foot forward, putting weight into it at same time.

3. Bow from the ankle to the left over the left foot (*which is also the weak foot*).

4. Reverse the movement, bowing over the right foot.

5. Take this in connection with the walking exercises, being careful not to impede the progress by the bow.

THE COMEDY BOW.

This is frequently made on the stage after one has made a particularly good hit in some funny selection, and is loudly applauded. It consists simply in a nod of the head with the face looking jauntily over the shoulder, which is turned toward the audience. All that the audience sees in this bow is the back with the face peeping over its shoulder.

EXERCISE IN WALKING BACKWARDS.

NOTE. Often after bowing at the end of a selection, one has [illegible] to the rear of the stage. In this case one should never turn the back to the audience, but should walk *backward* till on a line with the steps and then walk off.

1. Military position.

2. Place right foot back, touching the toe to the floor, at the same time bowing the body forward from the ankle over the left foot, which is also the strong foot.

3. Shift weight slowly to the back foot, at the same time lifting the heel of the front foot and straightening the body back until it forms a straight line from the crown of the head to the toe of the front foot, which just touches the floor.

4. Place left foot back and repeat the movement. Keep on walking backward until the movement comes easily.

Remember that in these movements *the head moves with the weight, and in opposition to the trunk*, the same as in the bows.

HOW TO PICK UP ANYTHING.

Often I have seen people make themselves ridiculous, if not positively vulgar, by bending over to pick up something, when they might have done it gracefully and much more easily, if they had only known how.

Never bend over from the hips to pick anything up; but always keep the trunk straight and *bend* the *knees*. This is so very important that I have decided to give special exercises for it.

I.

1. Military position.

2. Place your left foot forward and put the weight on it.

3. Drop your handkerchief on the floor at your right side.

4. Without bending at the hips or waist, *quickly* drop straight down, keeping the weight still on the left foot, using the right foot merely to steady yourself; and, picking up the handkerchief in the right hand, *rise quickly* to first position. In this way the left leg does all the work, and none of the vulgar parts of the body are brought into prominence.

5. Reverse the movement putting the right foot forward and dropping handkerchief to the left.

(*Repeat ten times.*)

II.

1. Repeat the last movement, only throwing your handkerchief to a distance and then walking up to it, managing your steps so that the weak foot will always be next to the handkerchief.

2. Practice this with someone else, having her drop her handkerchief, and you pick it up for her. In this exercise, in order to get the best effect you should be standing at a distance when the handkerchief is dropped. Be sure, after rising, in handing the handkerchief to the owner, to bow slightly and act as if it were a pleasure,

saying "Allow me," "Permit me," or something to that effect.

The *recipient* of the handkerchief should also bow slightly and tender thanks.

Our reason for introducing details which pertain to social life, in connection with a talk on Delsarte, consists in the fact that Delsarte is not applicable to the *stage* or *rostrum* alone, but to *everyday life* as well. Besides, if one does not perform these little offices correctly in everyday life, he will be certain to do them incorrectly before the public, when subject to a nervous strain.

How to Sit

Sugg[illegible] rant [illegible] [illegible] T[illegible] place [illegible] Sink into your chair slowly [illegible] the chair [illegible] slightly or one of them. In other words *bow* into the chair or, as Delsarte says, *walk* into it.

Always sit well back into the chair so that the back will not be bent, and keep the weight poised over the forward part of the lap or toward the knees so that the trunk may be easily revolved in any direction, [illegible] sitter may rise without giving a [illegible] jerk to get it.

I have seen people take hold of the arms of a chair and actually pull themselves up by the strength of their arms. That is very wrong. The arms should do none of the work in sitting or rising. It should be done by the trunk and legs.

Never cross the legs, nor let the knees fall far apart. This gives as vulgar an effect to the body in sitting as a wide base does in standing. Let the knees fall close together with one foot in advance of the other.

Never show the soles of the feet. The toe of the advanced foot should always touch the floor.

The same [illegible] should be observed in *sitting* as in *standing* and *walking*. Be careful not to *break* at the waist line. Doing so throws the circles out of position.

The Circles of the Body

Delsarte says we are to imagine that there are circles drawn around the body at the ears, at the neck, at the chest, at the waist, at the hips and at the ankles. These circles are always to be kept *parallel*. The moment one dips towards another, the *body* is *out* of *poise*. For instance, suppose that you are in the habit of walking with your head bent forward. Then the circle around your ears dips toward the circle around your neck. If you are in the habit of standing with your abdomen thrust forward, the circle around your hips slants upward in front towards the circle around the waist.

These [illegible] help in [illegible] The circles may [illegible] positions in any way [illegible] so they be not [illegible] [illegible] in front or [illegible] sitting, when the [illegible] and the ankle goes in front of the other circles, or as in lying down, when the circles may all be perpendicular but still parallel.

Exercise in Sitting

1. Stand about six inches from a chair with your back towards it and your hands clasped loosely about on a level with the hip.
2. Weight on the left foot, right foot back till it touches the chair.
3. Shift weight to back foot, and at same time bend at hips and sink slowly into the chair, letting the body bow forward with the head moving in opposition to the trunk.
4. When the body touches the chair, the back begins slowly at waist line to touch the chair back, the movement flowing slowly upward through the spine till it reaches the head, which is the last to touch.

How to Rise

As you bowed yourself *into* your chair, so you must bow yourself out of it. The chest should be the first part to intimate the desire to rise. It bows forward, while the

head moves back. Then, without jerkiness, the weight of the whole body is put onto the back leg which rests against the chair, and the body lingeringly leaves the chair, gradually shifting weight to the front foot and bringing the body erect, lightly poised over the front foot.

Exercise for Rising.

1. Sit with the front [illegible] touching the rungs of the chair, and hands loosely clasped in lap with every part of the back touching the chair back.

2. Advance the chest letting the head follow slowly.

3. Putting entire weight of the body on the back foot, rise slowly and steadily, letting the chest and head come to place just as the hips and knees become straight.

4. Gradually shift the weight to the front foot, making the body as tall as possible, with merely the toe of the back foot touching the floor.

(*Repeat.*)

How to Go Up and Down Stairs.

[illegible]

In the first place, one should never *run* up or down stairs. Don't go faster than a walk.

The following exercises give the best advice so far discovered by physical culturists and physicians:

Exercise for Going Up Stairs.

NOTE.—The body should be kept perfectly erect throughout the entire exercise.

1. Stand with the weight on the balls of the feet.

2. Place right foot flat upon the step above, keeping the weight upon the left foot.

3. Rise upon the toe of the left foot, at same time giving a little upward impetus with it which elevates the body and shifts the weight to the right foot, while the left foot goes up two steps to the next step above the right.

4. Rise upon the toe of the right foot, at same time giving a little upward impetus with it which elevates the body and shifts the weight to the left foot, while the right foot goes up two steps to the next step above the left.

In this way, the calf of the leg, the ankle and the foot, do all the work.

Exercise for Going Down Stairs.

[illegible]

1. Standing on the top step, bend the right knee till the toe of the left foot touches the next step below, then shift weight gradually to it, at same time gradually lowering the left heel to step.

2. In the same way bend the left knee till the toe of the right foot touches the next step below, then gradually shift weight to it, at same time gradually lower right heel to step.

Gesture.

Gesture is the language of nature.

Before the little child can speak, it reaches out for anything that it wants or shoves away anything that it does not want.

On consideration, you will find that the nearer a people live to the heart of nature, the *more expressive* become their *bodies* and the *less expressive* become their *tongues*. Their language is more one of signs and less one of speech, as, for instance, in the case of the Indians.

Then, again, gesture varies with climate and race. In the colder climates the gestures are more the result of mental effort, and, therefore, are slower and calmer, while in the warmer climates they are the result of emotion, and, therefore, are quicker and more passionate.

The French, as a class, gesture a great deal. They belong to the Latin Race. Their next-door neighbors, the Germans, are, as a rule, very undemonstrative. They belong to the Teutonic Race. However, gesture belongs, more or less, to all peoples, and, hence, is very important to one who desires to impersonate characters.

There are some general rules in regard to gesture which it is well to remember.

1. In the first place, let your gestures spring out of the thought or feeling.

Never make a meaningless gesture. None at all is better than that.

2. In a recitation in which more than one person is talking, make each talk in a different direction; but never straight to the front. Your own character reserves that direction for use in the descriptive parts.

3. In a descriptive reading, always place the thing or action, described, on one side or the other, at an angle of about forty five degrees from the front, and then look from it to the audience, making them see it as you do.

4. If you are representing the conversation between a child and a grown person, make the child look *up* in *one* direction, and the grown person look *down* in the *other* direction, just as in real life, and assume the character each time before you make it speak.

5. Be careful not to make your gestures too realistic. Remember that elocution and Delsarte are the *arts* of expression; and that the word "art" means the thing *idealized* or made *attractive*. To illustrate, take the attitude of prayer. The *realistic* representation would be the kneeling posture; but the *idealistic* or *artistic* representation would be with the head bowed in a humble attitude with hands crossed or folded on breast, and with the whole figure drooping, but not kneeling. You must always leave something to the imagination of your audience.

6. Unless you see what you are describing or pointing out, you can never make your audience see it. First see the thing yourself and then make them see it.

7. Before making any character gesture, be sure that your whole body has taken on that character.

8. Gestures should always have the appearance of being unstudied and spontaneous. In order to accomplish this result, you must become so accustomed to them beforehand that they will come without forethought whenever you recite that selection. "A little learning is a dangerous thing" you know.

9. Remember that in good gestures, the whole body must act in harmony. No matter how graceful one part may be, if the other parts are awkward, then the whole gesture is spoiled.

10. Make your gestures speak so plainly that they can be understood without language.

11. Every gesture has three parts to it, and one is as important as another. They are the approach, the climax and the finish. To illustrate what is meant by these terms, look at the poses in connection with this article. Each picture represents the climax of that particular gesture. The movement necessary to reach that attitude was "the approach;" and the movement necessary to bring the body back to its normal poise was "the finish." In the *approach* and *finish* of a gesture, the arms and hands should always move in curves. The *climax* is denoted by an acceleration of movement followed by an abrupt stop.

12. Let your strong and artistic gestures be full armed, with the elbow either perfectly straight or else slightly curved, but never angular.

13. In comic gestures it is frequently allowable to use only the forearm and hand.

14. In all gesture the *wrist* should *lead* and the *hand, trail*.

Delsarte's Laws of Gesture.

1. "The velocity of any agent is in proportion to the mass moved and the force moving." By this Delsarte means that all weighty ideas or grave emotions require slow gestures moving through large space, while all lighter sentiments are expressed by rapid movements through short space.

2. "All gesture must have direction." Unless they have, they will be wavering and, therefore, weak.

3. "Movements in the same direction should be successive." This applies to such poses as "Longing," "Supplication," etc. where the head, body and arms move in the same general direction. In such cases, the movement should always be successive, *i. e.*, one part taking its place, then another, etc. Of course, the succession should be so rapid that it is barely perceptible. For instance in "Longing," first the eyes turn toward the thing longed for,

then the whole body sways toward it ... then the arms reach for it.

4. "Movements in opposition ... should be instantaneous ... command, Go!" "Rejecting ... of these poses the head moves ... to the hand and arm ... come to the position in ...

5. "In gesture the ... In other words, you ... a thing or person, ... the lead of the eye.

EXERCISES FOR HARMO... ...

"*Feather Mo...*"

I.

1. Stand with body ... arm extended at full length ... wards) relaxed about ... hips.

2. Keeping ... raise arms slowly ... laxed.

3. When ... fall back, and low ... wrists lead and hands trail.

(*Repeat twenty times.*)

II.

1. Standing easily erect, trace ... figure eight upon the opposite wrist ... index finger of the right hand ... wrist lead in all directions ... trail.

2. Trace figure ...

3. Trace figure eight ... first keeping them mo... tions, and then *parallel*.

III.

Note:—Be careful ... movement.

1. Palms together in front on ... with the hips.

2. Let them separate ... opposite directions, wrists leading, hands trailing.

... reached the farthest ... the hands fall ... other ...

3. ... repeat the movement ... line of action ... the farthest possible ... foot, then descend in the same way.

IV.

... With ... leading, hands trailing, ... diagonal line, ... up, and the left ...

... movement, having left ... left hand down.

V.

... the hands close as ... open as the arms go ...

... at sides, imitate the ... letting the arms ...

... slowly down, hands trailing.

VI.

1. ... to be floating around ... so carefully that ... fingers. In this ... goes down, the ... when the hand ...

... Press feathers.

3. Turn the backs of the hands to- ...

4. Press the feathers *together*.

VII.

1. Place hands on chest with tips of fingers ... around thumbs.

... open outward slowly, ... hands slowly open.

3. As the arms come back to first position (wrists leading) hands slowly close.

(*Repeat ten times.*)

VIII.

1. Hands extended out in front on a level with the waist with palms toward each other but about a foot apart.

2. Letting wrists lead and hands trail move both arms to the *right*.

3. Wrists still leading, hands trailing, move both arms to the *left*.

Repeating many times until the movement is light and airy, being careful that no angles are formed at the right and left.

IX.

1. Slowly bow the head on the chest, at the same time raising the arms, wrists leading.

2. Slowly raise the head, and lower the arms, wrists leading.

X.

1. Place right foot forward and shift weight to it.

2. Bow the body forward over the right foot, letting chest lead and head follow, and at the same time raising right hand to lips as if to drink from the palm, (wrist leading, hand trailing.

3. Letting the hand turn palm downward and trail to place, raise the body slowly to first position, timing the movement so that hand and body come to position at same time.

Reverse the movement.

(*Repeat ten times.*)

XI.

1. Move the body and head to right, while hands move to left, as in the pose, "Hatred."

2. Reverse the movement.

(*Repeat ten times.*)

ELOCUTION

According to the Latin, the word elocution means "to speak out," from *e* meaning *out* and *loqui* meaning *to speak*.

The English meaning follows the Latin exactly—so there we have it.—"Elocution means, to speak out."

In beginning the study with new pupils, the first thing I observe is the manner in which they breathe.

Breathing.

You should breathe deeply, or so that the lowest cells of the lungs can receive some fresh air with every inhalation. The expansion and contraction of the lungs should take place more in the lower than in the upper parts. In fact the chest should be used merely as a sounding board, or resonance cavity, through which the breath has to pass. This deep, even breathing is what gives the clear, ringing tones to the voice. Without it the voice will not carry. It is what enables orators to speak for hours at a time without apparent effort. We find the deep breathing more frequently in men than in women, probably because the former wear looser clothing.

Breathing Exercises.

I.

1. Body erect, press hands firmly on sides just at waist line.

2. Inhale slowly through the nose, making hands move out perceptibly by expansion of the lower lungs.

3. Exhale slowly through the mouth, as if blowing something to cool it, making hands come closer together by contraction of the lower lungs.

(*Repeat ten times.*)

WATCHING

II.

1. Hands in same position.
2. Take the same exercise, only inhaling and exhaling *violently.*
(*Repeat ten times.*

III.

1. Arms at sides.
2. Raise the arms slowly at sides till the hands meet over head, at same time inhaling slowly.
3. Lower the arms to place, exhaling slowly.
(*Repeat ten times.*)

IV.

1. Hands on chest.
2. As the arms slowly open outward, fill the lungs to their utmost capacity.
3. As the hands come back to chest, expel the breath slowly.
(*Repeat ten times.*)

V.

1. Hands pressing sides at waist line, take in a deep breath.
2. Pronounce the word, "One!," slowly and clearly.
3. Inhale slowly.
4. Pronounce "One!"
(*Repeat twenty times, taking breath between the words each time.*)

VI.

Take same exercise, using the word "War!"

FOCUSING THE TONE.

Another thing to be careful about, is the focusing of the tone. Unless you are particular about this your words will be muffled and "throaty."

Though you may not know it, you can throw your tone almost any place within a certain limit. Aim your voice at one of the upper corners of a room and see if you cannot make that corner *ring*. In reciting, one should always throw the voice to the

JOY OR GLADNESS

WELCOME—DELIGHT

farthest corners of the room. The voice need not necessarily be loud; but it must be firm and resonant.

To focus your tone properly, take any word which begins with *m*, as *more* or *man*, and say it slowly, holding on to the *m* until the sound rings in the upper part of the head, and makes the lips tingle; in other words, *think* or *focus* the tone at the *lips*.

Many people waste breath by letting the tone come up in a slip-shod manner, and strike the roof of the mouth, from which it has to rebound in order to reach the lips. When the tone rebounds, much of it goes down the throat again and muffles the next tone. Throw your tone like a ball, letting it make a curve at the back of the mouth and be free of obstacles until it reaches the lips.

You will be materially helped in focusing your tone, if you place your lips in position to say the word, before you say it.

Exercise for Focusing Tone.

1. Hands pressing on sides at waist line.
2. Take a deep breath, filling lower lungs.
3. Place lips in position to say the word *out*.
4. Say it quickly and loudly, making the last letter sound as distinctly as the first.
5. Take breath.
6. Repeat word.

[illegible]

Loudness

To acquire loudness of voice there is nothing better than sustained shouting.

!

Imagine yourself on a storm tossed boat, watching for a rescuing sail. You see one, and, putting your hand to your mouth, you shout as loudly and clearly as you can (for your life depends upon it):

"Ship ahoy!"

(*Repeat five times.*)

FLIGHT

THE COURTESY OF YE OLDEN TIMES

II

Practice the street cries, imagining yourself a vender

Such calls as "Charcoal!" "Appo" etc

Suggestion.—Practice as much as possible [illegible]

DISTINCTNESS.

Many people are very indistinct in their speech for the simple reason that they are slovenly in pronunciation. They are very apt to omit a letter or an entire syllable from a word, thereby making it indistinct; or perhaps they have a habit of letting the voice fall at the end of a word, thereby causing it to be inaudible.

Remember that it is just as important to pronounce the *last* letter or syllable distinctly, as the middle or first.

A good way to cure this is to practice,—at first *slowly* and distinctly, and then *quickly* and distinctly,—difficult combinations of consonants in words, and difficult combinations of words in sentences.

Try the following list of

MONOSYLLABLES AND DIFFICULT WORDS

Wrong'st,	Lucubration
Heal'st,	Lugubrious,
Runn'st,	Deglutition
Roll'dst,	Apocrypha
Rewardst,	Articulately
Throng'dst,	Affability
Charm'dst,	Chronological
Learn'dst	Circumlocution,
Publicist,	Dietetically,
Physicist,	Disinterestedly

DIFFICULT SENTENCES

1. Amos Ames, the amiable aeronaut, aided in an aerial enterprire at the age of eighty-eight.

2. A big black bug bit a big black bear

3. Bring a bit of buttered bran bread

4. Geese cackle, cattle low, crows caw cocks crow.

5. Eight great gray geese grazing gaily into Greece.

6. Eight great gray geese in a green field grazing

COQUETRY

RIDICULE

7. Loving Lucy likes light literature.

8. Peter cut the pulpy pumpkin and put it in a pipkin

9. Round the rough and rugged rock the ragged rascal ran.

10. Say, Susan, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?

11. She sells sea shells at the seashore. Shall Susan sell sea-shells?

12. Some shun sunshine. Shall she shun sunshine?

13. The sun shines on the shop signs.

14. Swan swam over the sea
Swim, swan, swim.
Swan swam back again.
Well swam, swan!

15. Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts
And still insists he sees the ghosts

16. Six long, slim, sleek, slender saplings

17. Six thick thistle-sticks and fine white wine vinegar with veal

18. What whim led White Whitney to whittle, whistle, whisper, and whimper, near the wharf where a floundering whale might wheel and whirl?

19. Peter Prangle, the prickly, prangly pear picker, picked three pecks of prickly, prangly pears from the prickly, prangly pear-trees on the pleasant prairies.

20. Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb. Now, if Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb. Success to the successful thistle sifter

Beside these difficult combinations of consonants, there are many difficult combinations of vowels and consonants which often make a short word harder to pronounce than a long one. For instance, comparatively few people pronounce the

MIRTH

REVENGE

long *u* correctly when it comes after *d*, *t*, *l*, *n*, *r* and *s*. It should be pronounced exactly like *u* in *beauty*, but most people pronounce it like long *oo*. Instead of saying *duty*, they say *dooty*.

WORDS IN WHICH LONG U IS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

Tuesday,	New (ew-u.)
Endure,	Blue,
Duel,	Dude,
Tumor,	Institute,
Ludicrous,	Lubricate,
Numerous,	Lure,
Altitude,	Assume
Dubious,	Duty,
Tumult,	Tube,
Luke,	Lucid
Neutral,	Suit,
Dupe,	Due,
Duke,	Dew (ew-u)
Tune,	Nuisance
Luminous,	

Be careful of the short Italian *a*.

We have no difficulty with the long Italian *a* marked (ä) as in father, arm, calm, etc., but when we come to the short Italian *a* we are apt to pronounce it like *short a*. For instance instead of saying *ask* we say *a*...

Pronounce the word *arm* slowly. Pronounce the *a* alone just as it was in *arm*. Say the same *a* very quickly. This last is the short Italian *a*, a beautiful sound. It is the same as the *long Italian a* in quality, but shorter in quantity.

WORDS IN WHICH SHORT ITALIAN A IS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED.

Quaff,	Flask,
Chaff,	Task,
Class,	Bask
Pass,	Waft,
Mass,	Draft,
Grass,	Shaft,
Lass,	Aft
Cask,	Daft,
Ask,	After.

HATRED OR AVERSION

ANGER

Mask,	Asp,
Rasp,	Fast,
Gasp,	Dance,
Hasp,	Chance,
Grasp,	Glance,
Cast,	Trance,
Vast,	Slant,
Mast,	Pant,
Last,	Chant
Past,	Grant.
Pastor,	

In such words as *adventure*, *nature*, *literature* and *furniture* be careful not to pronounce the *t* before the long *u* as if it were *ch*. For instance, do not say *literachure*, but *literat-ure*. By putting the *t* at the end of the syllable preceding the *u*, instead of attaching it to the *u*, the proper result is more easily attained. The only way to pronounce these words properly is to make a list of them and practice until you are sure of the pronunciation

FLEXIBILITY OF THE VOICE.

Often one will read along without ever lowering or raising the pitch of the voice This produces a monotonous effect

1. In order to cure this defect, practice on the vowels, first at the natural talking pitch, then a half-tone higher, and so on until you get to your highest limit. Then go back to the conversational pitch and lower the voice a half-tone at a time until you come to the lowest level. Work more on the high and low tones in this exercise as these are always the weakest.

2. Take any word, as, for instance *yes*, and pronounce it in such ways that it will express surprise, positiveness, suspense, doubt, unwillingness, eagerness, etc.

3. Express the following sentence, beginning at your highest pitch, and making the voice go down a note with each word. It is meant to express incredulity and amazement.

"Did
you
believe
what
he
said
to be
true?"

SUPPLICATION

FEAR

4. Read or rather *say* the following :—

a. " Good ing !"
morn

b. I saw !
" I came !
I conquered !"

5. In enumerating a number of things the voice should have the upward slide on every one except the last, where it has the downward slide.

6. In making comparisons, the first part should always have the upward slide, the second part should have the downward.

7. One of the most effective ways of emphasizing, is to change the pitch on the important word in the following :—

really
" Did you do it ?"

Practice on all of these exercises and on others following the same tendency *i. e.* to make the voice flexible.

SLOWNESS.

Never recite fast, except in two or three cases which will be mentioned hereafter.

Though I have not put this caution near the first, yet, to me, it is one of the most important.

To begin with, when you get up to recite, always take time to place your audience, and give them time to become quiet, before you so much as open your lips. Then announce your subject and the author if you know by whom your selection was written. This always gives time to collect your thoughts and *begin well*, which is *very important*. If you *begin* well you hold your audience from the *first*, and do not have to *work* to gain their attention.

After announcing your subject and author, pause a second and then begin *very slowly*. Remember that the ideas you are presenting are comparatively new to your audience, and give them a second's time in which to recover from one volley, before you fire another point-blank at them.

Then there is another thing to be considered. In a large room you will have to go slowly on account of the echo, for every good-sized room has it. No matter how

HORROR

SECRECY

clearly or loudly you speak, if you do not speak *slowly* enough for the echo of one word to die before you utter another, the sound will be blurred; and those in the rear of your audience will not be able to understand you. Again remember that often a pause is more eloquent than words, and that nothing will emphasize a thought more strongly than to pause before or after it; or *both* before and after it. For instance, in Daniel Webster's "Supposed Speech of John Adams," what could be more effective than the pauses in the last sentence? "In dependence now—, and independence for ever

Different Styles of Reading.

Now that we have considered the qualifications of a public speaker, let us discuss the different styles of reading and the proper rendition of each.

We divide all styles of reading into two general classes—that in which the natural voice is used and that in which the Orotund voice is employed.

I. Styles of Reading in the Natural Voice.

The natural voice is the ordinary talking voice, purified of all defects.

Great care should be taken to make this as clear, distinct and musical as possible, avoiding all nasal or "throaty" tendencies.

a. Pathos.

The first style to be mentioned under this class is Pathos.

In the rendering of Pathos, not only the natural voice is required, but also the *Effusive Utterance*, by which we mean that the sound must flow from the mouth, not jerkily, but in a continuous stream. In the Effusive Utterance the breathing must be so even and deep that it is imperceptible. To acquire this style, practice on pathetic selections, letting yourself be swayed by the emotion.

REJECTION

COMMAND—"STOP!"

Practice Selections

"Little Homer's State"
By EUGENE FIELD.

"Little Boy Blue"
By EUGENE FIELD.

b. SOLEMNITY.

The requirements for rendering Solemnity are Natural Voice, Effusive Utterance, and Low Pitch.

To find the Low Pitch, say the word *one* in your ordinary talking pitch and descend four notes.

Practice Selection

"The Blue and the Gray."

c. SERENITY, BEAUTY AND LOVE.

The requirements for this style of reading are Natural Voice, Effusive Utterance, and High Pitch. *By High Pitch*, we mean four notes above the conversational tone. Much care should be taken to make the sound come gently and continuously from the lips, as a false note is very perceptible.

Practice Selection

"Sandolphon,"
By LONGFELLOW.

d. COMMON READING.

Under this head come three divisions,—narrative, descriptive and didactic recitations. As two-thirds of all reading matter are included under Common Reading, we should give especial attention to the rendering of it.

The requirements necessary to read these three styles well, are—Purity of Tone, Natural Voice, Variety of Tone and Distinctness of Enunciation.

Let your voice run up and down the scale; do not keep it always on the same note. If you do, your reading will be monotonous.

Every tone should fall from your lips as clearly and musically as the tinkle of a drop of water in a silver basin. Round out your words, pronouncing every syllable and letter. For instance, do not pronounce

COMMAND—"GO!"

SCORN—INDEPENDENCE

the word *kept* as if it were spelled *kep*, nor *and* as if it were spelled *an*. When you come to a difficult sentence, read it very [illegible].

Prose Selection

SCENE AT DR. BLIMBER'S

At length Mr. Dombey, one Saturday, when he came down to Brighton to see Paul, who was then six years old, resolved to make a change, and enroll him as a small student under Dr. Blimber.

Whenever a young man was taken in hand by Doctor Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The Doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but he had always ready a supply of learning for a hundred, and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it.

In fact Dr. Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year around. No matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Dr. Blimber made him bear to pattern, somehow or other.

This was all very pleasant and ingenious, but the system of forcing was attended with its usual disadvantages. There was not the right taste about the premature productions and they didn't keep well. Moreover, one young gentleman, with a swollen nose and an exceedingly large head (the oldest of the ten who had "gone through" everything) suddenly left off blowing one day, and remained in the establishment a mere stalk. And people did say that the Doctor had rather overdone it with young Toots, and that when he began to have whiskers he left off having brains.

The Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees, stockings below them. He had a bald

GRIEF, OR HEARING BAD NEWS

PHYSICAL PAIN

head, highly polished; a deep voice; and a chin so very double, that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases.

His daughter, Miss Blimber, although a slim and graceful maid, did no soft violence to the gravity of the Doctor's house. There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles, and she was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead,—stone dead,—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a Ghoul. Mrs. Blimber, her mamma, was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that answered just as well. She said at evening parties, that if she could have known Cicero, she thought she could have died contented.

As to Mr. Feeder, B. A., Dr. Blimber's assistant, he was a kind of a human hand-organ, with a little list of tunes at which he was continually working, over and over again without any variation.—DICKENS

e. GAYETY.

The requirements for rendering Gayety are a very High Pitch, a Quick Movement, and a great Variety of Tone. There must be an airy lightness about all selections of this style; and flexibility of the voice is positively necessary.

Practice Selection.
"Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.
By EUGENE FIELD

f. HUMOR

The good rendition of Humor depends so much upon the quickness to perceive a good point and the skill to turn it to account, that it is dangerous to attempt it unless one has a keen sense of humor in his own nature.

The upper tones of the voice belong particularly to Humor, as do also sudden flights from a low to a high note, or from a high to a low note on the musical scale. These

EXHAUSTION

UNCERTAINTY

sudden flights of the voice always produce mirth. Lightness of touch is also essential to Humor

In the descriptive parts let your face and voice express your own enjoyment of the fun

Practice Selection

THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
'T was on a market day:
A low backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death in warlike cars:
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market town
As right and left they fly:
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart,
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these:
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtledove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin,
As she sits in her low-backed car.

ANXIOUS SOLICITUDE

MEDITATION

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,
  With Peggy by my side,
Than coach and four, and gold *galore*,
  And a lady for my bride:
For the lady would sit forninst me,
  On a cushion made with taste.
While Peggy would sit beside me,
  With my arm around her waist,
While we drove in the low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mahar:
  O, my heart would beat high
  At her glance and her sigh,—
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

SAMUEL LOVER.

II. STYLES OF READING IN THE OROTUND VOICE.

The Orotund Voice is that which is used in all impassioned selections. The difference between the Orotund and the natural voice, is that the former is stronger deeper and more resonant than the latter.

When excited by passion of any sort, the voice naturally grows stronger and deeper, because the breathing muscles act in response to the brain and expell the breath more forcibly, thereby causing more resonance in the cavities of the chest and head.

The Orotund voice is very common in ordinary life. Notice two men talking quietly together. They disagree about something and become angry. What is the result? Instantly their voices grow louder until they are fairly shouting at each other.

So, often you find a bereaved person shrieking to relieve his feelings. As soon as the pent-up emotion is expended, he becomes quiet and the voice sinks to its usual tone

THREE DIVISIONS.

The Orotund voice has three sub-divisions, Effusive, Expulsive and Explosive.

a. Effusive Orotund.

This is used in rendering all grand, sublime and reverential styles; as, for instance,

VANITY

LONGING—PLEADING

in prayers, in Bible readings, in hymns, and in everything which expresses awe, despair, wonder, reverence and horror.

The voice should be pitched low, and, in *extreme* horror, *very* low.

The tones should flow in long, deep, and continuous sound from the lips. There must be no hurried, false, or harsh notes.

Practice Selection

From "THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP"

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope
Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave and not the rock
'Tis but the flapping of the sail;
And not a rent made by the gale
In spite of rock and tempest's roar
In spite of false lights on the shore
Sail on, nor fear to brave the sea
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears
Are all with thee,— are all with thee!

—LONGFELLOW

b. Expulsive Orotund

This is the voice used in all oratorical styles, whether in prose or verse. It differs from the Effusive Orotund only in that while the voice flows continuously from the mouth in the latter, in the former it is gathered up into short shouts, which issue from the mouth in the shape of a cone with the apex at the lips. Breath must be taken after each word, though not perceptibly.

Breathing exercises V. and VI. are good to develop this voice.

SILENCE

SALUTATION

Practice Selection
"Toussaint L'Overture,"
By WENDELL PHILLIPS

c. EXPLOSIVE OROTUND.

This is used in all abrupt and startling styles of reading, as in anger, fear, alarm, hurry, etc.

It's chief characteristics are quickness of speech, highness of pitch, and clear, sharp, explosiveness of utterance. There is no vanish at all to the tones. They burst from the mouth violently, and the lips instantly cut off the sound, as sharply as if with a knife.

In order to acquire this style, practice on the words *stop, go, fire, halt* or any other short words that mean a good deal, speaking them loudly, sharply, meaningly.

Practice Selection
"The Charge of the Light Brigade"
By TENNYSON.

This closes our talk on styles, and now, for a moment, let us turn our attention to the general topic of Elocution. There are several cautions which I have reserved until the last, because of their importance.

In the first place, always speak *to* your audience, not *at* them. Look them straight in the eyes, except where you have several characters to represent, and *then* look at them in the bits of *description*. There is nothing which will bring you into closer touch with your audience.

I need not warn you against affectation. That goes without saying. Nothing has a greater charm than an easy, natural manner.

Professor Cummock used to give us an exercise for daily practice. It was:—

Two minutes deep breathing.
" " " reading.
" " shouting.
" " common reading.
Four " oratory.

This is very good for the voice and will do wonders in a short time.

Remember that the great thing in every selection is to bring out the *meaning*.

BECKONING OR SUMMONING

SAUCINESS—DON'T CARE

The writer will never forget an instance of the power of gesticulating which came under his own observation. The distinguished lawyer and senator, Daniel W. Voorhees, was defending a man tried for murder in a Kentucky court. After giving the prosecuting witness an unmerciful flaying, he closed his address with the sentence: "His path lies downward." That may seem to the reader rather a feeble climax, but as the orator uttered these four words, with a deep thrilling tone that reverberated through the court room like a clarion note, he gradually raised his right arm, palm downward, from his hip to above the level of his head. His eyes were fixed upon the floor, and the feeling that he was staring into some profound, unmeasurable abyss was flashed like magic into the brain of every one present. The effect was tremendous. There was no particular reason why such a gesture should have expressed depth, but it did. It was the soul of the orator in the gesture; and, after all, that is the true genius of gesticulation.

In closing, let me remark that all I have said heretofore, will count as nothing, if you do not possess the key which unlocks all hearts,—feeling!

Remarks by the Editor

In common with the highest authorites on elocution and oratory, Miss Pogle believes and teaches that no two persons would express the same emotion by the same gesticulation, any more than they would do so in the same words. Therefore, the attitudes shown in the preceding pages should be taken merely as suggestions for the expression of the sentiments or emotions indicated.

It is impossible to harness the expression of passion to a schedule.

And yet gesticulation can and should be cultivated by the proper training of the body and muscles, under the foregoing rules, to act in natural and graceful harmony with the mind. The arms and the body may be made to talk quite as naturally and oft times far more eloquently, than the voice.

MIMICRY

Part III

PATRIOTISM AND WAR

This department has for its object the introduction of such selections as contain sentiments calculated to inspire and foster patriotism of that true character which is the foundation of good citizenship from a new world standpoint. For this reason the extracts are mainly Canadian in character.

Self-love is in alliance with the principle which endears home, kindred and native land to every human heart, and the love of a child for his home, parents, brothers and sisters should find its counterpart in the love of the man for his country and illustrious countrymen.

It is not possible or intended, however, in this department to do more than introduce representative selections, varied in character, suitable for recitation and entertainment, and in a general way calculated to inspire and foster in youthful hearts the love of country.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign shore?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well
For him no minstrel raptures swell!
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott.

DEVOTION TO PATRIOTIC DUTY.

Young men of America! You on whom rests the future of the Dominion! You, who are to become not only our citizens but our lawmakers · Remember your responsibilities, and, remembering, prepare for them.

As the great universe is order and harmony only through the perfection of its laws, so in life and human government, the happiness and prosperity of a people depend on the orderly subservience of act and thought to the good of the whole.

Be great, therefore, in small things. If it is your ambition to be a citizen reverenced for his virtues, remember that nothing is more admirable than devotion to duty, and the more admirable as that duty leads to self-sacrifice in others' behalf.

In whatever position in life you are placed be true to the trust reposed in you, then the Country is safe. Go forth, with a heart glowing, not with the fires of a lordly ambition, to ride to power over opposition and against the wishes of your fellow men, but with the flame of an honest purpose to be a good citizen and an ornament to the state that gave you birth. Then indeed, shall you be great.

D. N. Shelley.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

GENTLEMEN, it is not my intention to take up your time with a long speech. Many words cannot assuage grief. The Sovereign who has fallen under the inevitable sickle is one whose memory is treasured in all lands, even where the Christian religion is not taught and the English language is not heard. She has expired almost with the century she did so much to adorn. She has given to history the name of the most brilliant of its eras. She is one of the three Queens who have given their names to as many great eras of English history, and by the universal accord of humanity and history it is acknowledged that our late lamented Sovereign stands the highest. She has left to her statesmen a memory of wise and silent counsels. She has left to her successor an aggrandized and compact realm. She has left all peoples the inheritance of her virtues.

Within her reign have been concentrated glories of every kind that can adorn the history of a kingdom or magnify the lustre of a throne. In arms, in literature, in science, in the progress of civilization, what era can hold its torch with this? The era is almost contemporaneous with the century, and her character attaches to it in a pre-eminent degree. After the death of a great Roman Emperor, the augurs descried a portent in the sky, and deduced that it was the ascending star of the great Julius. We believe in no portents or miraculous phenomena, but in our hearts there shall rise the purified and ever-shining star of a virtuous and glorified memory.

OLIVER A. HOWLAND, K. C.,
January 23, 1901. *Mayor of Toronto.*

*THE LIFE AND REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

WE have met under the shadow of a death which has caused more universal mourning than has ever been recorded in the pages of history. In these words there is no exaggeration: they are literal truth. There is mourning in the United Kingdom, in the colonies, and in the many islands and continents which form the great empire over which extend the sovereignty of Queen Victoria. There is mourning deep, sincere, heartfelt in the mansions of the great, and of the rich, and in the cottages of the poor and lowly; for to all her subjects, whether high or low, whether rich or poor, the Queen, in her long reign, had become an object of almost sacred veneration.

There is sincere and unaffected regret in all of the nations of Europe; for all the nations of Europe had learned to appreciate, to admire, and to envy the qualities of Queen Victoria—those many public and domestic virtues which were the pride of her subjects.

There is genuine grief in the neighbouring nation of seventy-five million inhabitants, the kinsmen of her own people, by whom, at all times, and under all circumstances, her name was held in high reverence, and where, in the darkest days of the civil war, when the relations of the two countries were strained, almost to the point of snapping, the poet Whittier expressed the feeling of his countrymen:

> We bowed the heart, if not the knee,
> To England's Queen, God bless her.

There is wailing and lamentation amongst the savage and barbarian peoples of her vast empire, in the wigwams of our own Indian tribes, in the huts of the colored races of Africa and of India, to whom she was at all times the great mother, the living impersonation of majesty and benevolence. Aye, and there is mourning also, genuine and unaffected, in the farm houses of South Africa, which have been lately, and still are devastated by war, for it is a fact that above the clang of arms, above the many angers engendered by the war, the name of Queen Victoria was always held in high respect, even by those who are fighting her troops, as a symbol of justice; and perhaps her kind hand was much relied upon when the supreme hour of reconciliation should come.

Undoubtedly we may find in history instances where death has caused perhaps more passionate outbursts of grief, but it is impossible to find instances where death has caused so universal, so sincere, so heartfelt an expression of sorrow. In the presence

* For convenience this oration and a few others are divided into sections and may be used altogether for one selection or they may be used by parts when shorter selections are desired. —[EDITOR.]

of these many evidences of grief which come not only from her own dominions, but from all parts of the globe; in the presence of so many tokens of admiration, where it is not possible to find a single discordant note; in the presence of the immeasurable void caused by the death of Queen Victoria, it is not too much to say that the grave has just closed upon one of the great characters of history.

Victoria's Reign a Great Era

What is greatness? We are accustomed to call great, those exceptional beings upon whom heaven has bestowed some of its choicest gifts, which astonish and dazzle the world by the splendour of faculties, phenomenally developed, even when these faculties are much marred by defects and weaknesses which make them nugatory of good. But this is not, in my estimation, at least, the highest conception of greatness. The equipoise of a well-balanced mind, the equilibrium of faculties well and evenly ordered, the luminous insight of a calm judgment, are gifts which are as rarely found in one human being, as the possession of the more dazzling though less solid qualities. And when these high qualities are found in a ruler of men, combined with purity of soul, kindness of heart, generosity of disposition, elevation of purpose, and devotion to duty, this is what seems to me to be the highest conception of greatness, greatness which will be abundantly productive of happiness and glory to the people under such a sovereign. If I mistake not, such was the character of Queen Victoria, and such were the results of her rule. It has been our privilege to live under her reign, the grandest in history, rivalling in length, and more than rivalling in glory the long reign of Louis XIV., and more than the reign of Louis XIV., likely to project its lustre into future ages.

If we cast our glance back over the sixty-four years into which was encompassed the reign of Queen Victoria, we stand astonished, however familiar we may be with the facts, at the development of civilization which has taken place during that period. We stand astonished at the advance of culture, of wealth, of legislation, of education, of literature, of the arts and sciences, of locomotion by land and by sea, and of almost every department of human activity. The age of Queen Victoria must be held to be on a par with the most famous within the memory of man. Of course, of many facts and occurrences which have contributed to make the reign of Queen Victoria what it was, to give it the splendour which has created such an impression upon her own country, and which has shed such a luminous trail all over the world, many took place apart and away from her influence. Many events took place in relation to which the most partial panegyrists would, no doubt, have to say, that they were simply the happy circumstance of the time in which she lived. Science, for instance, might have obtained the same degree of development under another monarch.

Literature in Victorian Age.

It is also possible that literature might have flourished under another monarch, but I believe that the contention can be advanced, and advanced truly, that the literature of the Victorian age to a large extent reflected the influence of the Queen. To the eternal glory of the literature of the reign of Queen Victoria be it said, that it was pure and absolutely free from the grossness which disgraced it in former ages, and which still unhappily is the shame of the literature of other countries. Happy indeed is the country whose literature is of such a character that it can be the intellectual food of the family circle; that it can be placed by the mother in the hands of her daughter with abundant assurance that while the mind is improved the heart is not polluted. Such is the literature of the Victorian age. For this blessing, in my judgment, no small credit is due to the example and influence of our departed Queen. It is a fact well known in history, that in England as in other countries, the influence of the sovereign was always reflected upon the literature of the reign. In former ages, when the court was impure, the literature of the nation was impure, but in the age of Queen Victoria, where the life of the court was pure, the literature of the age was pure also. If it be true that there is a real connection between the high moral standard of the court of the

sovereign and the literature of the age, then I can say without hesitation that Queen Victoria has conferred, not only upon her own people, but upon mankind at large, a gift for which we can never have sufficient appreciation

But there are features of the reign of Queen Victoria which are directly traceable to her influence, and if I were to give my own appreciation of events as they have made their impression upon my judgment, I would say that in three particulars has the reign of Queen Victoria been most beneficent

Victoria a Constitutional Sovereign.

It has been stated more than once that she was a model constitutional sovereign. She was more than that. She was not only a model constitutional sovereign, but she was undoubtedly the first constitutional sovereign the world ever saw—she was the first absolutely constitutional sovereign which England ever had, and England we know has been in advance of the world, in constitutional parliamentary government. It may be said without exaggeration that up to the time of the accession of Queen Victoria to the Throne, the history of England was a record of a continuous contest between the sovereign and the parliament for supremacy. That contest was of many centuries duration, and it was not terminated by the revolution of 1688, for although after that revolution the contest never took a violent form still it continued for many reigns in court intrigues and plots; the struggle on the part of the sovereign being to rule according to his own views; the struggle on the part of parliament being to rule according to the views of the people

Queen Victoria was the first of all sovereigns who was absolutely impersonal—impersonal politically, I mean. Whether the question at issue was the abolition of the Corn Laws, or the war in the Crimea, or the extension of the Suffrage, or the dis-establishment of the Irish Church, or Home Rule in Ireland, the Queen never gave any information of what her views were upon any of these great political issues. Her subjects never knew what were her personal views, though views she had, because she was a woman of strong intellect, and we know that she followed public events with great eagerness. We can presume, indeed we know, that whenever a new policy was presented to her by her Prime Minister she discussed that policy with him, and sometimes approved, or sometimes, perhaps, dissented. But whether she approved or disapproved no one ever knew what her views were, and she left the praise or the blame to those who were responsible to the people. That wise policy upon the part of our late sovereign early bore fruit, and in ever-increasing abundance. The reward to the Queen was not only in the gratitude and affection of her people, but in the security of her throne and dynasty. When the terrible year of 1848 came; when all the nations of Europe were convulsed by revolution; when thrones were battered by the infuriated billows of popular passions; England, England alone, was absolutely calm and peaceful. Thrones crumbled to pieces like steeples in an earthquake, but the throne of the Sovereign Queen of England was never disturbed; it was firm in the affection of her subjects. As the reign advanced, it became the pride of her subjects that there was more freedom in monarchic England than under any democratic or republican form of government in existence. That being true, the Queen rendered her people a very great service indeed. She saved them from socialistic agitation, and so the great prosperity of to-day is due not only to wise and economic laws, but due also to the personality of the Queen, and to her prudent conduct all through the sixty years of her reign.

Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier,
P.C., G.C.M.G.
Premier of Canada

House of Commons, Feb. 8, 1901

CANADIAN LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM.

I cannot but consider it a very happy circumstance that one of the most gratifying progresses ever made by a representative of the Queen through any portion of the British Empire should find its appropriate close in this cordial and splendid

WATCHING THE CHARGE
'Brave boys they've carried the heights—but Oh, my heart aches to see so many fallen'

THE COURAGE OF FAITH
'Who trusts in God fears nothing'
Joseph Haworth in 'The Sign of the Cross'

THE SOLDIER'S PROPOSAL

reception, at the hands of a society of gentlemen which, though non political in its corporate character, is so thoroughly representative of all that is most distinguished in the various schools of political thought in Canada. It is but a few short weeks since I left Toronto, and yet I question whether many born Canadians have ever seen or learned more of the western half of the Dominion than I have during that brief period. Memory itself scarcely suffices to reflect the shifting vision of mountain, wood and water, inland seas and silver rolling rivers, golden corn lands and busy prosperous towns, through which we have held our way; but though the mind's eye fail ever again to re-adjust the dazzling panorama, as long as life endures not a single echo of the universal greeting with which we have been welcomed will be hushed within our hearts.

Yet deeply as I am sensible of the personal kindness of which I have been the recipient, proud as I feel of the honour done to my office, moved as I have been by the devoted affection shown for our Queen and for our common country, no one is more aware than myself of the imperfect return I have made to the generous enthusiasm which has been evoked. If then, gentlemen, I now fail to respond in suitable terms to the toast you have drunk, if in my hurried replies to the innumerable addresses with which I have been honoured, an occasional indiscreet or ill considered phrase should have escaped my lips, I know that your kindness will supply my short-comings—that naught will be set down in malice—and that an indulgent construction will be put upon my hasty sentences. But, gentlemen, though the language of gratitude may fail, the theme itself supplies me with that of congratulation, for never has the head of any government passed through a land so replete with contentment in the present, so pregnant with promise in the future.

From your northern forest borderlands, whose primeval recesses are being pierced and indented by the rough-and-ready cultivation of the free-grant settler, to the trim enclosures and wheat-laden townships that smile along the lakes; from the orchards of Niagara to the hunting-grounds of Nepigon; in the wigwam of the Indian, in the homestead of the farmer, in the workshop of the artisan, in the office of his employer; everywhere have I learned that the people are satisfied—satisfied with their own individual prospects, and with the prospects of their country—satisfied with their Government and with the institutions under which they prosper—satisfied to be the subjects of the Queen—satisfied to be members of the British Empire. Indeed I cannot help thinking that—quite apart from the advantage to myself—my yearly journeys through the Provinces will have been of public benefit, as exemplifying with what spontaneous, unconcerted unanimity of language the entire Dominion has declared its faith in itself, in its destiny, in its connection with the Mother-country, and in the well-ordered freedom of a constitutional monarchy.

And, gentlemen, it is this very combination of sentiments which appears to me so wholesome and satisfactory. Words cannot express what pride I feel as an Englishman in the loyalty of Canada to England. Nevertheless, I should be the first to deplore this feeling if it rendered Canada disloyal to herself, if it either dwarfed or smothered Canadian patriotism, or generated a sickly spirit of dependence. Such, however, is far from being the case. The legislation of your Parliament, the attitude of your statesmen, the language of your press, sufficiently show how firmly and intelligently you are prepared to accept and apply the almost unlimited legislative faculties with which you have been endowed; while the daily growing disposition to extinguish sectional jealousies and to ignore an obsolete provincialism, proves how strongly the young heart of your confederated commonwealth has begun to throb with the consciousness of its nationalized existence.

At this moment not a shilling of British money finds its way to Canada; the interference of the Home Government with the domestic affairs of the Dominion has ceased, while the Imperial relations between the two countries are regulated by a spirit of such mutual deference, forbearance, and moderation as reflects the greatest credit upon the statesmen of both. Yet so far from this gift of autonomy having brought about any divergence of aim or aspiration on either side,

every reader of our annals must be aware that the sentiments of Canada towards Great Britain are infinitely more friendly now than in those earlier days when the political intercourse of the two countries was disturbed and complicated by an excessive and untoward tutelage; that never was Canada more united than at present in sympathy of purpose and unity of interest with the Mother-country: more at one with her in social habits and tone of thought, more proud of her claim to share in the heritage of England's past, more ready to accept whatever obligations may be imposed upon her by her partnership in the future fortunes of the Empire.

Again, nothing in my recent journey has been more striking, nothing indeed has been more affecting, than the passionate loyalty everywhere evinced toward the person and the throne of Queen Victoria. Wherever I have gone, in the crowded cities, in the remote hamlet, the affection of the people for their sovereign has been blazoned forth against the summer sky by every device which art could fashion or ingenuity invent. Even in the wilds and deserts of the land, the most secluded and untutored settler would hoist some cloth or rag above his shanty, and startle the solitude of the forest with a shot from his rusty firelock and a lusty cheer from himself and his children in glad allegiance to his country's Queen. Even the Indian in his forest, or on his reserve, would marshal forth his picturesque symbols of fidelity, in grateful recognition of a Government that never broke a treaty or falsified its plighted word to the red man or failed to evince for the ancient children of the soil a wise and conscientious solicitude.

Yet touching as were the exhibitions of so much generous feeling, I could scarcely have found pleasure in them had they merely been the expressions of a traditional habit or of a conventional sentimentality. No, gentlemen, they sprang from a far more genuine and vital source. The Canadians are loyal to Queen Victoria, in the first place because they honour and love her for her personal qualities for her life-long devotion to her duties for her faithful observance of all the obligations of a constitutional monarch; and, in the next place, they revere her as the symbol and representative of as glorious a national life, of as satisfactory a form of government as any country in the world can point to; a national life illustrious through a thousand years with the achievements of patriots, statesmen, warriors, and scholars; a form of government which more perfectly than any other combines the element of stability with a complete recognition of popular rights, and insures by its social accessories, so far as is compatible with the imperfections of human nature, a lofty standard of obligations and simplicity of manners in the classes that regulate the general tone of our intercourse.

THE MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA,
when Governor-General of Canada.

TORONTO, September 2, 1874.

COLONIAL UNION OF CANADA.

THE question of "Colonial Union" is one of such magnitude that it dwarfs every other question on this portion of the continent. It absorbs every idea as far as I am concerned. For twenty long years I have been dragging myself through the dreary waste of colonial politics. I thought there was no end, nothing worthy of ambition; but now I see something which is well worthy of all I have suffered in the cause of my little country. This question has now assumed a position that demands and commands the attention of all the colonies of British America. There may be obstructions, local difficulties may arise, disputes may occur, local jealousies may intervene, but it matters not—the wheel is now revolving, and as we are only the fly on the wheel we cannot delay it—the union of the colonies of British America, under one sovereign, is a fixed fact. Sir, this meeting in Halifax will be ever remembered in the history of British America, for here the delegates from the several Provinces had the first opportunity of expressing their sentiments. We have been unable to announce them before; but now let me say that we have arrived unanimously at the opinion that the union of the Provinces is for the advantage of all, and that the only question that remains

to be settled is, whether that union can be arranged with a due regard to sectional and local interests.

I have no doubt that such an arrangement can be effected, that every difficulty will be found susceptible of solution, and that the great project will be successfully and happily realized. What were we before this question was brought before the public mind? Here we were in the neighbourhood of a large nation—of one that has developed its military power in a most marvellous degree—connected by one tie only, that of common allegiance. True it was we were states of one sovereign, we all paid allegiance to the great central authority; but as far as ourselves were concerned there was no political connection, and we were as wide apart as British America is from Australia. We had only the mere sentiment of a common allegiance, and we were liable, in case England and the United States were pleased to differ, to be cut off, one by one, not having any common means of defence. I believe we shall have at length an organization that will enable us to be a nation and protect ourselves as we should.

Look at the gallant defence that is being made by the Southern republic—at this moment they have not much more than four millions of men—not much exceeding our own numbers—yet what a brave fight they have made, notwithstanding the stern bravery of the New Englander, or the fierce *élan* of the Irishman. We are now, I say, nearly four millions of inhabitants, and in the next decennial period of taking the census, perhaps we shall have eight millions of people, able to defend their country against all comers. But we must have one common organization—one political government. It has been said that the United States government is a failure. I don't go so far. On the contrary, I consider it a marvellous exhibition of human wisdom. It was as perfect as human wisdom could make it, and under it the American States greatly prospered until very recently; but being the work of men it had its defects, and it is for us to take advantage by experience, and endeavour to see if we cannot arrive by careful study at such a plan as will avoid the mistakes of our neighbours.

In the first place, we know that every individual state was an individual sovereignty—that each had its own army and navy and political organization—and when they formed themselves into a confederation they only gave the central authority certain specific powers, reserving to the individual states all the other rights appertaining to sovereign powers. The dangers that have arisen from this system we will avoid if we can agree upon forming a strong central government—a great central legislature—a constitution for a union which will have all the rights of sovereignty except those that are given to the local governments. Then we shall have taken a great step in advance of the American republic. If we can only attain that object—a vigorous general government—we shall not be New Brunswickers, nor Nova Scotians, nor Canadians, but British Americans, under the sway of the British sovereign.

In discussing the question of colonial union, we must consider what is desirable and practicable; we must consult local prejudices and aspirations. It is our desire to do so. I hope that we will be enabled to work out a constitution that will have a strong central government, able to offer a powerful resistance to any foe whatever, and at the same time will preserve for each Province its own identity and will protect every local ambition; and if we cannot do this, we shall not be able to carry out the object we have now in view. In the Conference we have had, we have been united as one man; there was no difference of feeling; no sectional prejudices or selfishness exhibited by any one; we all approached the subject feeling its importance—feeling that in our hands were the destinies of a nation; and that great would be our sin and shame if any different motives had intervened to prevent us carrying out the noble object of founding a great British monarchy, in connection with the British Empire, and under the British Queen.

The Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, G.C.B.,

Premier of Canada, 1867–73, 1878–91.

Address at Halifax, 1864

EMPIRE FIRST.

SHALL we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
No! We hold our faith and truth,
Trusting to the God above.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
'Round the flag of Fatherland.

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our rank
'Mid the nations of the earth.
Stand, Canadians, etc.

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.
Stand, Canadians, etc.

O triune kingdom of the brave,
O sea-girt island of the free,
O empire of the land and wave,
Our hearts, our hands, are all for thee!
Stand, Canadians, etc.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE—"LACLEDE."

AN ODE FOR THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY.

AWAKE, my country! the hour is great with change
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North,
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream,
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

Awake, my country! the hour of dreams is done
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate,
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name:—
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth,—our own Canadian land.

O strong hearts guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard
Those mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE CONFEDERATION OF CANADA.

NEVER I venture to assert, was any great measure so thoroughly understood, and so cordially endorsed by the people of Canada, as this measure now under consideration. The British Government approves of it—the Legislative Council approves of it—this House almost unanimously

approves of it—the press of all parties approves of it; and though the scheme has already been directly submitted to fifty out of the one hundred constituencies into which Canada is divided, only four candidates ventured to appear at the hustings in opposition to it—all of them in Lower Canada—and but two of them were elected. And yet, sir, we are to be told that we are stealing a march upon the country; that it is not understood by the people; and that we must dissolve the House upon it, at a vast cost to the exchequer, and at the risk of allowing political partisanship to dash the fruit from our hands at the very moment we are about to grasp it! Sir, I have no fears whatever of an appeal to the people. I cannot pretend to speak as to the popular feeling in Lower Canada, but I think I thoroughly understand the popular mind of the Western Province, and I hesitate not to say that there are not five gentlemen in this chamber (if so many) who could go before their constituents in Upper Canada in opposition to this scheme, with the slightest chance of being returned.

It is because I thoroughly comprehend the feelings of the people upon it, that I urge the adoption of this measure at the earliest possible moment. The most gross injustice is to be rectified by it; the taxpayer is to be clothed with his rightful influence by it; new commercial relations are to be opened up by it; a new impulse to the industrial pursuits of the country will be given by it—and I for one would feel myself false to the cause I have so long sustained and false to the best interests of my constituents, if I permitted one hour unnecessarily to pass without bringing it to a final issue. It was only by the concurrence of the most propitious circumstances that the wonderful progress this movement has made could have been accomplished.

Most peculiar were the circumstances that enabled such a coalition to be formed as that now existing for the settlement of this question—and who shall say at what hour it may not be rent asunder? And yet, who will venture to affirm that if party spirit in all its fierceness were once more to be let loose amongst us, there would be the slightest hope that this great question could be approached with that candour and harmony necessary to its satisfactory solution? Then, sir, at the very moment we resolved to deal with this question of constitutional change, the Maritime Provinces were about to assemble in joint conference to consider whether they ought not to form a union amongst themselves—and the way was thus most propitiously opened up for the consideration of a union of all British America. The civil war too, in the neighbouring republic; the possibility of war between Great Britain and the United States; the threatened repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty; the threatened abolition of the American bonding system for goods *in transitu* to and from these Provinces; the unsettled position of the Hudson's Bay Company; and the changed feeling of England as to the relations of great colonies to the parent state all combine at this moment to arrest earnest attention to the gravity of the situation, and unite us all in one vigorous effort to meet the emergency like men.

The interests to be affected by this scheme of union are very large and varied—but the pressure of circumstances upon all the colonies is so serious at this moment that if we cannot now banish partisanship and sectionalism and petty objections, and look at the matter on its broad intrinsic merits, what hope is there of our ever being able to do so? An appeal to the people of Canada on this measure simply means postponement of the question for a year—and who can tell how changed ere then may be the circumstances surrounding us? Sir, the man who strives for the postponement of this measure on any ground is doing what he can to kill it almost as effectually as if he voted against it.

Let there be no mistake as to the manner in which the Government presents this measure to the House. We do not present it as free from fault, but we do present it as a measure so advantageous to the people of Canada, that all the blemishes, real or imaginary, averred against it, sink into utter insignificance in presence of its merits. We present it, not in the precise shape we in Canada would desire it, but as in the best shape the five colonies to be united could agree upon it. We present it in the form in which the five governments

have severally adopted it—in the form the Imperial Government has endorsed it—and in the form in which we believe all the Legislatures of the Provinces will accept it. We ask the House to pass it in the exact form in which we have presented it, for we do not know how alterations may affect its safety in other places, and the process of alteration once commenced in four different Legislatures—who can tell where that would end? Every member of this House is free as air to criticise it if he so wills and amend it if he is able—but we warn him of the danger of amendment and throw on him all the responsibility of the consequences. We feel confident of carrying this scheme as it stands; but we cannot tell what we can do if it be amended. Let not Honourable gentlemen approach this measure as a sharp critic deals with an abstract question, striving to point out blemishes and display his ingenuity; but let us approach it as men having but one consideration before us—the establishment of the future peace and prosperity of our country. Let us look at it in the light of a few months back—in the light of the evils and injustice to which it applies a remedy—in the light with which the people of Canada would regard this measure were it to be lost and all the evils of past years to be brought back upon us again. Let Honourable gentlemen look at the question in this view—and what one of them will take the responsibility of casting a vote against the measure?

Sir, the future destiny of these great Provinces may be affected by the decision we are about to give to an extent which at this moment we may be unable to estimate; but assuredly the welfare for many years of four millions of people hangs on our decision. Shall we, then, rise equal to the occasion?—shall we approach this discussion without partisanship and free from every personal feeling but the earnest resolution to discharge conscientiously the duty which an over ruling Providence has placed upon us? Sir, it may be that some among us will live to see the day when, as the result of this measure, a great and powerful people may have grown up in these lands; when the boundless forests all around us shall have given way to smiling fields and thriving towns; and when one united government, under the British flag, shall extend from shore to shore:—but who would desire to see that day if he could not recall with satisfaction the part he took in this discussion? Mr. Speaker, I have done. I leave the subject to the conscientious judgment of the House, in the confident expectation and belief that the decision it will render will be worthy of the Parliament of Canada.

The Hon. George Brown, M. P.,
Liberal Leader of Upper Canada.
House of Assembly, February 8, 1865

ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.

In making a plan of education for a young lad, the best thing is to let himself choose. A boy who has not a taste for literature will never get any good from the study of classics. He may have a taste for mathematics. If so, give him a good training in mathematics. He could have no better mental discipline. If he does not like literature or mathematics, he may like botany or geology. Let him study what he likes and master it. But if he has no strong bent, then give him a good general education, and when he is fifteen or sixteen see what trade or profession he would affect. If he would like to be a lawyer, he should always, if possible, have a good training in classics, in history, in philosophy, else you may have an acute lawyer, but a man who on any large question will be utterly unable to take a broad view on any subject. A mere lawyer is always a pettifogger, and outside his craft an unsafe guide.

The curriculum of a public school or college is not the best part of the education a young man gets there. The Romans thought the education of their children a business properly belonging to parents. But the Greeks leaned to public schools. Mr. Locke, in his "Thoughts Concerning Education," hovers between private tuition and public schools, but he seems to admit that the public school will fit the lad better for playing his part in life. There is one great defect in private tuition. It gives no scope for emulation. A College is a miniature world where students meet as friends in the Common Hall, where life-long friendships are made,

but, where, also, at every turn there is a strife for the mastery,—in the class, in the cricket field, in the debating society. Scipio discerned in the young Marius the great man of the years to come, and any one observing students at college could easily pick out the men who would influence their fellow-men. Cardinal Newman says, that if he had to choose between placing a boy in private lodgings, sending him to the classes of the best professors, having him go up at intervals for examination and ultimately take his degree, and sending him to a large establishment where a number of lads of his own age should meet for four or five years, read what they liked and never attend a class or go up for examination, he would prefer the latter as sure to turn out men better educated --that is, men with all their faculties drawn out, with a knowledge of human nature and a knowledge of themselves. Cardinal Newman is one of the most highly cultivated men of the nineteenth century. His opinion is, of course, not conclusive, but it is that of a man who has observed many generations of students.

Best Results of Education.

Some of the best results of education are that it makes all the faculties of the mind strong; trains the reason to detect fallacies quickly; fills the imagination with the noblest pictures; stores the memory with facts—in other words, enables us to appropriate to ourselves the experience of hundreds, nay, of thousands of men. I think it was Charles V. who said that a man who knows two languages is twice a man. But take the case of a man who knows three or four languages, to whom the literature and history of Greece, of Rome, of Germany, of France, of England, of America, is as familiar as the events of the day; who has been trained in logic, in mathematics, in experience--why; one has only to state the case—one need not argue—in order that you may see that, compared with the man who knows only his own language and has a smattering of the history of his own country, with a little general information, he is what a man of large and varied estate is to the dweller in a cottage. If we look at the chances and calamities of life, the one has no resourse in himself, the other is full of resource. He waves a wand as it were, and the mightiest and noblest spirits of the past are in attendance.

We do not need to take the wings of thought and the measuring line of the mathematician and hie through suns and systems to the barriers of creation—the smallest fruit, the tiniest flower demonstrates a God, and the Sermon on the Mount, which beggars the writings of all the moralists, sophists and philosophers, with Plato at their head, the life of Him, who was the incarnate sigh of heaven over human woe; these carry to me more conviction of a Divinity that shapes our ends and hovers around our erring steps, than all the miracles; and as religion is the most practical of all things, and next to religion politics, I could easily show, were there time, that the greatest statesmen and the men whose minds have been most imbued with the sense of a spiritual world, have been those who owned the highest culture of their day. It is most auspicious that in this thriving town—the capital of one of the richest and most salubrious belts of territory in the world—a town of nearly four thousand inhabitants, yet founded but a few years since—already a railway centre—most happy I say is it and full of good augury to see you in this western town laying side by side with emporiums of material prosperity the foundations of the higher learning, which, while in no way lessening but rather increasing capacity for dealing with agriculture and merchandise, will give us effective men in every field of human thought and endeavour; sound thinkers, wise statesmen, who by a fruitful knowledge of the past, by clear conception of the duties of rulers and the ruled, tempering and sweetening the disturbing envies and aspirations of democracy, will teach our youth to look forward to the same glorious fate for Canada as has blessed the heroic efforts of young peoples in other days; will give us the art that beautifies and the song that thrills; brows full of practical wisdom which yet some muse will have kissed, and heroic hearts that bound at the promise of the great future which hovers over the twilight of the present, like the eagle the British Columbian sees in the early dawn above the highest of one of

our own Rockies, burning in the light of a splendid but unrisen morrow.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, *Q. C., M. P.*

ADDRESS at Lansdowne College, Regina, N. W. T., Nov. 11, 1895.

BRITISH COLONIES AND BRITISH CITIZENSHIP.

THE essence of British political thought, the very foundation upon which our freedom, political stability, and singular collective energy as a nation have been built up, may be expressed in two words—Representative Government. The loyalty of the subject and the faithfulness of the ruler spring alike from this. The willingness to bear public burdens, the deep interest in public affairs, the close study and careful application of political principles which distinguish the people of our race from all others, and the advance of the whole body politic towards greater individual freedom combined with greater collective strength, are all direct outgrowths of Representative Government. Other races may work out other systems and attain greatness in doing so; we have committed ourselves to this, so far as dealing with our own people is concerned. From the local board which settles the poor-rate or school-tax for a parish, to the Cabinet which deals with the highest concerns of the Empire and the world, this principle is the central element of strength, since it is the ground on which public confidence is based. A British subject who has no voice in influencing the government of the nation throughout the whole range of its operation has not reached that condition to which the whole spirit of our political philosophy points as to the state of full citizenship. We are on absolutely safe ground when we say that great English communities will not permanently consent to stop short of this citizenship, nor will they relegate to others, even to a majority of their own nationality, the uncontrolled direction of their most important interests.

With certain qualifications, introduced to mitigate the glaring anomaly of the situation, the great self-governing colonies of the Empire are in fact now compelled to allow many of their most important affairs to be managed by others. Canada, with a commercial navy which floats on every sea, holding already in this particular the fourth place among the nations of the world, has a voice in fixing international relations only by the courtesy of the Mother-land, and not by the defined right of equal citizenship. Australia, occupying a continent, with vast and growing commercial interests, is in the same anomalous position. English-speaking, self governing populations, amounting in the aggregate already to nearly a third of the population of the United Kingdom, and likely within little more than a generation to equal it, with enormous interests involved in nearly every movement of national affairs, have no direct representative influence in shaping national policy or arranging international relations.

The almost perfect freedom they enjoy in the control of local affairs accentuates rather than mitigates the anomaly. By accustoming them to the exercise of political rights it makes them impatient of anything which falls short of the full dignity of national citizenship. No one who understands the genius of Anglo-Saxon people can believe that this state of affairs will be permanent. No one who sympathises with the spirit which has constantly urged forward British people on their career of political progress can wish it to be so. Great countries with an assured future cannot always remain colonies, as that term has hitherto been understood. The system which persists in making no other provision for them is on the point of passing away.

WHAT CITIZENSHIP MEANS.

It is sometimes urged that freedom from national burdens should be enough to reconcile colonists to any lack of representation in national councils: that if they have no sufficient share of Imperial government they are at least rid of Imperial anxieties; that wise direction of affairs may, in any case, be looked for from the Mother-land. But no immunity from public burdens can compensate for the loss of a share in the higher life of the nation and the higher dignity of full citizenship; no honourable

A BULLET THROUGH THE ARM

FORBIDDEN CORRESPONDENCE FOUND

THE TELEPHONE GIRL

DRAWING FOR THE FRAY

career can result from a readiness to shirk responsibility; a willingness to rely upon others to do our work or protect our interests is not the spirit which has built up or will perpetuate the power of our race. Such argument may suit the infancy of colonies; applied to their adolescence it is degrading, since it implies a mean and contented dependence. If the greater British colonies are permanently content with their present political status they are unworthy of the source from which they sprang. It will not be so. The spirit of independence has developed, not degenerated, in the wider breathing-places of new continents. A very little further growth, increasing the complication and aggravating the anomaly of the existing situation, will bring us to a stage where that spirit will no longer endure the restraints now put upon it by practical difficulties of political organization, and where those difficulties must be swept away by the gathering force of national instincts and necessities. About the direction of change there may be a question; about the certainty of change there can be none.

But the argument is equally strong when we reverse our attitude, and place ourselves in the position of the taxpaying citizens of the United Kingdom. There are probably few of these who are not at times filled with a glow of enthusiasm when they think of the vast extent of these colonies, which, planted by British energy, held through years of conflict by British courage, and proudly inheriting British traditions, are rising to pre-eminence in every quarter of the globe.

This pride and enthusiasm have very positive and practical issues. The citizen of the remotest colony knows that should an enemy wantonly attack his frontier should port or city be threatened by a hostile force—almost within twenty-four hours, as soon as telegraph could summon or steam convey them, British sailors or British soldiers would be pouring thither, as ready to fight and die for that particular bit of soil as for the shores of England itself. But the sentiment which makes this possible is balanced and qualified by very different considerations. The citizen of the United Kingdom has often been compelled to regard the colonies as great dependencies which increased his responsibilities and multiplied his difficulties without returning to the Mother-country, under their present organization, strength in men or resources, or even in exclusive commercial advantage. Every new colony or colonial interest was to him something new to defend, and augmented the burden of the Empire.

Yearly the vast expense necessary to provide adequately for national responsibilities increased, and added itself to the weight of taxation incident to an advanced civilization and complex social system. While forced to bear the chief burden of the taxation required for national defence, the people of the British Islands could see that the mass of the colonists benefited by this protection already possessed, or were likely before long to possess a higher average of wealth and comfort than the mass of the people who bestowed the benefit. Looking forward little more than a generation he could foresee a time when the colonists whose commerce was protected would equal the whole home population which gave the protection, when the volume of colonial commerce itself would surpass that of the Mother-land.

It requires little argument to prove that the anomaly of leaving one part of a nation to bear a disportionate share of the burdens of the whole is as inconsistent with Anglo-Saxon ideas of government as the exclusion of the colonies from a proportionate voice in the conduct of national affairs.

National Unity Means Independence.

For the colonies national unity means independence: not "virtual" independence, as their present ill defined condition is sometimes spoken of, but the manly and sufficient independence which comes from asserted rights and assumed responsibilities.

There are two kinds of independence. The first is that of the son grown restless under tutelage, who throws himself off, more or less recklessly, from the family connection, refuses family advice or assistance, and takes the chances of life on his own account. Given, on the one hand, overbearing and unsympathetic parents anxious

to retain their control till the last moment, or, on the other, children filled with ignorant self-conceit and consequent discontent, and independence of this first type is the natural result. Sometimes it is justified, and succeeds; sometimes it is born of blind stupidity and makes lamentable shipwreck. But this is not the ideal or the only form of independence. Given reason, due consideration, mutual regards for rights on both sides, and the family tie becomes a partnership which combines the advantages of all the liberty required for full development with the unity of action and counsel which assures strength. It produces a great Rothschild firm, each head of which is free to work out his own views at his own centre of the world's finance, but each in touch with the other for counsel or action, each making use of the business machinery established by all the rest, and thus securing incomparable business advantages for all. So in a wider sphere it produces the nation the great American Republic the Swiss, Germanic, or Canadian Confederation; each state or group of states working independently within its own well-defined sphere of influence; each taking its share as freely in the equally well defined but wider orbit of a large national life.

Our admiration is not given to the independence of the American state, or the Canadian or Australian province when holding aloof from union, where we feel that a spirit of petty provincialism is at work. Nor can it be reasonably given to the independence of the Greek state impatient of any control beyond that which is found within a city's walls. At least, in this case, if we admire, we pity still more, for the lack of the power to preserve the liberty which the city had created. We reserve our admiration for the reasoned and secured independence of a state whose members have abandoned the petty side of their individuality, and displayed that political self restraint sagacity and largeness of view which is implied in wide organization for the attainment of great ends.

It is to this independence of partnership that a real national unity would lift the colonies of the British Empire. Doubtless it would at first be the partnership of junior members. More than this could not reasonably be expected. But the position need not be an irksome one.

One primary principle reason approves and experience recommends for our guidance in attempting to outline the form of union which will best be adapted to the genius of the British people. For all its communities there should be the utmost freedom of individual action which is consistent with united strength. Apparently this condition will be best fulfilled under some form of Federal connection.

GEORGE R. PARKIN, C.M.G., LL.D.
"*Imperial Federation*," *1892*.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN 1862.

At this moment Queen Victoria rules over fifty one colonies and dependencies, which, with the British Islands, form the Empire that you and I desire to consolidate and improve. How this is to be done is a question of stupendous interest, demanding the highest qualities of statesmanship for its consideration and adjustment. There are those who seem to contemplate the dismemberment of this great Empire with evident delight, and who appear to regard the spread of British institutions and civilization as a misfortune to the world at large, and an injury to the parent state.

But let us see what there is within this charmed circle of Imperial duties and relations that is worth preserving. It is true that every outlying Province, as I have already shown, may be attacked whenever the Mother country is at war, yet war can only come when the plastic powers of astute diplomacy have been exhausted, and when the dread alternative has been deliberately accepted by enlightened public opinion. But into how many wars might not these fifty one Provinces be dragged if this Empire were dismembered, and if they were left to be overrun by neighbouring States, or drawn into entangling alliances with populations often ruthless or unenlightened?

In the interests of peace, then, we are bound, if we can, to see that this Empire is kept together. We are equally bound, if we regard the interests of religion. Wherever

British power is acknowledged and the British bayonet gleams the missionary of every Christian Church can tread the land in safety, and teach and pray without personal apprehension. That dismemberment is sometimes advocated by persons who call themselves free-traders, is to me amazing. Where, on the earth's surface, since barter was first essayed, have so many populous countries been bound together by common interests, and by the mutual interchange of productions, on a basis of such perfect freedom? Strike down the power that binds these communities together, and into how many antagonistic systems and economic absurdities would they not drift?

This Empire possesses the noblest schools of law, the purest judicial tribunals, from which our Colonial Courts draw forensic animation and guiding light without stint and without shame. What British or Colonial judge or lawyer would disturb this equable flow of precedents and decisions? Then, again, if we look to literature and the arts, how charming it is to know that while every gifted youth in the most remote Province of the Empire may win the admiration of the community in which he lives, there are fifty other Provinces to rejoice in his success and to feel the exhilaration of his genius. How charming is it also for the emigrant pioneering in a new country, too young to have produced a picture or a book, to read Tennyson or Burns by his camp fire at night, or to look at Landseer's dogs over his mantelpiece in the morning, conscious that he can claim kindred with the artist and the author, and that the ballad and the engraving link him with treasures of literature that are inexhaustible, and of art that can never die. Whatever improvements time may suggest for its better organization and further development, this Empire, as it stands, has its uses, and should be kept together.

In this opinion I am quite sure that you and I agree. We differ as to the mode. If I understand your argument you would have half a hundred little standing armies, scattered all over the globe, paid out of fifty treasuries and with uniforms as various as were the colours in Joseph's coat, with no centre of union, no common discipline, no provision for mutual succour and support. I would have one army that could be massed within a few days or weeks on any point of the frontier, moved by one head, animated by one spirit, paid from one treasury. Into this army I would incorporate as many of the colonial militia as were required to take the field in any Province that might be attacked; and, from the moment they were so incorporated, they should be moved, paid and treated, as an Imperial force. There would still be work enough for the sedentary militia to do, in defending the districts in which they lived; and if this were done, and if the Provinces, as they would, bore a large part, if not the whole, of the burden of local defence, they would do all that could reasonably be expected. If the county of Annapolis (Nova Scotia) were attacked, I would not pay a militiaman out of the Imperial Treasury for defending his own country, but if a regiment were drawn from Annapolis to defend the citadel at Halifax, or the coal mines of Pictou; if it were marched into New Brunswick, or volunteered to defend these islands; then it should take its number, draw its pay, and be treated in all respects like any other regiment of the line. So long as this is done we shall have an Empire and an Army. We shall soon cease to have either when the other system is tried. And why should we try it? Why should we reserve Mennenius Agrippa's fable, and teach the belly of the Empire—the common treasury and storehouse of all its wealth—to complain? The British soldier is no longer viewed with distrust or apprehension in any part of the Empire; he is everywhere recognized as a citizen with a red coat on, prouder of his citizenship than of the highest grade in the finest regiment in the service. Nor is he viewed with any jealousy or dislike by the Provincial militia. Our young men know that they can study the use of arms from no more gallant exemplars, and they know also that when summoned to the field, they can rely upon the steadiness, the endurance, the discipline and the humanity of the British soldier.

By The Hon. Joseph Howe

Premier of Nova Scotia

Dec. 12, 186[illegible]

CANADA AND CANADIANS.

We have coal in Nova Scotia, on the Atlantic; coal at the Saskatchewan, in the heart of the continent; and coal at Vancouver's Island, on the Pacific. We have mineral wealth as various as our needs, and, in extent boundless. We have, at our doors, exhaustless fisheries, the richest in the world, furnishing an annual yield estimated at twenty million dollars to the various countries engaged in them, and giving us a nursery for adventurous and hardy seamen. Our agricultural product is immense, and capable of indefinite expansion; and our forests are the envy of the world. We have, or will have shortly, 70,000 sailors, and now have at least 700,000 men between the ages of 20 and 60 available for defensive purposes. As for territory, we have more than half the continent, and elbow-room for a population of 40,000,000. Religious freedom exists here in its most perfect form, and our elaborate system of common schools, colleges and universities gives an equal opportunity to all to achieve distinction. We have political institutions combining the greatest freedom with the most perfect restraint upon riot; recognizing the rights of the people without begetting distrust or disrespect for lawful authority; neither ignoring the poor nor bringing terror to the rich; giving voice to property without drowning the tones of labour; allowing complete self government by means of a graduated jurisdiction and, through a well understood and easily enforced system of responsibility, admitting of reform without revolution, government without despotism. Our Dominion Legislature will compare favourably with any deliberate body in the world. Accident may have brought to the surface of politics a good many who float by reason of the cork like lightness of their brains but on the whole, our public men are as able as those of other countries. Our politicians have certainly carried party strife to the extreme but it is an axiom that the smaller the pit, the more fiercely do the rats fight.

The world would be rather a st[illegible] place if all men thought and acted a[illegible]. The charms of novel[illegible] [illegible] even to the idlest an[illegible] most [illegible] to render an unbroken harmony either pleasant to the eye or grateful to the ear. Diversities of temper, of understanding, or interest, are necessary to stimulate our love of existence; our impulses, offensive and defensive, serving as a preservative from mental paralysis, as a preventive as regards public langour and impotence, and as a safeguard against the enervating influence of a dreary, monotonous dulness. The old Norse mythology, with its Thor hammers and Thor hammering, appeals to us (for we are a Northern people) as the true outcrop of human nature, more manly, more real, than the weak marrow-bones superstition of an effeminate South. For the purpose of attrition, the bigoted dotard, the reckless empiric, and the shallow babbler are useful in their way, as are also the wise, the cautious, and the prudent.

To produce the fine flour, we must have a nether as well as an upper mill stone. We cannot construct politicians, nor manufacture political parties impromptu, for there is always an inert mass, incapable of sudden emotion, subject merely to that oscillation which gives victory or defeat. One might as well try to form a political party from persons of a peculiar physiognomy, as to fit men into sets of political principle. They must come together naturally or not at all, for men cannot be sized in principle as it at company drill. Let the worst come however; we know that political parties have their beginning and their end. Babels are built and confusion of tongues ensue. But when discussion is pushed to the extreme and enthusiasts and demagogues have gone mad, the turning point is reached and a union of those who have their senses left marks the beginning of a [illegible]. When the time does come for a [illegible] [illegible] we [illegible] around in accordance w[illegible] immutable laws by which the p[illegible] [illegible] is regulated, and we cannot [illegible] would [illegible] the scrambling, jostling, [illegible]elling and fighting incident to the [illegible]ment of free institutions in a free country.

However, if there be a common obj[illegible] view and that the welfare of [illegible] is best for us not to compla[illegible] Formerly, the Provinces, which [illegible] are now linked, were disunited. Know[illegible]

little, and caring less, about each other. Instead of an interchange of commodities, and of floating population, the current ran in a foreign direction, and thousands of our young men were not only lost to us, but went to the building up of our rivals—yes rivals! else what means this shutting us out with higher tariffs, thwarting us by harsh legislation, abrogating reciprocity treaties, and obstructing our development? But we were not always considered rivals. At one time the prospect looked gloomy enough. Old Canada was a dependency, with its best [illegible] shut in from the seaboard for five months of the year, separated from those of kindred sympathies and acknowledging a [illegible] by an almost [illegible] [illegible] country; gazing at the prosperity of a [illegible] that held out every inducement to [illegible] without manufacturers or capi[illegible] witnessing a stream of British wealth [illegible] into the lap of its over-shadowing [illegible], thinly populated and [illegible] in attracting immigration. Times have changed however, and there is no reason why this era should not be but the dawn of our prosperity. All that has been [illegible] has been accomplished in the [illegible] competition with a nation which calls itself, and is generally accepted as, the most enterprising of all nations: which "beats all creation in everything it does;" "steals the keys from [illegible] Destiny," and outruns time in its hurry to do it. We have been alternately [illegible] and threatened, yet neither wile nor threat has mortgaged our country with dishonour, or caused us to sacrifice our indentity. So if we take pride in the past there is some excuse for us; if we hope for the future we have, at least, some justification.

By William A. Foster, Q. C.

CANADA AND ITS INSTITUTIONS

From the sea pastures and coal fields of Nova Scotia and the forests of New Brunswick—almost from [illegible] Louisbourg up the St. Lawrence [illegible] to Quebec; through the great Pro[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] as to recall stories of the Arabian Nights though only the rim of the land has been explored; on the chain of lakes where the Ojibbeway is at home in his canoe, to the great plains, where the Cree is equally at home on his horse; through the prairie Province of Manitoba and rolling meadows and park-like country, equally fertile, out of which a dozen Manitobas shall be carved in the next quarter of a century; along the banks of

> "A full-fed river winding slow
> By herds upon an endless plain,"

full fed from the exhaustless glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, and watering "the great lone land"; over illimitable coal measures and deep woods; on to the mountains, which open their gates, more widely than to our wealthier neighbours, to lead us to the Pacific; down deep gorges filled with mighty timber, and rivers whose ancient deposits are gold beds, sands like those of Pactolus and channels choked with fish; on to the many harbours of mainland and island, that look right across to the old Eastern Thule "with its rosy pearls and golden-roofed palaces," and open their arms to welcome the swarming millions of Cathay; over all this we have travelled, and it was all our own.

> "Where's the coward that would not dare
> To fight for such a land?"

Thank God, we have a country! It is not our poverty of land, or sea, of wood or mine that shall ever urge us to be traitors. But the destiny of a country depends not on its material resources. It depends on the character of its people. Here, too, is full ground for confidence.

We, in everything, "are sprung of earth's first blood, have titles manifold." We come of a race that never counted the number of its foes nor the number of its friends, when freedom, loyalty, or God was concerned.

Two courses are possible, though it is almost an insult to say there are two, for the one requires us to be false to our traditions and history, to our future and to ourselves. A third course has been hinted at; but only dreamers or emasculated intellects would seriously propose "Independence" to four millions of people, face to face with thirty-eight millions. Some one may have even a

[illegible] to propose. The Abbé Sieyès had a cabinet filled with pigeon holes, in each of which was a cut and dried Constitution for France. Doctrinaires fancy that at any time they can say, "go to, let us make a Constitution," and that they can fit it on a nation as [illegible] as new coats on their backs. There never was a profounder mistake. The nation cannot be pulled up by the roots—cannot be disassociated from its past without danger to its highest interests. Loyalty is essential to its fulfilment of a distinctive mission; essential to its true glory. Only one course therefore is possible for us, consistent with the self respect that alone gains the respect of others; to seek, in the consolidation of the Empire, a common Imperial citizenship, with common responsibilities and a common inheritance.

With childish impatience and intolerance [illegible] on the subject we are sometimes [illegible] that a republican form of government [illegible] republican institutions are the same as our own. But they are not ours. Besides, [illegible] themselves; they [illegible] effects on charac[illegible] children even more [illegible] framers of our [illegible] duty is to hold [illegible] influence of [illegible] been proved [illegible] to be [illegible]

[illegible] patriotism [illegible] The true form should com[illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] in the realm [illegible] the [illegible] first that [illegible] well [illegible]

first. In consequence all popular appeals are made to that wh[illegible] nature, for such appeals are [illegible] the greatest number and are most [illegible] immediately successful. Th[illegible] public men and the nation [illegible] deteriorate. Neither dignity, elevation [illegible] sentiment, nor refinement of manners [illegible] vated. Still more fatal conse[illegible] very ark of the nation [illegible] into heady fights [illegible] citizen has no country [illegible] and the unity of the country is co[illegible] imperilled. On the other hand, a desp[illegible] is based entirely on the element of [illegible]

To unite those elements, in [illegible] tions, has been and is the aim of [illegible] statesman. Let the history of [illegible] progress, of the development [illegible] character to all its rightful [illegible] where they have been more w[illegible] than in the British Constitution.

We have a fixed centre of auth[illegible] government, a fountain of ho[illegible] that all reverence from which [illegible] gracious influences come down [illegible] rank; and, along with th[illegible] representative institutions, so [illegible] respond within their own sp[illegible] breath of popular sentiment [illegible] a cast iron yoke for four years. In harmony with the central part of our Constitution [illegible] an independent judiciary instead [illegible] elected judges who are too often [illegible] tures of wealth, adventurers, or [illegible] echoes of passing popular sentiment. And more valuable than even the direct advantages, are the subtle, indirect influences that flow from our being in unbroken connection with the old [illegible] and the dynamic [illegible] [illegible]table forces that determine [illegible] and mould the character of [illegible]

[illegible] venerable kingdoms of old [illegible]

CANADIANS AND THE WAR OF 1812.

THE unprovoked declaration of war by the United States of America against the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and its dependencies, has been followed by the actual invasion of this Province, [illegible] a remote frontier of the western district, [illegible] a detachment of the armed force of the United States. The officer commanding that detachment has thought proper to invite His Majesty's subjects not merely to a quiet and unresisting submission, but insults them with a call to seek voluntarily the protection of his Government.

Without condescending to notice the epithets bestowed in this appeal of the American commander to the people of Upper Canada on the administration of His Majesty, every inhabitant of the Province is desired to seek the confutation of such indecent [illegible] in the review of his own particular [illegible]umstances. Where is the Canadian sub[illegible] who can truly affirm to himself that he [illegible] been injured by the Government in his [illegible], his property, or his liberty? Where [illegible] found, in any part of the world, a [illegible] so rapid, in prosperity and wealth, as this colony exhibits? Settled, not thirty [illegible], by a band of veterans exiled from [illegible]r former possessions on account of their [illegible], not a descendant of these brave [illegible] to be found who, under the foster[illegible]ality of their Sovereign, has not [illegible] property and means of enjoyment [illegible] to what were possessed by their [illegible].

This unequalled prosperity would not [illegible] been attained by the utmost liberality [illegible] the Government or the persevering indus[illegible] the people had not the maritime power [illegible] the Mother country secured to its colonists [illegible] safe access to every market where the pro[illegible] of their labour was in request. The un[illegible]able and immediate consequences of a [illegible] from Great Britain must be the [illegible] inestimable advantage; and what [illegible] offered you in exchange? To become a [illegible] the United States, and share [illegible] that exclusion from the ocean [illegible] policy of their Government en[illegible] or

[illegible] not even flattered with a participa[illegible] [illegible] boasted independence, and it is but too obvious that, once estranged from the powerful protection of the United Kingdom, you must be re-annexed to the dominion of France, from which the Provinces of Canada were wrested by the arms of Great Britain, at a vast expense of blood and treasure, and from no other motive than to relieve her ungrateful children from the oppression of a cruel neighbour. This restitution of Canada to the Empire of France was the stipulated reward for the aid afforded to the revolted colonies (now the United States). The debt is still due, and there can be no doubt but the pledge has been renewed as a consideration for commercial advantages, or rather for an expected relaxation in the tyranny of France over the commercial world. Are you prepared, inhabitants of Canada, to become willing subjects or rather slaves, to the despot who rules the nations of continental Europe with a rod of iron? If not, arise in a body, exert your energies, co-operate cordially with the King's regular forces, to repel the invader, and do not give cause to your children, when groaning under the oppression of a foreign master to reproach you with having so easily parted with the richest inheritance of this earth—a participation in the name, character, and freedom of Britons!

The same spirit of justice which will make every reasonable allowance for the unsuccessful efforts of zeal and loyalty will not fail to punish the defalcation of principle. Every Canadian freeholder is, by deliberate choice, bound by the most solemn oaths to defend the monarchy, as well as his own property; to shrink from that engagement is treason not to be forgiven. Let no man suppose that if in this unexpected struggle, His Majesty's arms should be compelled to yield to an overwhelming force the Province will be eventually abandoned; the endeared relations of the first settlers, the intrinsic value of its commerce, and the pretensions of its powerful rival to repossess the Canadas, are pledges that no peace will be established between the United States and Great Britain and Ireland of which the restoration of these Provinces does not make the most prominent condition.

Be not dismayed at the unjustifiable threat of the commander of the enemy's forces to

refuse quarter should an Indian appear in the ranks. The brave bands of aborigines which inhabit this colony were, like His Majesty's other subjects, punished for their zeal and fidelity in the late colonies, and rewarded by His Majesty with lands of superior value in this Province. The faith of the British Government has never yet been violated—the Indians feel that the soil they inherit is to them and their posterity protected for them from the base arts so frequently devised to overreach their simplicity. By what new principles are they to be prohibited from defending their property? If their warfare, from being different to that of the white people, be more terrific to the enemy, let him retrace his steps—they seek him not—and cannot expect to find women and children in an invading army. But they are men, and have equal rights with all other men to defend themselves and their property when invaded, more especially when they find in the enemy's camp a ferocious and mortal foe, using the same warfare which the American commander affects to repr[illegible]

[illegible] onsistent and unjustifiable threat [illegible] quarter, for such a cause as [illegible] in arms with a brother sufferer [illegible] of invaded rights, must be exer[illegible] the certain assurance of retalia[illegible] only in the limited operations of [illegible] part [illegible] the King's dominions, [illegible] quarter of the globe, for the [illegible] of Britain is not less dis[illegible] [illegible] that strict retribu[illegible] will consider the execu[illegible] threat as a deliberate [illegible] every subject of the offend[illegible] must make expiation.

Ma[illegible] [illegible]neral SIR ISAAC BROCK

[illegible] Legislature and People of Upper Canada
[illegible]

GREAT BRITAIN IN WAR AND PEACE.

SHE has fought every nation and conquered almost invariably. When she was not fighting the French she fought [illegible] Spanish; when she got through with Spain she had a [illegible] at Portugal; when she had done up Portugal she turned her face towards the Dutch; when the Dutch were cleaned out she attacked the Russians. From Hong Kong to Sebastopol she has fought on almost every acre of land the world over. She has fought amongst her own people. She won her cause against Ireland. She tried to deal harshly with Scotland, but gave it up after one attempt—and has never tried it again. She has fought almost every nation and has enlisted in her army the best blood of every nation. The Mongolian has fought under her banner, the Hindostani, Singalese, Caucasian, every kind of European, and, last and best of all, the Canadian has done his duty as a Canadian should. She has fought with every weapon known to us—in the olden days with the cross bow and pike, the battle-axe and the sword, the claymore and the bayonet; and generally preferred the bayonet. She has fought with musket and arquebus, and every form of rifle known; she has fought with Gatlings and Maxims and Long Toms. She has fought in blue and red and khaki; and liked the khaki just as well as any other. She has fought with mail and without mail, behind the trenches and in the open, in forts and in the field, behind the wooden walls of England and behind the ironclads—fought anywhere, everywhere; fought anything, everything.

Kipling said of her that she has fed her sailors to the seas for a thousand years. That is a most epigrammatic and intense statement. Her soldiers lie in every clime. They wrapped their colours round their breasts on the blood-red fields of Spain, at Delhi, at Lucknow, at Sebastopol, at Waterloo, at Talavera, at Salamanca. Every other milestone in the United Kingdom marks a battlefield; every hillside marks a soldier's sepulchre. She is a wonderful nation. She is fighting still. She is still able to fight. She has not fought much for conquest. Once and again she saw a good thing and thought she must have it; and she took it; and she kept it. "What we have we'll hold." She looked out upon this fair Canada of ours in 1759 and sent her Scotch Highlanders up the steeps of Quebec, took Quebec, and has kept it ever since, and ever shall. Or, if such a contingency should happen that she shall not, we shall do it for her.

I said she has not fought much for conquest. She has fought much for liberty. Every land on which she has planted her standard has been a freer land from that moment onward. Every sea on which her ships have travelled has been freer to the other nations of the world because a British keel had ploughed its way. Every nation over whom she has thrown a protectorate has grown in wealth, has grown in power and has grown in liberty. The touch of her hand is as the magic touch of some wizard power that quickens and re-animates and stimulates and incarnates: and in her march comes liberty, independence, human rights and the Gospel of a common Christianity. She has been a great overseer as well as a great fighter. She has been a friend of freedom and the down trodden. She has made the world better because of her fighting qualities: and,

> When the war-drum throbs no longer,
> And the battle flag is furled,
> In the Parliament of man,
> The federation of the world,

then she shall stand strong among the nations of the world for having brought about that grateful consummation of peace. That must be her destiny.

Hon. GEORGE W. ROSS,
Premier of Ontario.

T... [illegible]

RELATIONS BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

AGAINST my will I would be made a slave, never a subject. And the hour has passed in the life of nations, and that hour never came in this free continent of America, when free men could be forced into another people's allegiance. I know that it has been said and written, both in this country and in ours, that the effect of the McKinley tariff will so cramp the trade and finances of the people of Canada that we will be compelled to seek annexation to the United States. Well, sir, I know the feelings of Canadians, with whom I have lived in constant communion of sentiment during the thirty years of my political life, and I do not hesitate a moment to say that no consideration of finance or trade can have any influence on the loyalty of the descendants of the races of whom I spoke to you in the opening of my address, or tend in the slightest degree to alienate their affections from their country, their institutions, their Government, and their Queen. If anyone in this meeting believes that in refusing commercial intercourse to Canada they would undermine the loyal feelings of our people, he is laboring under a delusion and doing an injustice to a people whose sentiment of loyalty is as indelible as your own, and I cannot better do than by affirming with more energy, if it be possible, than Mr. Laurier, what he affirmed the other day in Boston: "If such a boon as freedom of trade were to be purchased by the slightest sacrifice of my nation's dignity, I would have none of it."

Let us rather cherish the idea, sir, that those solemn and proud professions of dignity and courage will not be needed, but that the public men of both countries, echoing the sentiments of the two nations, will find a happy solution of those important problems. For my own part, I look to the future with hope and with security. With Andrew Carnegie, "I would cheerfully set aside the scheme of Imperial Federation, the theory of the Empire Trade League, to see realized the grand idea of a race alliance of all the countries blessed with the noble and free political institutions which Great Britain has devised for the good of humanity—an alliance which would hasten the day when one power would be able to say to any nation that threatened to begin the murder of human beings, in the name of war, under any pretence:

> Hold! I command you both; the one that stirs makes me his foe.
> Unfold to me the cause of quarrel and I will judge betwixt you."

These are noble words from a noble heart, and I endorse them with the same enthusiasm as I endorse your great countryman's conclusion: "Fate has given to Britain a great progeny and a great past. Her future promises to be no less great and prolific; but, however numerous the children, there can never be but one mother, and that mother, great, honored and beloved by all

her offspring — as I pray she be — is this sceptred isle, my native land. God bless her!"

Sir, there is nothing to despair, nothing to fear, when the great citizens of a country are disposed to approach and discuss the burning issues standing in the face of two countries in such a lofty spirit, with such a large and warm heart. I have no doubt but that it is the same sentiment of noble fellowship which animates you, which animates the great American nation. I know that such is the sentiment which animates our people in Canada. I am not here as the representative of the Canadian Government. I have not and could not have asked such a mission when I accepted your kind social invitation, but I must not forget, and you cannot ignore, that I am a member of the House of Commons of Canada, and that I have the right to convey to you the expression of the good will, of the heartfelt sympathy, and the offer of the widest possible measure of reciprocity in friendliness and good wishes from my Canadian fellow-countrymen. Yes; in Canada we rejoice in your prosperity, in your magnificent development, in your patriotic love for your flag, in your solution of some of the great problems that troubled your national existence and in your assured hope of solving them all. But we are proud, too, of our own country and our own flag, of the splendour and strength of our own resources and of the well nigh boundless possibilities of our future greatness. Even as you do, we love free institutions: these we have, and they are the best suited to us and to the genius of our population. If you have a republic we have a veritable commonwealth — "a crowned republic," as it has been happily called. You are far ahead of us in point of numbers, but we know that our people live [illegible] and plenty no less than yours. And [illegible] hope [illegible] Canada and the United States in [illegible] in all the [illegible] on through the ages to come the happiness and prosperity of each acting [illegible] ulus to the best efforts of the other each working out a destiny of the brightest augury and so linked [illegible] bonds of [illegible] and loving kindness that they may, somewhat in the majestic words of Milton, be said "to progress the great circles of revolving centuries, clasping hands with unfailing joy and bliss in over measure forever."

SIR J. ADOLPHE CHAPLEAU
(*Secretary of State for Canada*)

Address before the Commercial Club, Providence, R. I. November 27, 1891

THE EVOLUTION OF PATRIOTISM.

ATTACHMENT to one's native land is not a novel or factitious form of affection. In all languages, from the dawn of literature to the chanting of "Der Wacht am Rhein" under the walls of Paris, it has been inculcated as a duty and extolled as a virtue. It is the bond which knits together the family units which first made up the clan, sept or tribe, and thereafter the nation or empire; the cement which binds society by the cohesive power of affection; the true antidote to absorption in self and its immediate surroundings; the all-powerful motive power which prompts to heroic deeds of noble daring and cheerful self abnegation and self sacrifice. Heroism sprang from love of country, and all that is great and glorious in human history, as distinguished from the vain glamour of its ambition and its crimes, are distinctly traceable to patriotic aspiration.

Even before the formation of nationalities properly so called, pride in the value and worth of ancestry and a desire to emulate and surpass the noble deeds of "the fathers" constituted patriotism in the germ. Even now, as Mr. Froude has remarked, whilst the optimist is fond of speaking irreverently of his "barbarous ancestors," the pessimist is ever urging that our predecessors "had more of wit and wisdom than we." The golden age of purity of matchless beauty, and dauntless prowess is far back in the mists of a primeval age when "there were giants in those days." In Homer a hero thought it the best he could say for himself and his fellow heroes: "We boast ourselves to be better than our fathers"; and when the despairing prophet of Israel laid himself down in the wilderness, a day's journey from Beersheba, and requested for himself that he

might die," his plaintive wail found articulate form in the touching words: "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers." Thus the record of doughty deeds, lofty thoughts or worthy lives has, in all ages and all countries, proved the spur to noble and earnest men, whether it has aroused them to emulation, or stung them with reproach. Every civilized nation has such a history in which there is written much to stimulate courage, virtue, and vigorous effort, and not a little to warn, to humiliate and sadden the proudest and most complacent patriot. It was to perpetuate the fame of native valour and heroism for all time to come that literature, first as minstrelsy and then as rude chronicling, shed so early its genial and fertilizing radiance upon the earth. The rhapsody, the ballad, the epic, the tragedy, the poetic tales of heroism, which every land accumulated at the dawn of its historic day, were at once the offspring and the prolific ancestry of patriotic pride and patriotic impulse all the world over. Admiration for the valour of individual champions or hosts was succeeded by love of country for its own sake—for what it had been and for what it had achieved; and this, as in the normal exercise of all healthy affection, reacted upon the patriot, and nerved him to strive his hardest, dare his boldest, defy danger, and welcome death, if only he could do something which might leave his country more glorious and free than he had found it.

In the ancient poets, Greek and Latin, there is a fervent patriotism ever flowering into the brightest forms of expression. Thus with Euripides, it appears in "O my country! would that all who inhabit thee, loved thee as I do; then should we live a better life, and thou would'st suffer no harm;" and in Ovid: "I know not by what sweet [illegible] the land of their birth draws all men, and will not suffer them to be unmindful [illegible] it." [illegible], in higher strain and in diviner words: "O Jerusalem! if I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Thus sang the [illegible] Chaldean by the waters of Babylon and the echo of that plaintive chord has touched the patriot and exile in every land where the Book of Psalms has been said or sung. The patriotic poetry of all nations is the very flower of literature—its real anthology, and whether in castle or hut, on the field of battle, in the forest, on the hills, in the cavern refuge of hunted heroism, or among "those afar that be upon the sea," it, more than any other strain of bard or minstrel has roused the cheerless, spurred the flagging and sent out the brave to conquer or to die. Sir Philip Sidney is reported to have said that the reading of "Chevy Chase" stirred his soul like the blast of a war trumpet, and with all heroic spirits the poetry of patriotism has appealed, with wondrous potency, to the burning love of country and its fame, kindled inextinguishably in every honest human breast.

If, as the prevailing scientific philosophy insists, the bias of our nature, and its main features, moral and intellectual as well as physical, are inherited—the result of influences working through an immeasurable past—surely of all the powers moulding the character, one of essential moment and surpassing value is that exerted by patriotism. Whatever its origin, the foundations of love for one's native land are laid broad and deep in the universal heart of humanity. It has flourished ever since the "first syllable of recorded time" was articulately spoken, and there is no nation under heaven in which its subtile energy has not been felt, or where the inspiring throb of its vivifying influence has not incited to nobler thoughts and higher deeds of chivalrous emprise. Men can no more escape from it than they can flee from themselves; like the air they breathe or the rays of the glorious sun, it encompasses them round about, at once the source of life, joy and healthful activity.

WILLIAM J. RATTRAY.

"The Scot in British North America," IV.

CANADIAN SCENERY.

THE difficulties offered by nature to the actual construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway were tremendous. The scenery along the route is infinitely grand and varied. The railway had been carried [illegible]

around, or through, the massive cliffs of red granite which nature has thrown into innumerable shapes and marvellous conformations along the northern shore of Lake Superior. Rugged and seamed with trees, or smooth and bare in straight up-and down masses of rock, these great walls guarded one side of the thin line of rail which stamped the course of civilized progress through these vast wilds of rock and forest and water. Tunnels and immense trestle-bridges, prolonged blasting operations and the scientific precision of engineering skill, had opened up, incidentally, a country of the greatest mineral resources. On through the forests and uplands and myriad lakes and rivers of the region between Port Arthur and Winnipeg, over the thousand miles of prairie to the foot of the Rockies, the road had been run. Then, for days of rapid travel, it had worked its way amid the cloud-crowned, snow-capped peaks of the greatest of the world's mountain ranges.

Green, grey, solemn and massive, these vast phenomena of nature now looked down upon, or were penetrated by, that little line of rail which marked the conquest of the inanimate by the animate. Down the deepest of grades and up the sides of the most forbidding of lofty mountains, with their crests encircled by everlasting storms and capped with eternal snows, the railway wound its path through tunnels and over trestle-bridges; along the banks of rushing rivers and wildly struggling mountain torrents; through the vast valley of the Kicking Horse and over huge canyons and chasms; through the marvellous scenery of Roger's Pass and down the sides of the roaring Fraser. Neither Canada nor its great railway can, indeed, be understood or appreciated in either the grandeur of scenery or the difficulty of construction until these mountains of British Columbia are pictured before the eye of the mind.

Lines of mountain peaks rise out of great valleys, in which a large river at times looks to the traveller in the train like a silver thread, and tower up into the clouds. Here and there huge glaciers are visible, and the alternations of view afforded by the lofty summits and sides of the principal peaks, such as those of the Hermit, or Mount Stephen, or Mount Macdonald, are simply superb. Sunset, sunrise, or a snow storm produce the most beautiful effects in colouring at the hands of nature—the greatest master of all art. Green and brown, purple and black, blue and white, are developed according to the weather and the time of day and sometimes all at once. Intensely dark and sombre and gloomy is the scene, or beautiful in the most varied, fantastic and splendid forms. The transformations are never ending. Here, perhaps, will be visible upon a dark mountain side lines of low trees, or shrubs, scattered amidst the forests of pine and looking like rivers of grass; there silvery streaks of snow. Here, a huge glacier of eternal ice; there, something like a vast pile of coral heaped in gigantic shapes by some demoniac or fantastic god of ancient mythology. Everywhere are the banks of rushing rivers—the Bow, the Kicking Horse the Columbia, the Beaver, the Illecilliwaet, the Eagle, the Thompson, or the magnificent Fraser.

Running down the mountain sides, skipping in merry cascades and myriad colours across or beside the railway, tearing wildly down steep inclines, rushing over huge rocks or precipices, roaring between massive stone walls—turbulent or peaceful, grand or beautiful—these rivers and streams present a thousand varied charms. The scenery along the Fraser is simply matchless. In many places the great river is forced between cliffs or vertical walls of rock, and foams and roars like some imprisoned giant of nature fighting to be free. The railway is often cut into the cliffs hundreds of feet above, and tunnels pierced through solid rock follow each other in rapid succession.

After passing Yale, the mountains moderate in size and grandeur, the Rockies and the Selkirks gradually become things of the past—lingering forever in the memories of the traveller—and the beautiful valleys and villages and fruit farms of the coast region come into view.

Such are some of the scenes and obstacles which marked the labours of construction and stamped the building of the railway with elements of greatness which led the London *Times* to declare that the conception of this trans-continental line was "a

magnificent act of faith on the part of the Canadian Dominion" and that the small population of the country spread, as it was, over so vast a territory, had "conceived and executed within a few years a work which a generation ago might well have appalled the wealthiest and most powerful of nations."

J. CASTELL HOPKINS

The Story of the Dominion [illegible]

THE POWER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"IT has been often said, not so often now as some years ago, that Britain was growing decrepit and infirm, that her power was waning and that the time was rapidly approaching when Macaulay's New Zealander should take his seat on London Bridge and survey the ruins of an Empire greater than Rome had ever been." I deny the assumption, and I protest with all my heart against the inference. The expansive, the assimilative, the cohesive power of Britain is neither dead nor stagnant. The plastic crust from which in centuries past has burst forth that splendid energy that has ever and anon vivified the world has not stiffened to adamant. The typical vigour, the eruptive enterprise, the steady overflow of the higher life and potency are there still, and the march of Empire is ever forward. To-day her drum beat sounds on the far-distant Pamirs, we hear the boom of her guns and see the flash of her steel in the rocky passes of the Afridis. Her banners gleam at Hong Kong and Wei-Hai Wei, and her flag floats over the vast insular continents of the Southern Pacific. In the whilom Dark Continent bugle calls to bugle from Bulawayo in the south to Omdurman in the north; Imperial outposts sentinel the Nile and the Niger; while cannon at Halifax and cannon at Esquimalt, backed by 5,000,000 loyal Canadian subjects, stand guard and sponsor for the foremost and best of her possessions. Who dares to say that the Imperial eye is dimmed, the Imperial heart numbed, or that the irresistible might of her strong right arm is shattered? Rather do we affirm that the insular has become world-wide, that the merely national has broadened into the truly Imperial, and that the sphere of Britain's influence and the grandeur of her power are immeasurably advanced.

HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER, M. P.

Speech at Ottawa, 18[illegible]

PATRIOTISM AND THE POWER OF NATIONS.

THE history of the world is the history of the rise and fall of nations. The record of the dim past, so great is the distance from which we look, and so scanty the materials of history, seems almost a kaleidoscope in which one dominant race rises into greatness and strength upon the ruins of another; each in turn luxuriating in affluence and power; each in turn going to ruin and decay.

In the earliest period, when Europe was peopled by barbarians, we read of Egypt, of its power, its wealth, and its civilization. Travellers to-day, standing in the ruins of Thebes and Memphis, view with amazement the architectural wonders of the gigantic ruins, and draw comparisons of what the race of ancient Egyptians must have been with the position of the poor Arab peasants who now live in wretched huts amongst the debris of former grandeur. The Assyrian empire has also left a record of its greatness and its civilization. Their sculptures show a race of sturdy heroes, with haughty looks and proud mien, evidently the leaders of a dominant race. The luxuriant costumes, the proud processions, the ceremonious *cortège*, of the Assyrian monarchs all find their place in the sculptures of Nineveh, while their colossal dimensions indicate the magnificence of the halls and galleries in which they were placed. These broken stones, dug from the desert, are all that is left to tell us of a great dominant race forever passed away. The Persian empire came afterwards into prominence, and was a mighty power when in its prime. The Phœnicians, by their maritime enterprise and their roving and energetic spirit, acquired great power. Their influence was felt as far as England. Their chief cities, Tyre and Sidon, were at one time the most wealthy and powerful cities in the world,

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excelling in all the arts and sciences. To-day ruin and desolation mark their sites and testify to the truth of the awful prophecy of Ezekiel the prophet

The Greeks and Romans were also dominant races, but the small republics of Greece frittered away in dissension and petty civil wars the energy and daring that might have made Athens the mistress of the world. Rome, on the other hand, was more practical. The Roman was filled with a desire for national supremacy. He determined that Rome should be the mistress of the world, and the desire worked out its fulfilment. The Carthaginians rose, and fell victims to the greater vigour and energy of their indomitable rivals the Romans. After the fall of the Roman Empire of the East, the Mohammedan power, restless, warlike, and fanatical, quickly overran Asia Minor and Turkey, and threatened at one time the conquest of all Europe.

Three hundred years ago Spain was the all-powerful country. Her ships whitened every sea, her language was spoken in every clime, her coins were the only money used by traders beyond the equator. England, which was at that time the sole home of English speaking people, was only a fifth or sixth-rate power. To-day the British Empire is the greatest empire the world has ever seen with 11,214,000 square miles of territory, a population of 361,276,000, a revenue of £212,800,000, total imports and exports of £1,171,000,000, and nearly one-half of the shipping of the world

Power of National Sentiment.

In considering the causes which lead to the rise and fall of nations, we find that the first requisite to ensure national greatness is a national sentiment—that is, a patriotic feeling in the individual and a general confidence of all in the future of the state. This national spirit generally exhibits itself in military prowess, in a determination to place the country first, self afterwards, of being willing to undergo hardships, privation and want, and to risk life, and even to lay down life on behalf of the state. I can find no record in history of any nation obliterating itself, and giving up its nationality for the sake of making a few cents a dozen on its eggs, or a few cents a bushel on its grain.

The Egyptians commemorated the deeds of their great men, erected the greatest monuments of antiquity, and taught the people respect for their ancestors, holding the doctrine, "accursed is he who holds not the ashes of his fathers sacred, and forgets what is due from the living to the dead." The Assyrians on their return from a successful war paraded the spoils and trophies of victory through their capital. They also recorded their warlike triumphs in inscriptions and sculptures that have commemorated the events, and preserved the knowledge of them to us to this day. The national spirit of the Greeks was of the highest type When invaded by an army of 120,000 Persians in B. C. 490, the Athenians, without hesitation, boldly faced their enemies Every man who could bear arms was enlisted, and 10,000 free men on the plains of Marathon, completely routed the enormous horde of invaders. This victory was celebrated by the Greeks in every possible way. Pictures were painted, and poems were written about it; 192 Athenians who fell in action were buried under a lofty mound which may still be seen and their names were inscribed on ten pillars, one for each tribe. Six hundred years after the battle Pausanias the historian was able to read on the pillars the names of the dead heroes The anniversary of the battle was commemorated by an annual ceremony down to the time of Plutarch. After the death of Miltiades, who commanded the Greeks, an imposing monument was erected in his honour on the battlefield, remains of which can still be traced.

This victory and the honour paid both the living and the dead who took part in it had a great influence upon the Greeks and increased the national spirit and confidence of the people in their country. The heavy strain came upon them ten years later, when Xerxes invaded Greece with what is supposed to have been the greatest army that ever was gathered together. Such an immense host could not fail to cause alarm among the Greeks, but they had no thought of submission. The national spirit of a race

never shone out more brightly. Leonidas, with only 4,000 troops all told, defended the pass of Thermopylæ for three days against this immense host, and when, through the treachery of a Greek named Ephialtes, the Persians threatened his retreat, Leonidas and his Spartans would not fly, but, sending away most of their allies, he remained there and died with his people for the honour of his country. They were buried on the spot, and a monument erected with the inscription:

> "Go, stranger, and in Lacedæmon tell
> That here, obedient to her laws, we fell."

Six hundred years after, Pausanias read on a pillar erected to their memory in their native city, the names of the 300 Spartans who died at Thermopylæ. A stone lion was erected in the pass to the memory of Leonidas, and a monument to the dead of the allies with this inscription: "Four thousand from the Peloponnesus once fought on this spot with three millions." Another monument bore the inscription: "This is the monument of the illustrious Megistias, whom the Medes, having passed the river Sperchius, slew. A prophet, who, at the time, well knowing the impending fate, would not abandon the leaders of Sparta." The Athenians were compelled to abandon their homes, and take refuge on the island of Salamis, where a great battle was fought the following October, between 380 Greek vessels and a Persian fleet of 2,000 vessels. This action was brought on by a stratagem of Themistocles, whom no odds seemed to discourage. This ended in a great victory for the Greeks, and practically decided the fate of the war. Themistocles and Eurybiades were presented with olive crowns, and other honours were heaped upon them. Ten months after this, Mardonius a second time took possession of the city, and the Athenians were again fugitives on the island of Salamis; even then the Athenians would not lose hope. Only one man in the council dared to propose that they should yield; when he left the council chamber the people stoned him to death. Mardonius, who had an army of 300,000 men, and the power of the Persian empire at his back, offered them most favourable terms, but the national spirit of the Greeks saved them when the outlook was practically hopeless.

The Athenians replied that they would never yield while the sun continued in its course, but trusting in their gods and in their heroes, they would go out and oppose him. Shortly after the Greeks did go out, and a brilliant victory was won at Platæa, where Mardonius and nearly all his army were killed. The Mantineans and the Elians arrived too late to take part in the action with the other Greeks, and were so mortified at the delay that they banished their generals on account of it. Thus ended the Persian invasions of Greece. The national spirit of the Greeks inspired them to the greatest sacrifices and the greatest heroism, and was the foundation of the confidence and hope that never failed them in the darkest hour. There were a few traitors, such as Ephialtes, who betrayed the pass, and a few pessimists like Lycidas, who lost hope and was stoned to death for speaking of surrender. The lesson is taught, however, that the existence in a community of a few emasculated traitors and pessimists is no proof that the mass of the citizens may not be filled with the highest and purest national spirit.

Rome an Example of National Spirit.

The history of Rome teaches us the same great lesson. As Rome was once mistress of the world, as no race or nationality ever before wielded the power or attained the towering position of Rome, so we find that just as, in proportion, she rose to a higher altitude than any other community, so does her early history teem with the records of a purer national sentiment, a more perfect patriotism, a greater confidence in the state on the part of her citizens, and a more enduring self sacrificing heroism on the part of her young men. Early Roman history is a romance filled with instances of patriotic devotion to the state that have made Roman virtues a proverb even to this day. Many of the stories are, no doubt, mere legends, but they are woven into the history of the nation, and were evidently taught to the children, to create and stimulate a strong patriotic sentiment in their breasts. When we read the old legend of Horatius at the

bridge; when we read of Quintus Curtius, clad in complete armor and mounted on his horse, plunging into the yawning gulf in the Forum to save the state from impending destruction: when we read of Mucius Scævola, of Regulus urging his countrymen to continue the war with Carthage and then returning to the death which was threatened him if he did not succeed in effecting a peace; we can form some idea of the spirit which animated this people and can no longer wonder at such a race securing such a world-wide supremacy

The Romans took every means to encourage this feeling, and to reward services to the state. Horatius Cocles was crowned on his return, his statue erected in the temple of Vulcan, and a large tract of the public land given him. Rome was filled with statues and columns and triumphal arches, erected in honour of great services performed for the state. Many of these monuments are still standing. Varro, after the terrible defeat of Cannæ, received the thanks of the Senate because, although defeated and a fugitive, he had not despaired of the future of the state. The Romans, like the English, never knew when they were beaten, and disaster rarely inclined them to make peace. No, the national sentiment was the dominant idea.

> "For Romans in Rome's quarrel
> Spared neither land nor gold.
> Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
> In the brave days of old."

Even the Romans, however, had traitors, for we read that Brutus ordered the execution of his own sons for treason. Catiline also conspired against the state; of course his character was not good; he was said to be guilty of almost every crime in the calendar; but when you are picking out specimen traitors it is difficult to be fastidious about their personal character. The national spirit of the race, however, overcame all the bad influences of the disloyal, and it was only when this sentiment died out and luxury, selfishness and poltroonery took its place that Rome was overthrown.

Lieut.-Col. GEORGE P. DENISON.

ADDRESS in Toronto, Sept. 17, 189[illegible]

AS RED MEN DIE.

CAPTIVE! Is there a hell to him like this?
A taunt more galling than the Huron's hiss?
He, proud and scornful, he, who laughed at law,
He, scion of the deadly Iroquois,
He, the bloodthirsty, he, the Mohawk chief,
He, who despises pain and sneers at grief,
Here in the hated Huron's vicious clutch,
That even captive, he disdains to touch

Captive! But never conquered! Mohawk brave
Stoop not to be to any man a slave:
Least, to the puny tribe his soul abhors,
The tribe whose wigwams sprinkle Simcoe's shores.
With scowling brow he stoically stands by,
Watching, with haughty and defiant eye,
His captors, as they counsel o'er his fate,
Or strive his boldness to intimidate.
Then fling they unto him the choice.

"Wilt thou
Walk o'er the bed of fire that waits thee now—
Walk with uncovered feet upon the coals
Till thou doest reach the ghostly Land of Souls,
And with thy Mohawk death-song please our ear?
Or wilt thou with the women rest thee here?"
His eyes flash like the eagle's, and his hands
Clash at the insult. Like a god he stands.
"Prepare the fire!" he scornfully demands.
He knoweth not that soon this jeering band
Will bite the dust—will lick the Mohawk's hand;
Will kneel and cower at the Mohawk's feet;
Will shrink when Mohawk war-drums wildly beat
His death will be avenged with hideous hate
By Iroquois swift to annihilate
His vile, detested captors that now flaunt
Their war clubs in his face with sneer and taunt,
Nor thinking soon that reeking, red and raw,
Their scalps will deck the belts of Iroquois.

The path of coals outstretches, white with heat,
A forest fir's length—ready for his feet.
Unflinching as a rock he steps along
The burning mass—and sings his fierce war-song—
Sings as he sang when once he used to roam
Throughout the forests of his southern home,
Where down the Genesee the water roars,
Where gentle Mohawk purls between its shores,—
Songs that of exploits and of prowess tell,—
Song of the Iroquois invincible.
Up the long trail of fire he boasting goes,
Dancing a war-dance to defy his foes.
His flesh is scorched, his muscles burn and shrink,
But still he dances to death's awful brink.
The eagle plume that crests his haughty head
Will never droop until his heart be dead.
Slower and slower yet his footsteps swings,
Wilder and wilder still his death-song rings,
Fiercer and fiercer thro' the forest sounds
His voice, that leaps to Happier Hunting Grounds.
One savage yell—
Then, loyal to his race,
He bends to death—but never to disgrace.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON—
TEKAHISONWAKE.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

THE war was over. Seven red years of blood
Had scourged the land from mountain top to sea;
So long it took to rend the mighty frame
Of England's empire in the western world.
Rebellion won at last, and they who loved
The cause that had been lost, and kept their faith
To England's crown, and scorned an alien name,
Passed into exile, leaving all behind
Except their honour, and the conscious pride
Of duty done to Country and to King.

Broad lands, ancestral homes, and gathered wealth
Of patient toil and self-denying years
Were confiscate and lost; for they had been
The salt and savour of the land; trained up
In honour, loyalty and fear of God.

Not drooping like poor fugitives they came
In exodus to our Canadian wilds,
But full of heart and hope, with heads erect
And fearless eye victorious in defeat.
With thousand toils they forced their devious way
Through the great wilderness of silent woods,
That gloomed o'er lake and stream, till higher rose
The northern star above the broad domain
Of half a continent, still there to hold
Defence and keep for ever as their own,
Their own and England's, to the end of time.

The virgin forests, carpeted with leaves
Of many autumns fallen, crisp and sear,
Put on their woodland state; while overhead
Green seas of foliage reared a welcome home
To the proud exiles, who for empire fought
And kept, though losing much, this northern land
A refuge and defence for all who love
The broader freedom of a commonwealth
That wears upon its head a kingly crown.

Our great Canadian woods of mighty trees,
Proud oaks and pines that grew for centuries,
King's gifts upon the exiles were bestowed.
Ten thousand homes were planted; and each one
With axe, and fire, and mutual help made war
Against the wilderness and smote it down.
Into open glades, unlit before,
Since forests grew and rivers ran, there leaped
The sun's bright rays, creative light and heat,
Waking to life the buried seeds that slept
Since time's beginning in the earth's dark womb.

The tender grass sprang up, no man knew how,
The daisies' eyes unclosed, wild strawberries
Lay white as hoar frost on the slopes, and sweet

The violets perfumed the evening air;
The nodding clover grew up everywhere;
The trailing rasp, the trefoil's yellow cup
Sparkled with dew drops, while the humming bees
And birds and butterflies, unseen before,
Found out the sunny spots and came in throngs

But long and arduous were their labors ere
The rugged fields produced enough for all,
For thousands came ere hundreds could be fed;
The scanty harvests gleaned to their last ear
Sufficed not yet, men hungered for their bread
Before it grew, yet cheerful bore the hard,
Coarse fare and russet garb of pioneers,
In these great woods, content to build a home
And commonwealth where they could live secure,
A life of honor, loyalty and peace
Amid the quaking of a continent
Torn by the passions of an evil time,
They counted neither cost, nor danger spurned
Defections, treasons, spoils; but feared their God,
Nor shamed of their allegiance to the King.

Oh! keep the Empire one in unity,
The vast dominion stretched from sea to sea:
A land of labor but of sure reward,
A land of corn to feed the world withal,
A land of life's best treasures, plenty, peace,
Content and freedom, both to speak and do;
A land of men to rule, with sober law,
A Christian commonwealth, God's gift; oh keep
This part of Britain's empire next the heart,
Loyal as were our fathers, and as free.

WILLIAM KIRBY.

ON TAXING AMERICA.

My Lords, you have no right to tax America. I have searched the matter;—I repeat it, you have no right to tax America.

The natural rights of man and the immutable laws of nature are all with that people. Much stress is laid upon the supreme legislative authority of Great Britain, and so far as the doctrine is directed to its proper object I accede to it. But it is equally true, according to all approved writers upon government, that no man, agreeably to the principles of natural or civil liberty, can be divested of any part of his property without his consent.

But some gentlemen tell us, seriously, that administration must reduce the Americans to obedience and submission; that is, you must make them absolute and infamous slaves, and then—what?—we will, say they, give them full liberty. Ay, is this the nature of man? No, my lords; I would not trust myself, American as I am, in this situation. I do not think I should, in that case, be myself for giving them their liberty. No; if they submitted to such unjust, such cruel, such degrading slavery, I should think they were made for slaves, that servility was suited to their nature and genius. I should think they would best serve this country as our slaves—that their servility would be for the benefit of Great Britain; and I should be for keeping such Cappadocians in a state of servitude, such as was suited to their constitution, and such as might redound much to our advantage.

My lords, some noble lords talk much of resistance to acts of Parliament. King, lords, and commons, are fine-sounding names; but, my lords, acts of Parliament have been resisted in all ages. King, lords, and commons, may become tyrants as well as others. Tyranny in one or more is the same; it is as lawful to resist the tyranny of many as of one. Somebody once asked the great Mr. Selden in what law-book, in what records, or archives of state, you might find the law for resisting tyranny. "I don't know," said Mr. Selden, "whether it is worth your while to look deeply into the books upon this matter; but I'll tell you what is most certain, that it has always been the 'custom of England,' and the 'custom of England' is the law of the land."

I end, my lords, as I began; you have no right to tax America;—the natural rights of man, and the immutable laws of nature, are all with that people.

LORD CAMDEN (Jan. 20, 1775).

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The national anthem of Great Britain has become so closely [illegible] with the hymn "America" that they seem insepar[illegible] the music being common to both. Neither Henry nor [illegible] S. Carey can be credited, clearly, with its origin. George [illegible] claimed that his father was the author. The following [illegible] the Rev. W. D. Tattersall, harmonized by T. S. Dupuis, [illegible] of Music, were used in London in January, 1793, three of the verses being nearly the same as those used about the year 1745, in the reign of George II.

VERSION OF 1793.

GOD save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King,
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

Let discord's lawless train
Know their vile arts are vain,
Britain is free;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
With equal laws we mix
True liberty.

England's stanch soldiery,
Proof against treachery,
Bravely unite;
Firm in his country's cause,
His sword each hero draws,
To guard our King and laws
From factious might.

When insults rise to wars,
Oak-hearted British tars
Scorn to be slaves;
Ranged in our wooden walls,
Ready when duty calls
To send their cannon-balls
O'er Ocean's waves.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Cause civil broils to cease,
Commerce and trade t' increase;
With plenty, joy, and peace,
God bless us all.

Gracious to this famed isle,
On our loved Monarch smile,
With mildest rays;
Oh, let thy light divine
On Brunswick's royal line
With cheering influence shine
To latest days.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

PRESENT VERSION.

GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us!
God save the Queen!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
Oh, save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour.
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

THE "RECESSIONAL."

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use

Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For the heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

HEROIC EXAMPLE HAS POWER.

We must not forget the specific and invaluable influence exerted on the spirit of a people by those examples of signal heroism and chivalrous devotion for which a magnanimous war gives occasion and which it exalts, as peace cannot, before men's minds.

Almost five centuries ago, under the tumbling walls of Sempach, where Leopold stood with four thousand Austrians to crush the fourteen hundred Swiss who dared to confront him, one, springing upon the foe with wide-spread arms, gathered into his breast a sheaf of spears, and made a way above his body for that triumphant valour which pierced and broke the horrid ranks, and set a new and bloody seal to the rightful autonomy of the mountain republic. The hardy Switzers will not forget the daring deed and magic name of Arnold von Winkelried!

Before Herodotus wrote his history, before Nehemiah rebuilt Jerusalem, before Cincinnatus was dictator at Rome, under the shadow of Mount Ætna, a thousand men, Spartans and Thespians, fell, to a man, unwilling to retreat before the invader. It is not even irreverent to say, that, save *one* cross, beneath which Earth herself did shiver, no other hath lifted its head so high, or flung its arms so wide abroad to scatter inspiring influence, as did that cross on which the Persian nailed, in fury, the dead Leonidas! * *

Such examples as these become powers in civilization. History hurries from the drier details, and is touched with enthusiasm as she draws near to them. Eloquence delights to rehearse and impress them! The *songs* of a nation repeat their story and make their triumph sound again through the silver cymbals of speech. Legends prolong and art commemorates them. Language itself takes new images from them; and words, that are themselves "half battles," are suddenly born at their recital. The very household life is exalted; and the humblest feels his position higher; and expresses his sense of it in a more dauntless bearing, as he sees that heroism still lives in the world; that men of his own race and stuff, perhaps of his own neighbourhood, even, have faced, so calmly, such vast perils.

RICHARD SALTER STORRS, JR. (1863.)

THE PATRIOT'S SONG.

Hark! hear ye the sounds that the winds, on their pinions,
Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,
With a voice that resounds through her boundless dominions?
'Tis Columbia calls on her sons to be free!

Behold, on yon summits, where Heaven has throned her,
How she starts from her proud, inaccessible seat,
With Nature's impregnable ramparts around her,
And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet!

In the breeze of her mountains her loose locks are shaken,
While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior-song,
From the rock to the valley, re-echo "Awaken!
Awaken, ye hearts that have slumbered too long!"

Yes, despots! too long did your tyranny hold us
In a vassalage vile, ere its weakness was known.—

Till we learned that the links of the chain
that controlled us
Were forged by the fears of its captive
alone.

That spell is destroyed, and no longer
availing.
Despised as detested, pause well ere ye
dare
To cope with a people whose spirits and
feeling
Are roused by remembrance and steeled
by despair.

Go, tame the wild torrent, or stem with a
straw
The proud surges that sweep o'er the
strand that confined them ;
But presume not again to give freemen a
law,
Nor think with the chains they have
broken to bind them.

To heights by the beacons of liberty
lightened,
They're a scorn who come up her young
eagles to tame ;
And to swords, that her sons for the battle
have brightened,
The hosts of a king are as flax to a
flame.

ANONYMOUS.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

(1822.)

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians !
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance ;
Our land, the first garden of liberty's
tree—
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the
free ;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted.
And we march that the footprints of
Mahomet's slaves
May be washed out in blood from our
forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid ?—Be the combat
our own !
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly
alone :
For we've sworn, by our country's
assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragged from our
altars
By our massacred patriots, our children in
chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our
veins,
That, living, we shall be victorious,
Or that, dying, our deaths shall be
glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not :
The sword that we've drawn we will
sheathe not ;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are
laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its
blade.
Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire
consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us :
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and
graves :
But we've smote them already with fire on
the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us.
To the charge !—Heaven's banner is o'er
us.

This day—shall ye blush for its story ?
Or brighten your lives with its glory ?—
Our women—oh, say, shall they shriek in
despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths
in their hair ?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken,
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown
ourselves worth
Being sprung from, and named for, the
godlike of earth.
Strike home !—and the world will revere
us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion ;
Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with
jubilee ring,

And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguished in sadness,
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms,
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

HIGHLAND WAR SONG.

* A P[illegible] ([illegible] *Pibrock*) is a martial air played with the [illegible] Donuil pronounce *Don'nil*.

PIBROCH* of Donuil Dhu, pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away, hark to the summons!
Come in your war array, gentles and commons!

Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky,
The war pipe and pennon are at Inverlochy;
Come every hill plaid, and true heart that wears one,
Come every steel-blade, and strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd, the flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred, the bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear, broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come; see how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle-plume, blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE WATCH BY THE RHINE.

German National War Song—Translated by H. W. DUCKLEN

A CRY bursts forth like thunder-sound,
Like swords' fierce clash, like waves' rebound,—
To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
To guard the river, who'll combine?
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

From myriad mouths the summons flies,
And brightly flash a myriad eyes;
Brave, honest, true, the Germans come,
To guard the sacred bounds of home.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

And though the strife bring death to me,
No foreign river shalt thou be;
Exhaustless as thy watery flood
Is German land in hero-blood.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

If upward be his glance doth send,
There hero-fathers downward bend.
He sweareth, proud to fight his part,
Thou Rhine, be German, like my heart.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

While yet one drop of blood thou'lt yield,
While yet one hand the sword can wield,
While grasps the rifle one bold hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

The oath peals forth, the wave runs by,
Our flags, unfurled, are waving high.
To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
To keep thee free we'll all combine.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

WHAT is the German's fatherland?—
Is't Prussian land, or Swabian land?
Where the grape-vine glows on the Rhenish strand?
Where the sea-gull flies o'er the Baltic sand?
Ah, no! ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Bavarian land, or Styrian land?
Now Austria it needs must be,
So rich in fame and victory.
Ah, no! ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Pomeranian land, Westphalia land?
Where o'er the sea-flats the sand is blown?
Where the mighty Danube rushes on?
Ah, no! ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Say thou the name of the m[illegible]hty l[illegible]nd.
Is't Switzerland, or Ty[illegible]
The land and the people [illegible] well.
Ah, no! ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be[illegible] trow.

What is the German's fatherl[illegible]
Name thou at length to me th[illegible]
Wherever in the German ton[illegible]
To God in heaven hymns are [illegible]
That shall it be,—that shall [illegible]
That, gallant German, is for th[illegible]

That is the German's fatherland
Where binds like an oath the grasped [illegible]d,
Where from men's eyes truth flashe[illegible]h,
Where in men's hearts are love and [illegible]
That shall it be,—that shall it b[illegible]
That, gallant German, is for thee [illegible]

It is the whole of Germany.
Look, Lord, thereon, we pray to Thee.
Let German spirit in us dwell,
That we may love it true and well.
That shall it be,—that shall it be;
The whole, the whole of Germany!

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.

GERMAN BATTLE PRAYER.

FATHER, I cry to Thee
Cannon-smoke rolleth in clouds o'er me roaring,
War's jetted lightnings around me are pouring:
Lord of the battle, I cry to Thee,
Father, oh, lead Thou me.

Father, oh, lead Thou me,
Lead me as victor, by death when I'm riven,
Lord, I acknowledge the law Thou hast given;
E'en as Thou wilt, Lord, so lead Thou me,—
God, I acknowledge Thee.

God, I acknowledge Thee.
So when the autumn leaves rustle around me,
So when the thunders of battle surround me,
Fountain of grace, I acknowledge Thee,—
Father, oh, bless Thou me.

Father, oh, bless Thou me.
Into Thy care commend I my spirit;
Thou canst reclaim what from Thee I inherit;
Living or dying, still bless Thou me,—
Father, I worship Thee.

Father, I worship Thee.
Not for earth's riches Thy servants are fighting.
Holiest cause with our swords we are righting;
Conquering or falling, I worship Thee—
God, I submit to Thee.

God, I submit to Thee.
When all the terrors of death are assailing,
When in my veins e'en the life-blood is failing,
Lord, unto Thee will I bow the knee,—
Fath[illegible] I cry to Thee.

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

REVEILLE.

The effect of the following recitation will be greatly enhanced if the [illegible] in soldier uniform and carry a rifle [illegible] be spoken to the accom[illegible] sounding the notes soft [illegible]

THE morning is cheery my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.
Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn.
Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and your friends all night;
You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright:
Come, part with them all for a while again—
Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
You have dreamed full long I know.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
The east is all aglow.
Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;
And out on the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Every man in his place.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Each with a cheerful face.
Fall in! fall in!

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

DIRGE OF THE DRUMS.

In [illegible] recitate in deep measured tones [illegible]

DEAD! Dead! Dead, dead, dead!
To the solemn beat of the last retreat
That falls like lead.
Bear the hero now to his honored rest
With the badge of courage upon his breast,
While the sun sinks down in the gleaming West—
Dead! Dead! Dead!

Dead! Dead! Mourn the dead!
While the mournful notes of the bugles float
Across his bed.
And the guns shall toll on the vibrant air
The knell of the victor lying there
'Tis a fitting sound for a soldier's prayer—
Dead! Dead! Dead!

Dead! Dead! Dead, dead, dead!
To the muffled beat of the lone retreat
And speeding lead,
Lay the hero low to his well earned rest,
In the land he loved, on her mother breast,
While the sunlight dies in the darkening West
Dead! Dead! Dead!

RALPH ALTON.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Suitable for [illegible] Day [illegible]. If the reciter be dressed in the garb of [illegible] the effect will be [illegible]

[illegible]

I AM but one of the many—the mothers who weep and who mourn
For the dear sons slain in the battle
Oh! burden of sorrow borne
At the thought of their needed comforts their hardships along the way!
But we prayed to Thee, loving Father, to sustain them day by day;
Now our hearts are dumb in our anguish, and our lips refuse to pray

They are slain in the cruel battle, the pitiless chance of war!
From the homes that they were the light of, from those that they loved afar,
With no mother-kisses to soothe them, no ministry of loving hand!
But 'tis well with them, now and forever, for they live in the "better land,"
Where Thy peace shall abide forever, and never an armed band.

For they were Thy heroes, dear Father, they fell as Thy heroes fall,
And loyal, and true, and undaunted, they answered their country's call;
They laid their young lives on her altar for her will their blood was shed;

OLD LOVE LETTERS
Suggestion for Tableau

NATHAN HALE AND HIS PUPIL
Posed by Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott
(Suggestion for Tableau)

NAT. GOODWIN

And now there is naught that can comfort
the mothers whose hearts have bled
For the sons who went to the battle, by the
chance of the battle dead.

O God! Thou hast tender pity, and love
for the broken in heart,
But not even Thou can'st comfort, for there
is no comfort apart
From the son who went out from my cling
ing: O God, I cry to Thee!
I grope in the darkness to clasp him—that
darkness that hides from me
The sight of Thy hand, dear Father!
though outstretched to comfort it be

ISIDOR D. FRENCH

A NEW "AULD LANG SYNE."

At a concert given at Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, April 15, 1900, in aid of the widows and orphans fund, organized by the war correspondents, where the leaders of the army were present, Kipling's new poem was sung to the music of "Auld Lang Syne." The poem follows:

WE welcome to our hearts to-night
Our kinsmen from afar,
Brothers in an empire's fight
And comrades of our war
For "Auld Lang Syne," my lads,
And the fights of "Auld Lang Syne;"
We drink our cup of fellowship
To the fights of "Auld Lang Syne.

The shamrock, thistle, leek and rose,
With hearts and wattle twine,
And maple from Canadian snows
For the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."
For "Auld Lang Syne" take hands
From London to the line
Good luck to these that toiled with us
Since the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Again to all we hold most dear
In life we left behind
The wives we won, the bairnes we kissed
And the loves of "Auld Lang Syne;"
For surely you have your sweetheart,
And surely I have mine;
We toast her name in silence here
And the girls of "Auld Lang Syne."

And last to him, the little man,
Who led our fighting line
From Cabul on to Kandahar
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne;"
For "Auld Lang Syne" and "Bobs,"
Our chief of "Auld Lang Syne,"
We're here to do his work again
As we did in "Auld Lang Syne."

THE RIFLEMAN'S FANCY SHOT.

The following touching incident had its counterpart in many happenings during the great Civil War in the United States, in which often brothers, divided in sentiment, joined the opposing armies and fought against each other.

"RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowl-
ing vedette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn
bead,
There's music around when my barrel's in
tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing
dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes
and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel
first blood;
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond
stud!"

"Oh, captain! I staggered, and sunk on my
track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen
vedette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his
back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters
me yet

"But I snatched off the trinket,—this locket
of gold,
An inch from the centre my lead broke its
way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'tis
she,
My brother's young bride, and the fallen
dragoon

Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 'twas Heaven's decree.
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!

"But hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue,—weakness a sin;
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!"

GUSTAVUS VASA TO THE DALECARLIANS.

Christian II., King of Denmark, having made himself master of Sweden, confined Gustavus at Copenhagen, but he, making his escape [illegible] reach the Dalecarlian moun[illegible] Having seized a [illegible] himself to the peasants, [illegible] cause. Fortune befriended him, [illegible] he gained the throne of Sweden.

Swedes! countrymen! behold at last, after a thousand dangers past, your chief, Gustavus, here. Long have I sighed 'mid foreign bands, long have I roamed in foreign lands:—at length 'mid Swedish hearts and hands, I grasp a Swedish spear! Yet, looking forth, although I see none but the fearless and the free, sad thoughts the sight inspires; for where, I think, on Swedish ground, save where these mountains frown around, can that best heritage be found—the freedom of our sires?

Yes, Sweden pines beneath the yoke; the galling chain our fathers broke is round our country now! On perjured craft and ruthless guilt his power a tyrant Dane has built, and Sweden's crown, all blood-bespilt, rests on a foreign brow.

On *you* your country turns her eyes—on you, on you, for aid relies, scions of noblest stem! The foremost place in rolls of fame, by right your fearless fathers claim; *yours* is the glory of *their* name—'tis yours to equal *them*. As rushing down, when winter reigns, resistless to the shaking plains, the torrent tears its way, and all that bars its onward course sweeps to the sea with headlong force,—so swept your sires the Danes and Norse; can *ye* do less than *they*?

Rise! reassert your ancient pride, and down the hills a living tide of fiery valour pour. Let but the storm of battle lower, back to his den the foe will cower;—then, then shall Freedom's glorious hour strike for our land once more! What! silent—motionless, ye stand? Gleams not an eye? Moves not a hand? Think ye to fly your fate? Or till some better cause be given wait ye?—Then wait! till, banished, driven, ye fear to meet the face of Heaven; till ye are slaughtered, wait!

But no! you kindling hearts gainsay the thought. Hark! Hear that bloodhound's bay! Yon blazing village see! Rise, countrymen! Awake! Defy the haughty Dane! Your battle cry be *Freedom!* We will do or die! On! Death or victory!

SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me in leading the hosts of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!
Mine be the doom, which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others, but never *we* part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

BYRON.

PATRIOTISM INCULCATES PUBLIC VIRTUE.

There is a sort of courage to which—I frankly confess it—I do not lay claim; a boldness to which I dare not aspire; a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That, I cannot—I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit or aggrandizement, but for my country's good—to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough: I am too cowardly for that

I would not, I dare not, lie down and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the *want* of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes, in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself!

The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring towards heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul transporting thought of the good and glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspiration from on high, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself,—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

HENRY CLAY.

PATRIOTISM BROAD AS HUMANITY.

IT is the opinion of many, that self-love is the grand impelling spring in the human machine. This sentiment is either utterly false, or the principle, as distinguished in some actions, becomes so exceedingly refined, as to merit a more engaging name. If the man who weeps in secret for the miseries of others and privately tenders relief who sacrifices ease, property, health, and even life, to save his country, be actuated by self-love, it is a principle only inferior to that which prompted the Saviour of the world to die for man, and is but another name for perfect disinterestedness.

Patriotism, whether we reflect upon the benevolence which gives it birth, the magnitude of its object, the happy effect which it produces, or the height to which it exalts human character, by the glorious action of which it is the cause, must be considered as the noblest of all the social virtues. The patriot is influenced by love for his fellow men and an ardent desire to preserve sacred and inviolate their natural rights. His philanthropic views, not confined to the small circle of his private friends, are so extensive, as to embrace the liberty and happiness of a whole nation. That he may be instrumental, under heaven, to maintain and secure these invaluable blessings to his country, he devotes his wealth, his fame, his life, his all. Glorious sacrifice! What more noble!

To the honor of humanity, the histories of almost every age and nation are replete with examples of this elevated character. Every period of the world has afforded its heroes and its patriots; men who could soar above the narrow views and grovelling principles which actuate so great a part of the human species, and drown every selfish consideration in the love of their country. But we need not advert to the annals of other ages and nations, as the history of our own country points with so much pleasure, veneration, and gratitude to the illustrious Washington. Before him the heroes of antiquity, shorn of their beams, like stars before the rising sun, hide their heads with shame. Uniting in his character the enterprising spirit of Hannibal, the prudent wisdom of Fabius, the disinterestedness of Cincinnatus, and the military talents of the Scipios, he could not fail to succeed in the glorious undertaking of giving liberty and happiness to a people who dared to be free. Whilst he lived, he proved a rich blessing to his country, a bright example to the dawning patriotism of the Old World, the terror of despotism, and the delight and admiration of all mankind.

INCREASE COOK. (1796.)

CAMP CALLS.

The reciter of the [illegible] lines should imitate the tones and time of the bugle calls they represent. If some military man with a [illegible] the lines should be practiced with [illegible] accompaniment to train the voice proficiently. The words should be spoken distinctly.

I CAN'T git 'em up !
I can't git 'em up !
I can't get 'em up in the morning.
I can't git 'em up,
I can't git 'em up,
I can't git 'em up at all !
The corporal's worse than the sergeant,
The sergeant's worse than lieutenant,
And the captain's the worst of all !

Go to the stable,
All ye that are able,
And give your horses some corn.
For if you don't do it,
The captain will know it,
And give you the devil
As sure as you're born !

Oh, where has that cook gone,
Cook gone,
Cook gone,
Where has that cook gone ?
Where the aitch is he-e-e ?

Twenty years till dinner time,
Dinner time,
Dinner time,
Twenty years till dinner time,
So it seems to me-e-e !

Come and git your quinine
Quinine, quinine, quinine !
Come and git your quinine,
And your pills !

Soup, soup, soup
Without any beans !
An' coffee, coffee, coffee
The poorest ever seen !

THE BABY AND THE SOLDIERS.

[illegible]

ROUGH and ready the troopers ride,
Great bearded men with swords by side ;
They have ridden long, they have ridden hard,
They are travel-stained and battle-scarred ;
The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp,
And coarse is the laugh of the men in camp.

They reach the spot where the mother stands
With a baby clapping its little hands,
Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers fresh from the fight.
The Captain laughs out : " I'll give you this,
A handful of gold, your baby to kiss."

Smiles the mother : " A kiss can't be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts the baby with manly grace
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Its rosy lips and its dimpled charms
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

" Not all for the Captain," the soldiers call :
" The baby, we know, has one for all."
To the soldiers' breasts the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and by turns caressed.
And louder it laughs, and the mother fair,
Smiles with mute joy as the kisses they share.

" Just such a kiss," cries one trooper grim,
" When I left my boy I gave to him ; "
" And just such a kiss on the parting day
I gave to my girl as asleep she lay."
Such were the words of the soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist as the kiss they gave.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE ADVERSE TO WAR.

WAR will yet cease from the whole earth, for God himself hath said it shall. As an infidel I might doubt this, but as a Christian I cannot. If God has taught anything in the Bible, he has taught peace ; if he has promised anything there, he has promised peace, ultimate peace, to the whole world ; and unless the night of a godless scepticism should settle on my soul, I must believe on, and hope on, and work on, until the nations, from pole to pole, shall beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more. I see, or think I see, the dawn of that coming day ! I see it in the new and better spirit of the age !

I see it in the press, the pulpit, and the school! I see it in every factory, and steamship, and rail-car! I see it in every enterprise of Christian benevolence and reform! I see it in all the means of general improvement, in all the good influences of the age now at work over the whole earth! Yes, there is a spirit abroad that can never rest until the war-demon is hunted from the habitations of men,—the spirit that is now pushing its enterprises and improvements in every direction; the spirit that is unfurling the white flag of commerce on every sea and bartering its commodities in every port; the spirit that is laying every [illegible] of nature, as well as the utmost resources of human ingenuity, under the largest [illegible] tributions possible for the general welfare of mankind; the spirit that hunts out in your cities' darkest alleys the outcasts of poverty and crime, for relief and [illegible]; nay, goes down into the barred and bolted dungeons of penal vengeance and [illegible] up its callous, haggard victims into the sunlight of a love that pities even while it smites; the spirit that is everywhere rearing hospitals for the sick, retreats for the insane, and schools that all but teach the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear, and the blind to see; the spirit that harnesses the fire-horse in his iron gear, and sends him, panting with hot but unwearied breath, across empires, and continents, and seas; the spirit that catches the very lightning of heaven and makes it bear messages, swift almost as thought, from city to city, from country to country, round the globe; the spirit that subsidizes all these to the godlike work of a world's salvation, and employs them to scatter the blessed truths of the gospel, thick as leaves of autumn or dew-drops of morning, all over the earth; the spirit that is, at last, weaving the sympathies and interests of our whole race into the web of one vast fraternity, and stamping upon it and over it, in characters bright as sunbeams, these simple yet glorious truths: the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man! Is it possible for such a spirit to rest, until it shall have swept war from the earth forever?

JOHN WATROUS BECKWITH.

THE REIGN OF PEACE FORESHADOWED.

THAT future which filled the lofty visions of sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the evangelists, when man in happy isles or in a new paradise, shall confess the loveliness of peace, may be secured by your care, if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, and you can do it! The true golden age is before you, and not behind you. If man has been driven once from paradise, while an angel with flaming sword forbade his return, there is another paradise even on earth, which he may form for himself by the cultivation of knowledge, religion, and the kindly virtues of life; where the confusion of tongues shall be dissolved in the union of hearts, and joyous nature, borrowing prolific charms from the prevailing harmony, shall spread her lap with unimagined bounty, and there shall be a perpetual jocund spring, and sweet strains borne on "odoriferous wing of gentle gales," through valleys of delight more pleasant than the vale of Tempe, richer than the garden of the Hesperides, with no dragon to guard its golden fruit.

Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The robber conquerors of the past, from their fiery sepulchres, demand it; the precious blood of millions unjustly shed in war, crying from the ground, demands it; the voices of all good men demand it; and the conscience, even of the soldier, whispers, "Peace." There are considerations springing from our position and condition, which fervently invite us to take the lead in this work. Here should bend the patriotic ardor of the land, the ambition of the statesman, the efforts of the scholar, the persuasive influence of the press, the mild persuasion of the sanctuary, the early teachings of the school. Here in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs, more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the last reason of kings. Let it be no reason of our republic. Let us renounce and throw off forever, the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing

on the mountain tops discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of the new era. Lift high the gates and let the king of glory in, and the king of true glory—of peace!

CHARLES SUMNER

A PLEA FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE.

IT is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small island of Delos, dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war. No hostile foot ever sought to press this kindly soil, and the citizens of all countries here met in common worship beneath the ægis of inviolable peace. So let us dedicate our beloved country, and may the blessed consecration be felt in all its parts, everywhere throughout its ample domain! The Temple of Honour shall be surrounded here, at last, by the Temple of Concord, that it may never more be entered through any portal of war; the horn of abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of religion shall be the guide over its flashing steps of adamant; while within its enraptured courts, purged of violence and wrong, Justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, with mighty scales for nations, as well as for men, shall rear her serene and majestic front; and by her side, greatest of all, Charity, sublime in meekness, hoping all and enduring all, shall divinely temper every righteous decree, and with words of infinite cheer shall inspire those good works that cannot vanish away. And the future chiefs of the republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be "the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen."

But while seeking these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to tender them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world, forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind,—that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothed with all celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage that was bestowed by massacring soldiers upon the spot occupied by the sepulchre of our Lord. Vain man! to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mould. The whole earth is the sepulchre of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize the truth, and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.

CHARLES SUMNER

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

This speech of President Lincoln was delivered at the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg, Penna., U. S., in . It has become a classic in the English language. The War Department of the United States appropriated $[illegible] to cast this speech in bronze and set it up on the battlefield at Gettysburg.

FOUR score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from the same honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion;

that we here highly resolve that these dead should not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE.

The hero of this poem became the greatest general of Napoleon's army.

"GARÇON! You, you
Snared along with this cursed crew?
(Only a child, and yet so bold,
Scarcely as much as ten years old!)
Do you hear? do you know
Why the *gens d'armes* put you there in the row,
With those Commune wretches tall,
With your face to the wall?

"*Know?* To be sure I know! Why not?
We're here to be shot;
And there by the pillar's the very spot,
Fighting for France, my father fell.
Ah, well!—
That's just the way *I* would choose to fall,
With my *back* to the wall!"

"Sacre! Fair, open fight I say,
Is something right gallant in its way,
And fine for warming the blood; but who
Wants wolfish work like this to do?
Ah! 'tis a butcher's business!—*How?*
The boy is beckoning to me now:

I knew that this poor child's heart would fail.
. . . Yet his cheek's not pale:
Quick! say your say, for don't you see
When the church clock yonder tolls out *Three*
You are all to be shot?
—*What?*
'*Excuse you one moment*?' O, ho, ho!
Do you think to fool a *gens d'armes* so?

"But, sir, here's a watch that a friend one day,
My father's friend, just over the way,
Lent me; and if you let me go,
It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*,
I'll come on the word of a soldier's son
Straight back into line when my errand's done."

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!
(Now, good St. Denis, speed him on!
The work will be easier since *he's* saved;
For I hardly see how I *could* have braved
The ardor of that innocent eye,
As he stood and heard,
While I gave the word
Dooming him like a dog to die.)

"In time? Well, thanks, that my desire
Was granted; and now I'm ready:—Fire!
One word!—that's all!—
You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall?

"Parbleu! Come out of the line, I say,
Come out! Who said that his name was Ney?
Ha! France will hear of him yet, one day!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

WILLIAM TELL.

CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,
Tell, of the iron heart! they could not tame!
For thou wert of the mountains; they proclaim
The everlasting creed of liberty.
That creed is written on the untrampled snow,
Thundered by torrents which no power can hold,
Save that of God, when he sends forth his cold,
And breathed by winds that through the free heaven blow.
Thou, while thy prison walls were dark around,
Didst meditate the lesson Nature taught,
And to thy brief captivity was brought
A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.
The bitter cup they mingled, strengthened thee
For the great work to set thy country free.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MEN ALWAYS FIT FOR FREEDOM.

THERE is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces,—and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colours, or recognize faces; but the remedy is not to

remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage; but let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason: the extreme violence of opinion subsides: hostile theories correct each other; the scattered elements of truth cease to conflict and begin to coalesce: and, at length, a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos. Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim! If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery they may, indeed, wait for ever!

T. B. MACAULAY.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY AT FONTAINEBLEAU, 1814.

SOLDIERS! receive my adieu. During twenty years that we have lived together, I am satisfied with you. I have always found you in the paths of glory. All the powers of Europe have armed against me. Some of my generals have betrayed their trust and France. My country herself has wished another destiny with you, and the other brave men who have remained true to me, I could have maintained a civil war; but France would have been unhappy.

Be faithful to your new king. Be submissive to your new generals; and do not abandon our dear country. Mourn not my fortunes. I shall be happy while I am sure of your happiness. I might have died: but if I have consented to live, it is still to serve your glory: I shall record now the great deeds which we have done together.

Bring me the eagle standard; let me press it to my heart. Farewell, my children, my hearty wishes go with you. Preserve me in your memories.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon:
 A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through),
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,
 We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market place,
 And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

QUEEN LOUISE AND HER SON

"MADAM, I'M AT YOUR SERVICE" 116 "THIS DAGGER SHALL AVENGE ME"

Suggestions for A line of Tableau

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

[illegible]

FAIR Queen, away! To thy charger speak—
A band of hussars they capture seek
Oh, haste! escape! they are riding this way.
Speak—speak to thy charger without delay
They're nigh.
Behold! They come at a break-neck pace
A smile triumphant illumes each face
Queen of the Prussians, now for a race,
To Weimar for safety—fly!

[illegible] turned, and her steed with a furious dash—
Over the fields like the lightning's flash—fled.
Away, like an arrow from steel cross-bow,
Over hill and dale in the sun's fierce glow,
The Queen and her enemies thundering go,
On toward Weimar they sped.

The royal courser [illegible] swift and brave,
[illegible] his royal [illegible] es to save—
But no!
"*Vive l'empereur!*" ring[illegible] sharp and clear,
[illegible] turns and is startled to see them so near,
Then softly speaks in her charger's ear
And away he bounds like a roe.

He speeds as though on the wings of the wind,
The Queen's pursuers are left behind
No more
She fears, though each trooper grasps his reins,
Stands up in his stirrups, strikes spurs and strains,
For ride as they may, her steed still gains
And Weimar is just before

Safe! The clatter now fainter grows;
She sees in the distance her laboring foes,
The gates of the fortress stand open wide
To welcome the German nation's bride so dear.
With gallop and dash, into Weimar she goes,
And the gates at [illegible] on her enemies close.
Give thanks, give thanks! She is safe with those
Who hail h[illegible] with cheer on cheer!

A. L. A. SMITH.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

[illegible]

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk [illegible] dreaming of the [illegible]
[illegible]
When [illegible] suppliance bent,
[illegible]
In d[illegible] court he bore
[illegible]
[illegible] mph heard;
[illegible] ring:
Then [illegible] tha[illegible] throne—a
[illegible]
As [illegible] ing,
[illegible]

At [illegible] ght, [illegible] st blades
[illegible]
[illegible] blades,
[illegible]

[illegible] sands stood,
[illegible] drank their blood
[illegible]
[illegible] ted air
[illegible] here,
[illegible] are,
As qui[illegible]

An hour [illegible] Turk awoke;
That [illegible] his last;
He wo[illegible] shriek,
"To ar[illegible] the Greek! the Gr[illegible]
He woke [illegible] midst [illegible] and smoke,
And shout [illegible] stroke,
And [illegible] k and fast
As lightning [illegible] mountain cloud;
And heard [illegible] voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris [illegible] his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires
God, and your native land!"

They fought,—like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah
And the red field was won:
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave,
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone.
For thee her poets' lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well:
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

TRUE PATRIOTISM IS UNSELFISH.

Right and wrong, justice and crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man should shout, "My country, by whatever means extended and bounded; my country, right or wrong!" he merely repeats the words of the thief who steals in the street, or of the trader who swears falsely at the customhouse, both of them chuckling, "My fortune; however acquired."

Thus gentlemen, we see that a man's country is not a certain area of land—of mountains, rivers and woods—but it is principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm, this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification of the soil and the symbol, is the idea which they represent; and this idea, the patriot worships, through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death may give life to his country. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Washington, at once comprehending the scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand puts aside the crown, and with the other sets his slaves free. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fight and fall,—recruited only from the flower of mankind, cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in their confidence in their cause.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

PATRIOTISM ASSURES PUBLIC FAITH.

To expatiate on the value of public faith, may pass, with some men, for declamation; to such men I have nothing to say. To others I will urge, can any circumstance mark upon a people more turpitude and debasement, than the want of it? Can anything tend more to make men think themselves mean, or degrade to a lower point their estimation of virtue, than such a standard of action?

It would not merely demoralize mankind; it tends to break all the ligaments of society, to dissolve that mysterious charm which attracts individuals to the nation, and to inspire, in its stead, a repulsive sense of shame and disgust.

What is patriotism? Is it a narrow affection for the spot where a man was born? Are the very clods where we tread entitled to this ardent preference because they are greener? No, sir, this is not the character of the virtue; and it soars higher for its object. It is an extended self love, mingling with all the enjoyments of life and twisting itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. It is thus we obey the laws of society, because they are the laws of virtue. In their authority we see, not the array of force and terror, but the venerable image of our country's honor. Every good citizen makes that honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it. For what rights of a citizen will be deemed inviolable, when a state renounces the principles that constitute their security? Or if his life should not be invaded, what would its enjoyments be, in a country odious in the eyes of strangers and dishonored in his own? Could he look with affection and veneration to such a country as his parent? The sense of having one would die within him; he would blush for his patriotism, if he retained any, and justly, for it would be a vice. He would be a banished man in his native land.

I see no exception to the respect that is paid among nations to the law of good faith. If there are cases in this enlightened period, when it is violated, there are none when it is decried. It is observed by barbarians: a whiff of tobacco smoke, or a string of beads, gives not merely binding force, but sanctity, to treaties. Even in Algiers, a truce may be bought for money; but when ratified, even Algiers is too wise, or too just, to disown and annul its obligation. Thus we see, neither the ignorance of savages, nor the principles of an association for piracy and rapine, permit a nation to despise its engagements. If, sir, there could be a resurrection from the foot of the gallows, if the victims of justice could live again, collect together, and form a society, they would, however loath, soon find themselves obliged to make justice, that justice under which they fell, the fundamental law of their state. They would perceive it was their interest to make others respect, and they would therefore soon pay some respect themselves to the obligations of good faith.

It is painful, I hope it is superfluous, to make even the supposition that America should furnish the occasion of this opprobrium. No, let me not even imagine that a republican government sprung, as our own is, from a people enlightened and uncorrupted, a government whose origin is right, and whose daily discipline is duty, can, upon solemn debate, make its option to be faithless, can dare to act what despots dare not avow, what our own example evinces the states of Barbary are unsuspected of. No; let me rather make the supposition that Great Britain refuses to execute the treaty after we have done everything to carry it into effect. Is there any language of reproach pungent enough to express your commentary on the fact? What would you say, or rather what would you not say? Would you not tell them, wherever an Englishman might travel, shame would stick to him, he would disown his country? You would exclaim, England, proud of your wealth and arrogant in the possession of power, blush for these distinctions, which become the vehicles of your dishonor. Such a nation might truly say to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister. We should say of such a race of men, their name is a heavier burden than their debt.

FISHER AMES.

VICTORIA, FIRST OF ALL SOVEREIGNS.

THE reign of Queen Victoria is no mere chronological landmark. It is no mere convenient division of time useful for the historian or the chronicler. We feel as we do feel because we were intimately associated with the personality of Queen Victoria during the succession of the great events which filled her reign, and during the development of the empire wherever she has ruled, and in so associating her personality with these events surely we do well.

The importance of the Constitution, in my judgment, is not a diminishing, but an

increasing, factor. It is increasing and must increase with all the growth and development of those free, self governing communities—those new commonwealths beyond the seas which are bound to us by the person of the sovereign, who is the leading symbol of the unity of the empire.

A. J. BALFOUR.

LIBERTY AND UNION ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union that we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether with my short short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly,—*Liberty first and Union afterwards*: but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart.—*Liberty* AND *Union, now* and *forever, one* and *inseparable!*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

[illegible] Tune of "John Brown's Body."

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

Gen. George A. Custer. Born in Ohio in 18[illegible]. Served with [illegible] Was present at General Lee's surrender. During the Indian outbreaks in the West in [illegible]

"DEAD! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,
Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Shunning our battle-king's ringlets of light!
Dead! our young chieftain, and dead all forsaken!
No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call!

Comrades, he's gone, but ye need not be grieving;
No, may my death be like his when I die!
No regrets wasted on words I am leaving,
Falling with brave men, and face to the sky.
Death's but a journey, the greatest must take it;
Fame is eternal and better than all.
Gold though the bowl be, 'tis fate that must break it,
Glory can hallow the fragments that fall.

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!
All the night long he had been on their track,
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,
Wild for a charge that should never give back.
There on the hill-top he halted and saw them,
Lodges all loosened and ready to fly,
Hurrying scouts, with the tidings to awe them,
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat,
Warriors running in haste to their horses,
Thousands of enemies close to his feet!
Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,
There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!
Numbers! What recked he? What recked those who followed?
Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?

Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle-line steady and full;
Then down the hillside exultingly thundered,
Into the hordes of the Old Sitting Bull!
Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,
Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of their crew,
Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion,
Then closed around the great hell of wild Sioux.

Right to the centre he charged, and then, facing—
Hark to those yells? and around them, oh, see!
Over the hilltops the devils came racing,
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!
Red was the circle of fire about them:
No hope of victory, no ray of light,

Shot through that terrible black cloud
without them,
Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

Then, did he blench? Did he die like a
craven,
Begging the torturing fiends for his life?
Was there a soldier who carried the Seven
Flinched like a coward or fled from the
strife?
No, by the blood of our Custer, no
quailing?
There in the midst of the devils they
close,
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assail-
ing,
Fighting like tigers, all bayed amid foes!

Thicker and thicker the bullets came
singing;
Down go the horses and riders and all;
Swiftly the warriors round them were
ringing
Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.
See the wild steeds of the mountain and
prairie,
Savage eyes gleaming from forests of
mane;
Quivering lances with pennons so airy;
War-painted warriors charging amain.

Backward again and again they were driven,
Shrinking to close with the lost little
band,
Never a cap that had worn the bright
Seven
Bowed till its wearer was dead on the
strand.
Closer and closer the death-circle growing,
Even the leader's voice, clarion clear,
Rang out his words of encouragement
glowing,
"We can but die once, boys, but sell
your lives dear!"

Dearly they sold them like Berserkers
raging
Facing the death that encircled them
round;
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance
assuaging,
Marking their tracks by the dead on the
ground.

Comrades our children shall yet tell their
story,
Custer's last charge on the Old Sitting
Bull;
And ages shall swear that the cup of his
glory,
Needed but that death to render it full

FREDERICK WHITAKER.

FITZHUGH LEE.

General Fitzhugh Lee was Consul at Havana **when the Span**ish-American War broke out. His heroic action in refusing to leave his post though ordered home, until every American subject was safely transported, being himself the last to depart, called forth universal praise.

COOL, amid the battle's din
Ice without, but fire within,
Leading to the charge his men,
Much we praise the soldier then;
But we honor far the more
One who on a foreign shore,
True to duty takes his stand
With his country's flag in hand,
And, though great the peril be,
Bows no head and bends no knee—
Fitzhugh Lee.

Gallant veteran, tried and true,
Hands and hearts go forth to you.
'Mid the sounds that others stir,
Hiss of reptile, yelp of cur,
'Mid our country's foes you stood
With a calm and fearless mood.
Therefore, veteran, tried and true,
Strong our pride has grown in you;
And when you return o'er sea
Warm your welcome here shall be,
Fitzhugh Lee

Where our mountains milk the sky,
Where our many cities lie,
By Potomac's hallowed stream;
Where the Hudson's waters gleam,
By the Mississippi's mouth
East and West and North and South—
Whersoe'er o'er land and seas,
Floats Old Glory in the breeze,
Whereso'er our people be,
All to honor you agree
Fitzhugh Lee

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

PROPHETIC TOAST TO COMMODORE DEWEY.

In November, 1897, at the suggestion of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, George Dewey was made a Commodore and ordered to take charge of the Asiatic squadron, which afterwards destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila. Dewey was a popular member of the Metropolitan Club, Washington, and just before his departure a reception was given at which the following toast was offered and received with enthusiasm. In the light of later events, it has been regarded as a happy prophecy, the fulfilment of which entitles the lines to preservation.

FILL all your glasses full to-night;
The wind is off the shore;
And be it feast or be it fight,
We pledge the Commodore.

Through days of storm, through days of calm,
On broad Pacific Seas,
At anchor off the Isles of Palm,
Or with the Japanese;

Ashore, afloat, on deck, below,
Or where our bulldogs roar,
To back a friend or breast a foe
We pledge the Commodore.

We know our honor'll be unstained,
Where'er his pennant flies;
Our rights respected and maintained,
Whatever power defies.

And when he takes the homeward tack,
Beneath an admiral's flag,
We'll hail the day that brings him back,
And have another jag.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

AT break of dawn Manila Bay
A sheet of limpid water lay,
Extending twenty miles away.

Twenty miles from shore to shore,
As creeping on a squadron bore
As squadron never moved before.

Majestic in his hidden might,
It passed Corregidor at night,
Inspired to battle for the right.

And grandly on the flagship led,
Six ships—Olympia e'er ahead—
With battle flags at each masthead

The Baltimore and Raleigh true,
The Petrel, Boston, Concord, too,
Their flags of glory proudly flew.

As early daylight broke upon
The bay—before the rise of sun—
Was seen the flash of opening gun!

Then every second heard the roar
Of shell and shrapnel bursting o'er
Our brave undaunted Commodore!

"Hold our fire!" he calmly said,
As from the bridge he bravely led
To death or glory on ahead!

And from his lips or from his hand
But one direction, one command,
"Follow the flagship by the land."

Full twenty minutes slowly crept
Ere lightning from our turrets leapt,
And pent-up hell no longer slept!

The Spanish fleet, a dozen strong,
Was now in range, and haughty wrong
Was swept by awful fire along

Explosions wild destruction brought
'Mid flames that mighty havoc wrought
As either side in fury fought.

So back and forth in angry might,
The Stars and Stripes waved on the fight,
'Mid bursting shells in deadly flight!

The Spanish decks with dead were strewn,
Their guns on shore were silenced soon,
Their flags were down ere flush of noon.

Their ships, their batteries on the shore
Were gone to fight again no more—
Their loss, a thousand men or more!

Dawned on the fleet that Dewey led
A miracle, while Spaniards bled:
For on our side was not one dead!

The battle of Manila Bay
From mind shall never pass away—
Nor deeds of glory wrought that day.

For 'mid the battle's awful roar
The Spanish pride, to rise no more
Was humbled by our Commodore

CORWIN P. ROSS

THEY'LL NEVER GET HOME.

Reciter may Dress in Uncle Sam Costume.

When it was learned that Admiral Cervera had left the Cape [illegible] Islands with the flower of the [illegible] Navy in May, 1898, United States became much [illegible] should attack [illegible] of the cities along our Atlantic seaboard, or take possession [illegible] important Cuban ports. It was therefore decided that Admiral Sampson and Schley should attempt to intercept him [illegible] the high seas and destroy his fleet. For many days the [illegible] and after more than a month's siege, Cervera's fleet was utterly destroyed by the Americans. The following lines are [illegible] to illustrate Uncle Sam's [illegible] when Admiral [illegible] announced that he had Cervera bottled up.

By gosh! but we've got 'em—in old
Santiago
Cervery is bottled—the news is from
Schley.
I know'd mighty well we would get that
there dago
And cork him in tight, in the sweet by-
and by.
Things looked purty billous some days, I'll
admit it.
And clouds sorter hung round the Capitol
dome
Till Schley's message came, an' 'twas this
way he writ it:—
"I've got 'em," he says, "an' they'll
never git home."

By ginger! it sounded like music fer
sweetness!
I jest got right up an' give three rousin'
cheers
It had such neatness an' sorter completeness
It seem' to fit into my hungerin' ears
I could jest shet my eyes an' see Schley's
boats a-layin'
Kinder peaceful out there where the blue
billows foam:
I could listen a minute and hear him a
sayin'
"I've got 'em, by gosh! an' they'll never
git home."

Course the next thing, I s'pose, 'll be some
sort o' fighting.
That cussed Cervery won't give up [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the Commy [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Pee-dee-Barnaby gang made us weary,
An' we got some disgusted with Seenyor
De Lome,
But I'm sorter attached to that feller
Cervery,
An' we've got him, by gosh! an' he'll
never git home.

THE WAR SHIP "DIXIE."

They've named a cruiser "Dixie"—
that's what the papers say—
An' I hears they're goin' to man her
with boys that wore the gray;
Good news! It sorter thrills me and makes
me want ter be
Whar' the ban' is playin' "Dixie," and
the "Dixie" puts ter sea!

They've named a cruiser "Dixie." An'
fellers, I'll be boun'
You're goin' ter see some fightin' when
the "Dixie" swings aroun'!
Ef any o' them Spanish ships shall strike
her, East or West,
Just let the ban' play "Dixie," an' the
boys 'll do the rest!

I want ter see that "Dixie"—I want ter
take my stan'
On the deck of her and holler "Three
cheers fer Dixie lan'!"
She means we're all united—the war hurts
healed away,
An' "Way Down South in Dixie" is
national to-day.

I bet you she's a good un'! I'll stake my
last red cent
Thar ain't no better timber in the whole
blame settlement.

An' all their shiny battleships beside that
ship are tame,
Fer when it comes to "Dixie," thar's
something in a name!

Here's three cheers and a tiger—as hearty
as kin be
[illegible] play "Dixie" when the
"Dixie" puts ter sea!
[illegible]
[illegible] East ter West,
Jest let the ban' play "Dixie," an' the
boys 'll do the rest!

FRANK L. STANTON.

THE NEW "ALABAMA."

One of the largest battleships of the American Navy. The following poem was written by a southerner during the Spanish American War.

THAR'S a bran new "Alabama" that
they're fittin' out for sea,
An' them that's seen her tell me she's
as lively as kin be;
An' them big Havana gin'ruls better open
wide their gates
Ef she's any like her namesake of the old
Confed'rit States!

A bran' new "Alabama!" She orter be
the best
That ever plowed a furrow in the ocean
east or west!
An' I'm shore that she'll be heard from--
jest open wide your gates
Ef she's any like her namesake of the old
Confed'rit States!

I bet she's full o' sperrit! I bet her guns
'll keep
The Spanish cruisers huntin' fer a harbor
on the deep!
She'll storm the forts an' take 'em—she'll
batter down the gates
Ef she's any like her namesake of the old
Confed'rit States!

THE "MERRIMAC."

On June 3rd, young Lieutenant Hobson of Alabama and [illegible] Merrimac" [illegible] of the most daring and [illegible] Merrimac" through the [illegible] out of the channel far enough [illegible] pass, but the deed was none the less [illegible]

THUNDER peal and roar and rattle of the
ships in line of battle,
Rumbling noise of steel volcanoes
hurling metal from the shore,
Drowned the sound of quiet speaking and
the creaking, creaking, creaking
Of the steering gear that turned her
toward the narrow harbor door.

On the hulk was calm and quiet, deeper for
the shoreward riot;
Dumb they watched the fountains
streaming, mute they heard the
waters hiss
Till one laughed and murmured, "Surely
it was worth while rising early
For a fireworks exhibition of such char-
acter as this.

Down the channel the propeller drove her
as they tried to shell her
From the dizzy heights of Morro and
Socapa parapet;
She was torn and she was battered, and
her upper works were shattered
By the bursting of the missiles that in
air above her met.

Parallels of belching cannon marked the
winding course she ran on,
And they flashed through morning dark-
ness like a giant's flaming teeth;
Waters steaming, boiling, churning; rows
of muzzles at each turning;
Mines like geysers spouting after and
before her and beneath.

Not a man was there who faltered; not a
theory was altered
Of the detailed plan agreed on—not a
doubt was there expressed;
This was not a time for changing, deviat-
ing, re-arranging;
Let the great God help the wounded, and
their courage save the rest.

And they won. But greater glory than the
winning is the story
Of the foeman's friendly greeting of that
valiant captive band;
Speech of his they understood not, talk to
him in words they could not;
But their courage spoke a language that
all men might understand.

"DO NOT CHEER."

General O. O. Howard, the great Christian general on the Northern side and General Stonewall Jackson the pious hero of the Confederacy, have their counterparts in Captain Philip of the battleship "Texas," at the battle of Santiago, July 4, 1898. No ship in that great naval battle did more gallant service than the "Texas." When the victory was won and the decks were strewn with dying and wounded Spaniards rescued from [illegible] ing ships and from the sea the sailors of the "Texas" prepared to cheer. Captain Philip stopped them with the words, "Don't cheer, boys, the poor fellows are dying. Let every man [illegible] believes in God join with me in prayer." It was a most [illegible] ing scene.

THE smoke hangs heavy o'er the sea,
Beyond the storm-swept battle line
Where floats the flag of Stripes and
Stars,
Triumphant o'er the shattered foe.
The walls of Morro thunder still their fear;
Helpless, a mass of flame, the foeman drifts,
And o'er her decks the flag of white.

Hushed voices pass the word from lip to lip,
And grimy sailors silent stand beside the guns,
"Cease firing. An enemy is dying. Do not cheer."

"An enemy is dying. Do not cheer."
Thy servants' glorious tribute to Thy name,
Christ, Lord, who rules the battle well,
Who, watching, guards our destinies,
And seeth e'en the sparrows fall.
Redly, through drifting smoke, the sun looks down
On silent guns and shot-pierced bloody wreck,
Long lines of weary men, with heads bowed low,
Give thanks, in presence of Thy reaper grim
Thy will be done, O Lord, Thou rulest all

J. Herbert Stevens.

THE HERO DOWN BELOW.

After the battle of Santiago, in which the "Brooklyn," Commodore Schley's flagship and the mighty "Oregon" had chased the "Christobal Colon" for [illegible] miles and [illegible] generous hearted Commodore sent [illegible] men who for hours had remained in [illegible] in a temperature [illegible] [illegible] "These are the heroes, they are the men who won this battle."

In the awful heat and torture
Of the fires that leap and dance
In and out the furnace doors that never close,
On in silence he must work,
For with him there's ne'er a chance
On his brow to feel the outer breeze that blows.

For they've locked him in a room,
Down below,
In a burning, blazing tomb,
Down below,
Where he cannot see the sky,
Cannot learn in time to fly,
When destruction stalketh nigh,
Down below.

Though his name is never mentioned,
Though we see or know him not,
Though his deeds may never bring him worldy fame,
He's a man above the others
And the bravest of the lot -
And the hero of the battle, just the same.
He's the man who does the work,
Down below,
From the labor does not shirk,
Down below,
He is shoveling day and night,
Feeding flames a-blazing bright,
Keeping up a killing fight
Down below.

WHEELER AT SANTIAGO.

[illegible] Wheeler, [illegible] Spanish American War fame, [illegible] [illegible] the battle [illegible]

Into the thick of the fight he went, pallid and sick and wan,
Borne in an ambulance to the front, a ghostly wisp of a man ;
But the fighting soul of a fighting man, approved in the long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance, and the body of Fighting Joe.

Out from the front they were coming back, smitten of Spanish shells -
Wounded boys from the Vermont hills and the Alabama dells ;
"Put them into this ambulance ; I'll ride to the front," he said,
And he climbed to the saddle and rode right on, that little old ex-Confed.

From end to end of the long blue ranks rose up the ringing cheers,
And many a powder-blackened face was furrowed with sudden tears,
As with flashing eyes and gleaming sword, and hair and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell rode little old Fighting Joe !

Sick with fever and racked with pain, he could not stay away,
For he heard the song of the yester-years in the deep-mouthed cannon's bay—
He heard in the calling song of the guns there was work for him to do,
Where his country's best blood splashed and flowed 'round the old Red, White and Blue.

Fevered body and hero heart! This Union's
heart to you
Beats out in love and reverence—and to
each dear boy in blue
Who stood or fell 'mid the shot and shell
and cheered in the face of the foe,
As, wan and white, to the heart of the fight
rode little old Fighting Joe!

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

DIXIE DOODLE.

A CENTURY of peace has dawned; the
North and South are plighted,
And all their lovers' quarrels have
been forever righted
There is no North, there is no South, no
Johnny Reb to bandy;
No feud, no scores to settle up—no Yankee
Doodle Dandy

What have we, then? A land serene, united,
heart to hand, sir,
Which, like a sum of numbers, never yields
but one true answer,
Who have we, then, in this great land,
above its bonded boodle,
With Northern pluck and Southern nerve?
His name is Dixie Doodle!

Then hip, hurrah! for this brave youth,
unbought of bond or boodle—
The conqueror of future worlds—the grow-
ing Dixie Doodle!

THE GREATER REPUBLIC.

[illegible]

GENTLEMEN of the Union League:

The Republic never retreats. Why should it retreat? The Republic is the highest form of civilization, and civilization must advance. The Republic's young men are the most virile and unwasted of the world and they pant for enterprise worthy of their power. The Republic's preparation has been the self discipline of a century and that preparedness [illegible] task. The Republic's opportunity is as noble as its strength, and that opportunity is here. The Republic's duty is as sacred as its opportunity is real, and Americans never desert their duty.

The Republic could not retreat if it would; whatever its destiny it must proceed. For the American Republic is a part of the movement of a race—the most masterful race of history—and race movements are not to be stayed by the hand of man. They are mighty answers to Divine commands. Their leaders are not only statesmen of peoples—they are prophets of God. The inherent tendencies of a race are its highest law. They precede and survive all statutes, all constitutions. The first question real statesmanship asks is: What are the abiding characteristics of my people? From that basis all reasoning may be natural and true. From any other basis all reasoning must be artificial and false.

The sovereign tendencies of our race are organization and government. Organization means growth. Government means administration. When Washington pleaded with the States to organize into a consolidated people, he was the advocate of perpetual growth. When Abraham Lincoln argued for the indivisibility of the Republic he became the prophet of the Greater Republic. And when they did both they were but interpreters of the tendencies of the race. That is what made them Washington and Lincoln. They are the great Americans because they were the supreme constructors and conservers of organized government among the American people.

God did not make the American people the mightiest human force of all time simply to feed and die. He did not give our race the brain of organization and heart of domain to no purpose and no end. No; he has given us a task equal to our talents. He has appointed for us a destiny equal to our endowments. He has made us the Lords of civilization that we may administer civilization. Such administration is needed in Cuba. Such administration is needed in the Philippines. And Cuba and the Philippines are in our hands.

All protests against the greater Republic are tolerable except this constitutional objection. But they who resist the Republic's career in the name of the Constitution are not to be endured. They are jugglers of words. Their counsel is the wisdom of

verbiage. They deal not with reality, neither give heed to vital things. The most magnificent fact in history is the mighty movement and mission of [illegible], and the most splendid phase of that great redeeming movement is the entrance of the American people as the greatest [illegible] the earth to do their part in administering civilization among mankind, and they are not to be halted by a trick of words called constitutional arguments. Pretenders to legal learning have always denounced the virile interpretations of the Constitution.

Let the Republic govern as conditions demand; the Constitution does not benumb its brain nor palsy its hand.

Imperialism is not the word for our vast work. Imperialism [illegible] opposers of the national greatness means oppression, and we oppress not. Imperialism, as used by the opposers of national destiny, means monarchy, and the days of monarchy are spent. Who honestly [illegible] that the liberties of 80,000,000 Americans will be destroyed because the Republic administers civilization in the Philippines? Who honestly believes that free institutions are stricken unto death because the Republic, under God, takes its place as the first power of the world? Who honestly believes that we plunge to our doom, when we [illegible] forward in a path of duty [illegible] higher wisdom than our own? Those who so believe have lost their faith in the immortality of liberty. Those who so believe have lost the reckoning of events, and think it sunset when it is, in truth, only the breaking of another day—the day of the Greater Republic, dawning as dawns the twentieth century.

The Republic never retreats. Its flag is the only flag that has never known defeat. Where the flag leads we follow, for we know that the hand that bears it onward is the unseen hand of God. We follow the flag and independence is ours. We follow the flag and nationality is ours. We follow the flag and oceans are ruled. We follow the flag and, in Occident and Orient tyranny falls and barbarism is subdued. We follow the flag at Trenton and Valley Forge, at Saratoga and upon the crimson seas, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec, at Gettysburg and Missionary Ridge, at Santiago and Manila, and everywhere and always it means larger liberty, nobler opportunity and greater human happiness, for everywhere and always, it means the blessings of the Greater Republic. And so God leads, we follow the flag, and the Republic never retreats.

BOUND IN HONOR TO GRANT PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE.

[illegible]

S[illegible], if there were no Constitution, if there were no Declaration of Independence, if there were no international law, if there were nothing but the history of the past two years, the American people would be bound in honor, if there be honor, bound in common honesty, if there be honesty, not to crush out this Philippine Republic, and not to wrest from this people its independence. The history of our dealing with the Philippine people is found in the reports of our commanders. It is all contained in our official documents, and in published statements of General [illegible] and in the speeches of the President. It is little known to the country to-day. When it shall be known, I believe it will cause a revolution in public sentiment.

There are 1200 islands in the Philippine group. They extend as far as from Maine to Florida. They have a population variously estimated at from 8,000,000 to 12,000,000. There are wild tribes who never heard of Christ, and islands that never heard of Spain. But among them are the people of the island of Luzon, numbering 3,500,000, and the people of the [illegible] numbering 2,500,000 more. They are a Christian and civilized people. They wrested their independence from Spain and established a republic. Their rights are no more to be affected by the few wild tribes in their own mountains or by the [illegible] in the other islands than the rights of our old thirteen states were affected by the French in Canada or the Six Nations of New York, or the Cherokees of Georgia, or the Indians west of the Mississippi.

Twice our commanding generals, by their own confession, assured these people of their independence. Clearly and beyond all cavil we formed an alliance with them. We expressly asked them to co-operate with us. We handed over our prisoners to their keeping; we sought their help in caring for our sick and wounded.

We were told by them again and again and again that they were fighting for independence. Their purpose was as well known to our generals, to the war department, and to the president, as the fact that they were in arms. We never undeceived them until the time when hostilities were declared in 1899. The president declared again and again that we had no title and claimed no right to anything beyond the town of Manila. Hostilities were begun by us at a place where we had no right to be, and were continued by us in spite of Aguinaldo's disavowal and regret and offer to withdraw to a line we should prescribe. If we crush that republic, despoil that people of their freedom and independence, and subject them to our rule, it will be a story of shame and dishonor.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

NO DISHONOR TO HAUL DOWN THE FLAG.

(A Continuation of the Foregoing.)

Is there any man so bold as to utter in seriousness the assertion that where the American flag has once been raised it shall never be hauled down? I have heard it said that to haul down or to propose to haul down this national emblem where it has once floated is poltroonery. Will any man say it was poltroonery when Paul Jones landed on the northeast coast of England that he took his flag away with him when he departed? Was Scott a poltroon, or was Polk a poltroon? Was Taylor a poltroon? Was the United States a nation of poltroons when they retired from the city of Mexico or from Vera Cruz without leaving the flag behind them? Were we poltroons when we receded from Canada? If we had made the attack on the coast of Spain, at one time contemplated during this very war, were we pledged to hold and govern Spain forever or be disgraced in the eyes of mankind if we failed to do it? Has England been engaged in the course of poltroonery all these years when she has retired from many a field of victory? According to this doctrine, she was bound to have held Belgium forever after the battle of Waterloo and Spain forever after Corunna and Talavera. She could not, of course, have retired with honor from Venezuela if the arbitration had not ended in her favor.

Mr. President, this talk that the American flag is never to be removed where it has once floated is the silliest and wildest rhetorical flourish ever uttered in the ears of an excited populace. No baby ever said anything to another baby more foolish. It is the doctrine of purest ruffianism and tyranny.

Certainly the flag should never be lowered from any moral field over which it has once waved. To follow the flag is to follow the principles of freedom and humanity for which it stands. To claim that we must follow it when it stands for injustice or oppression is like claiming that we must take the nostrums of the quack doctor who stamps it on his wares, or follow every scheme of wickedness or fraud, if only the flag be put at the head of the prospectus. The American flag is in more danger from the imperialists than it would be if the whole of Christendom were to combine its power against it. Foreign violence at worst could only rend it. But these men are trying to stain it.

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES FIGHT AGAINST US.

Mr. President, I know how imperfectly I have stated this argument. I know how feeble is a single voice amid this din and tempest, this delirium of empire. It may be that the battle of this day is lost. But I have an assured faith in the future. I have an assured faith in justice and the love of liberty of the American people. The stars in their courses fight for freedom. The ruler of the heavens is on that side. If the battle to-day go against it, I appeal to another day, not distant and sure to come. I appeal from the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet and the brawling and the shouting to the quiet chamber where the

fathers gathered in Philadelphia. I appeal from the spirit of trade to the spirit of liberty. I appeal from the empire to the Republic. I appeal from the millionaire and the boss and the wire puller and the manager to the statesman of the older time, in whose eyes a guinea never glistened, who lived and died poor, and who left to his children and to his countrymen a good name far better than riches. I appeal from the present, bloated with material prosperity, drunk with the lust of empire, to another and a better age. I appeal from the present to the future and to the past.

G. F. Hoar.

THE DYING CAPTAIN.

An incident of the battle of San Juan H[illegible]

[illegible]

"Brave captain! canst thou speak?
What is it thou dost see!
A wondrous glory lingers on thy face.
The night is past; I've watched the night with thee.
Knowest thou the place?"

"*The place?* 'Tis San Juan, comrade. Is the battle over?
The victory—the victory—is it won?
My wound is mortal; I know I cannot recover.
The battle for me is done!

"I never thought it would come to this! Does it rain?
The musketry! Give me a drink; ah, that is glorious!
Now if it were not for this pain—this pain—
Didst thou say victorious?

"It would not be strange, would it, if I do wander?
A man can't remember with a bullet in his brain.
I wish when at home I had been a little fonder—
Shall I ever be well again?

"It can make no difference whether I go from here or there.
Thou'lt write to father and tell him when I am dead?
The eye that sees the sparrow fall numbers every hair
Even of this poor head.

"Tarry awhile, comrade, the battle can wait for thee;
I will try to keep thee but a few brief moments longer;
Thou'lt say good-by to the friends at home for me?
If only I were a little stronger!

"I must not think of it. Thou art sorry for me?
The glory—is it the glory?—makes me blind;
Strange, for the light, comrade, the light I cannot see—
Thou hast been very kind!

"I do not think I have done so very much evil—
I did not mean it. 'I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul'—just a little rude and uncivil—
Comrade, why dost thou weep?

"Oh! if human pity is so gentle and tender—
Good night, good friends! 'I lay me down to sleep'—
Who from a Heavenly Father's love needs a defender?
'My soul to keep!'

"'If I should die before I wake'—comrade, tell mother.
Remember—'I pray the Lord my soul to take!'
My musket thou'lt carry back to my little brother
For my dear sake!

"Attention, company! Reverse arms!
Very well, men; my thanks.
Where am I? Do I wander, comrade—wander again?—
Parade is over. Company E, break ranks! break ranks!—
I know it is the pain.

[illegible] till I be [illegible]
I [illegible] of the Silent [illegible]
It [illegible] there [illegible]

"[illegible] my [illegible]
[illegible] my sight!"
[illegible] as [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] my [illegible] steadfast
[illegible]
I know the [illegible] past—
[illegible]

THE MAN WHO DOES THE CHEERIN'.

This war with Spain reminds me o' the [illegible]
About the [illegible] the Civil War began,
[illegible] remembered [illegible]
[illegible] be [illegible]
Their [illegible] others to save this ol' [illegible]
[illegible] when they heerd [illegible]
[illegible] er heerd a [illegible]
But [illegible] the cheerin'
When the troops come back.

O' [illegible] when free- [illegible]
I [illegible] that he hez helped [illegible]
A [illegible] the [illegible] o' Cuba
But [illegible] o' that when he
Gits to thinkin' o' the home he left en seein' it at night

[illegible] up aroun' him in a mist [illegible] light
[illegible] glimpses of a crowd along the track,
[illegible] the man who does the cheerin'
When the troops come back.

O' course a soldier hez got feelin's en [illegible] heart begins to beat
Faster, ez ol' recollection leads him down some shady street
Where he knows a gal's a waitin' underneath a creepin' vine,
Where the sun is kinder cautious 'bout combatin' with the shine
In her eyes, en jist anuther thing that nuther you er I
Could look at with easy feelin's is a piece o' pumpkin pie
That hez made our mothers famous—'but down there along the track
Is the man who does the cheerin'
When the troops come back.

It's jist the same in war times ez in common ev'ry day,
When a feller keeps a strugglin' en a-peggin' on his way,
He likes to hev somebody come and grab him by the hand,
En say: "Ol' boy, you'll git there yit you've got the grit en sand."
It does him good, en I 'low that it does a soldier, to[illegible]
So even if the feller at the track don't w[illegible] the blue
He's helped save bleedin' Cuby from th[illegible] tyrants en their rack
By leadin' in the cheerin'
When the troops come back.

EDWARD SINGER

TO THE FLYING SQUADRON.

Fierce flock of sea gulls, with hu[illegible] wings of white,
Tossed on the treacherous blue
Poising your pinions in majestic flight
Our hearts take voyage with you.

God save us from war's terrors! May they cease!
And yet one fate, how worse!

[illegible] passionless purpled prostitute, [illegible]
  Glutting a coward's purse

[illegible] if you beak and talons clutch [illegible]
    cling
  [illegible] in the middle seas
With these of hostile war birds wing to
    wing
  Our hearts shall fight with these

[illegible] speed you! Never fared [illegible]
    knight
  On holier quest than ye—
Sworn to the rescue of the trampled right,
  Sworn to make Cuba free!

[illegible] swiftly to avenge our martyred
    "Maine."
  I watch you curve and wheel
[illegible] horrible grace of battle—scourge of
    Spain,
  Birds with the beaks of steel!

SONG FOR OUR FLEETS.

A SONG for our fleets—our iron fleets,
  Of grim and savage beauty
    That plow their way through [illegible]
      of spray
  To follow a nation's duty.
The winds may blow and the waves may
    flow
  And stars may hide their faces
But we little reck, our stars o'er deck
  Still glitter within their places.

Let ever a one who gazes on
  This pageant, calm and splendid,
Doubt that our coasts from hostile hosts
  Will gallantly be defended!
[illegible] desperate foe may wish us woe,
  But what is their petty knavery
Against the right, when backed by might
  And Anglo-Saxon bravery?

A song for our fleets—our gallant fleets,
  'Neath flags of glory flying,
[illegible] carry the aid, so long delayed
  To those that are crushed and dying!
And flames may glow, and blood may flow,
  But, still with a stern endeavor,
We'll rule the main, and lash foul Spain
  From our western world forever!

WILL CARLETON.

PICTURE OF WAR.

S[illegible] when battle
[illegible]
  [illegible] spears!
[illegible] cannon [illegible] clouds
    upre[illegible]
[illegible] beds in
[illegible]
[illegible] of the [illegible]
[illegible] and des
    pair
Unseen [illegible] on the smoking plain
And [illegible] each groan that gurgles from
    [illegible]

[illegible] on the battlefield
And [illegible] a hand grasps firm the glitter
    [illegible]
[illegible] warriors
    [illegible]
[illegible] storm [illegible]!
[illegible] and the
    [illegible]
[illegible] fray:
[illegible] consecrate the
    [illegible]
[illegible] to heed
[illegible] the morning
    [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] who looks on
    [illegible]
With [illegible] mirrored in his
    [illegible]
Not [illegible] of the day
Can [illegible] away
Th[illegible] smiles,
H[illegible] his baby's
    [illegible]
[illegible] collected
    [illegible]
[illegible] miss?
[illegible] warrior's
    [illegible]
[illegible] to his arm;

For [illegible] God afar
Fronts [illegible] and mingles in the
    wa[illegible]
Th[illegible] hushed—nor drum nor
    [illegible]
Helmet and hauberk gleam upon the
    [illegible]ound

Horseman and horse lie weltering in their
gore:
Patriots are dead, and heroes dare no
more:
While solemnly the moonlight shrouds the
plain,
And lights the lurid features of the slain!

And see! on this rent mound, where once it
sprung,
A battle steed beneath his rider flung;
Oh! never more he'll rear with fierce
delight,
Roll his red eyes, and rally for the fight!
Pale on his bleeding breast the warrior
lies,
While from his ruffled lids the white-
swelled eyes
Ghastly and grimly stare upon the skies!

Afar with bosom bared unto the breeze
White lips, and glaring eyes, and shivering
knees,
A widow o'er her martyred soldier moans,
Loading the night-winds with delirious
groans!
Her blue-eyed babe unconscious orphan
he
So sweetly prattling in his cherub glee,
Leers on his lifeless sire with infant wile,
And plays and plucks him for a parent's
smile!

But who, upon the battle-wasted plain,
Shall count the faint, the gasping and the
slain?
Angel of Mercy! ere the blood-fount chill,
And the brave heart be spiritless and still,
Amid the havoc thou art hovering nigh,
To calm each groan, and close each dying
eye,
And waft the spirit to that halcyon shore,
Where war's loud thunders lash the winds
no more!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

[illegible]

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and
tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the hearty king to free his
long imprisoned sire:

"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring
my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh,
break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes a
ransomed man, this day:
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will
meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded
on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the
charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there
came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, a
a leader in the land.
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in
very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath
yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heav'd,
his cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side
and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's
hand he took—
What was there in its touch that all his
fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it
dropped from his like lead.
He looked up to the face above—the face
was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the
brow was fixed and white;
He met at last his father's eyes—but in
them was no sight!
Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed!
but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts that saw its
horror and amaze:
They might have chained him, as before
that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm,
and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low,
and wept like childhood then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears
of warlike men!—

He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now.
My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father—oh! the worth.
The glory and the loveliness are passed away from earth!
"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet
I would that *there* our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then for thee my fields were won.
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train:
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war horse led,
And sternly set them face to face the king before the dead!—

Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

Into these glassy eyes put light [illegible] keep down thine ire,—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak [illegible] earth is *not* my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—
Thou canst not—and a king! His dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed: his slack hand fell—upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then turned from that sad place;
His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of Spain

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.

"In the excavation [illegible]

THE morning sun rose from his crimson couch
In the Orient-land, and bathed the world
In golden showers of refreshing light:
With orange and with jasmine the gardens
Of Pompeii were beautiful and fragrant;
The gray rocks, robed and crowned with vines and flowers,
Were lulled to sleep upon the bosom of the Bay.
The merchant ships and pleasure boats lay still
And lifeless—or, drifting aimlessly between
The blue of the skies and the blue of the the sea

Sailing away on silvery pinions,
A pair of cloud-lovers, with cheeks of pearl,
Blushed to discover, in the sea below,
Their mirrored images. The distant isles
Answered back smiles of happy contentment
To voices calling from the mainland shores.
The hazy air, mild and calm, wrapped this proud
Old Italian city in a mantle
Of dreamful repose. On her streets the tramp
Of feet, now and then, broke the lazy quiet—
Some bought, some sold, some danced, some played, some slept;
And each one went about his daily work,
Nor dreamed of danger near

At a gate commanding entrance to Pompeii
Was placed a trusty sentinel. His tall,
Erect and warlike stature told a tale
Of dauntless courage. Proud of the faith and
Confidence placed in his loyal heart,
The sentinel's eyes shone like brilliant stars:

His trumpet, sword and buckler bore, about
His frame with ray light [illegible] face
His b[illegible]
Pro[illegible]
How stood a Ro[illegible]

While pacing to and fro his measured beat,
And dreaming dreams of long expected
honors,
There comes, beneath him, a strange quick
movement!
He stops—waits—listens—Ah! it comes
again!
Then he knows the awful truth—earthquake—
That dreadful [illegible] of volcanic
Action! A third time and the ground
doth heave
Like ocean billows. Up through every vein
The soldier's blood starts with freezing
terror!
He looks towards the Bay—it boils and
surges—
[illegible]
[illegible] he lifts his trumpet
And sounds a loud alarm [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Vesuvius returns the answer
[illegible] rumble [illegible]
[illegible] Volumes of smoke [illegible]
[illegible] roll from the [illegible]
Daylight ceases! no sun! no moon!
no stars—
Now dreadful, appalling and magnificent
Blazes the weird, Plutonian candle!
The ground heaves! It rocks again! The waters
Leap beyond their shores! See the giant
mountain
Trembles. Then one long, thundering
roaring
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Rouse the [illegible] people!
Fly! fly!
Fly for your lives! Too late! too late!
forever
Too late! A molten sea of liquid fire
Pours down upon the fated city!
Ghastly [illegible] float
Above the hissing surges! Now a rain
Of red hot ashes, stones, and cinders falls
Thick and fast for miles around! In
the streets
In their shops, in their homes that
startled mass
Of poor humanity is suddenly
Clasped in the arms of unexpected death!
Old age, manhood, bouyant youth, and
helpless
Infancy all, all at once are buried
'Neath the burning fury of that awful
Avalanche!

When the pent up ire
Of grim Vesuvius had burst its massive
Prison bars, the soldier thought: "What
shall
I do? To yon projecting rock I quick
Can fly and safety find! But can I thus
betray
My sacred trust and win the name of
coward?
Is life again worth such a price to me?
Could I ever again these Roman lips repeat
The name my father bore? No! no!
not here!
Here will I stand—so let the fiends of hell
Exhaust their utmost fury! Trumpet,
sound
My [illegible] Ye heavens, wear
[illegible] face!
Volcano, burn your wildest fires! For
[illegible]
I choke—I burn—I sink—I die—yet ne'er
Will I forsake my post of duty!"

Seventeen
Hundred years rolled by ere again the light
Of day shone on the buried city;
The excavation broke the seals which held
This dread secret. Two hundred thousand
Skulls and more were found entombed
beneath
[illegible] stone and piece of metal
Taken from the ancient ruins, told o'er
Anew of the horrors of that dark eruption.
At his post the sentinel's bones had kept
Their long and ghastly vigil. As in life
So e'en in death, the sacred trust was not
Deserted.

WARD M. FLORENCE.

Part IV

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE

This department embraces selections calculated to call forth those qualities of mind and imagination necessary to describe many and varied scenes, conditions and emotions, common to human experience. It includes also the simple conversational narrative of quiet life as well as the impassioned, dramatic, weird and fantastic portrayals of events that send the blood boiling to the heart or freeze it in the veins.

THE RAVEN.

This poem is generally considered the most remarkable example of a harmony of sentiment with rhythmical expression to be found in any language. While the poet sits musing in his study, endeavoring to win from books "surcease of sorrow for the lost Lenore," a raven—the symbol of despar—enters the room and perches upon a bust of Pallas. A colloquy follows between the poet and the bird of ill omen with its haunting croak of "Nevermore."

"The Raven" has been more widely translated and more universally recited than any other selection in all literature.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of fogotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,—
Nameless here forevermore

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,-
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
Sir," Said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This *I* whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something
  at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is and this
  mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this
  mystery explore;—
  'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with
  many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the
  saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a
  minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched
  above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above
  my chamber door
  Perched, and sat, and nothing more

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy
  into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the
  countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
  thou," I said, "art sure no craven:
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wander-
  ing from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the
  night's Plutonian shore?"
  Qoath the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear
  discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little
  relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living
  human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above
  his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above
  his chamber door
  With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid
  bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one
  word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a
  feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other
  friends have flown before,
On the morrow he will leave me, as my
  hopes have flown before.
  Then the bird said "Nevermore!"

Startled at th. stillness broken by reply so
  aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its
  only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom
  unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his
  songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy
  burden bore,
  Of—'Never—nevermore!'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul
  into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front
  of bird and bust and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook
  myself to linking
Francy unto fancy, thinking what this
  ominous bird of yore
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt,
  and ominous bird of yore
  Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no
  syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned
  into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head
  at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the
  lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp
  light gloated o'er
  She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, per-
  fumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled
  on the tufted floor,
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent
  thee,—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy
  memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and
  forget the lost Lenore!"
  Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—
  prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or wheter tempest
  tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert
  land enchanted—

On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting.—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

This famous ballad, like Poe's "Raven," belongs to the weird and fantastic class. [illegible] was suggested to [illegible] by the [illegible] skeleton [illegible] brass [illegible] with the traditions about the Round Tower at Newport, [illegible] the spirit of a Norse Viking [illegible] of war and of the sea.

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing.

As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning out tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—

When on the white sea strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water.

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!

A GROUP FROM "EL CAPITAN"
The famous beauty Minnie Ashley, in centre

WHEN WE WENT A-MAYING

In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful !

"Thus, seamed with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skål! to the Northland! *Skål!*"*
—Thus the tale ended.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

*Skål! is the Swedish expression for "Your Health"

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

Beginning with easy measured description the speaker's animation rises with the development of the picture and be[...] at the ringing of the bell (which should be acted as the lines are recited) subsiding again toward the close into a quiet satisfied tone

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair —
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny floating hair ;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark, damp and cold,
I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh ;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper :—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton,—every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poisoned dart—
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower ;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour ;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I will not falter—
Curfew, it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
As within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh :
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright ;
In an undertone she murmured :—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

With quick step she bounded forward, sprung within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before ;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro
As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying :
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder ; o'er her hangs the great, dark bell ;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging—'tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring ? No, never ! flash her eyes with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—
"Curfew must not ring to-night."

Out she swung—far out ; the city seemed a speck of light below,
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended as the bell swung to and fro,
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
Sadly thought, "That twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell."

Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with trembling lips so white,
Said to hush her heart's wild throbbing :—
"Curfew shall not ring to night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Crimson all the sky with beauty ; aged sires, with heads of white,
Tell the eager, listening children,
"Curfew did not ring that night."

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell ; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Lately white with fear and anguish, has no anxious traces now
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn ;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light :
"Go ! your lover lives," said Cromwell.
Curfew shall not ring to-night !"

Wide they flung the massive portal ; led the prisoner forth to die—
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the darkening English sky
Bessie comes with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-light sweet ;
Kneeling on the turf beside him, lays his pardon at his feet
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the face upturned and white,
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me—
Curfew will not ring to-night !"

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

THE BURNING SHIP.

Rapid rate, full force. There are also [illegible] pitch. "Fire" should be uttered with explosive force

THE storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast,
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast,
And heavily labored the gale-beaten ship,
Like a stout hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip ;
And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
Save when the wild lightning illumined in wrath.
A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
She prayed to her God, 'mid the hurricane wild
"O Father, have mercy, look down on my child !"

It passed—the fierce whirlwind careered on its way,
And the ship like an arrow divided the spray ;
Her sails glimmered white in the beams of the moon,
And the wind up aloft seemed to whistle a tune—to whistle a tune.
There was joy in the ship as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home.
The young mother pressed her fond babe to her breast,
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side,
And looked with delight on the face of his bride.
"Oh, happy," said he, "when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore.
Already in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky ;
Its garden so green, and its vine-covered wall ;
The kind friends awaiting to welcome us all,
And the children that sport by the old oaken tree."

Ah gently the ship glided over the sea !
Hark ! what was that ? Hark ! Hark to the shout !
"Fire !" Then a tramp and a rout, and a tumult of voices uprose on the air ; -
And the mother knelt down, and the half-spoken prayer,

That she offered to God in her agony wild,
Was, "Father, have mercy, look down on
my child!"
She flew to her husband, she clung to his
side,
Oh there was her refuge whate'er might
betide
"Fire!" "Fire!" It was raging above
and below
And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at
the sight,
And their eyes glistened wild in the glare
of the light
'Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters to
drip;
The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship,
And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted
higher and higher

"O God, it is fearful to perish by fire"
Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
"Great Father of mercy, our hope is in
thee"
Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted
and brave,
They lowered the boat, a mere speck on the
wave.
First entered the mother, enfolding her
child:
It knew she caressed it, looked upward and
smiled.
Cold, cold was the night as they drifted
away,
And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the
day—
And they prayed for the light, and at noon-
tide about,
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out.

"Ho! a sail! Ho! a sail!" cried the
man at the lea.
"Ho! a sail!" and they turned their glad
eyes o'er the sea.
"They see us, they see us, the signal is
waved!
They bear down upon us, they bear down
upon us: Huzza! we are saved."

THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

Come sit close by my side, my darling,
Sit up very close to-night:
Let me clasp your tremulous fingers
In mine, as tremulous quite.

Lay your silvery head on my bosom,
As you did when 'twas shining gold
Somehow I know no difference
Though they say we are very old.

'Tis seventy-five years to-night, wife,
Since we knelt at the altar low,
And the fair young minister of God
(He died long years ago,)
Pronounced us one that Christmas eve—
How short they've seemed to me,
The years—and yet I'm ninety-seven,
And you are ninety-three.

That night I placed on your finger
A band of purest gold;
And to-night I see it shining
On the withered hand I hold.
How it lightens up the memories
That o'er my vision come!
First of all are the merry children
That once made glad our home.

There was Benny, our darling Benny,
Our first born pledge of bliss,
As beautiful a boy as ever
Felt a mother's loving kiss.
'Twas hard—as we watched him fading
Like a floweret day by day—
To feel that He who had lent him
Was calling him away.

My heart it grew very bitter
As I bowed beneath the stroke;
And yours, though you said so little,
I knew was almost broke.
We made him a grave 'neath the daisies
(There are five now, instead of one,)
And we've learned, when our Father chas
tens,
To say, "Thy will be done."

Then came Lillie and Allie—twin cherubs,
Just spared from the courts of heaven—
To comfort our hearts for a moment:
God took as soon as he'd given.
Then Katie, our gentle Katie!
We thought her very fair,
With her blue eyes soft and tender,
And her curls of auburn hair.

Like a queen she looked at her bridal
(I thought it were you instead);
But her ashen lips kissed her first-born,
And mother and child were dead.

We said that of all our number
  We had two, our pride and stay—
Two noble boys, Fred and Harry ;—
  But God thought the other way.

Far away, on the plains of Shiloh,
  Fred sleeps in an unknown grave :
With his ship and noble sailors
  Harry sank beneath the wave.
So sit closer, darling, closer—
  Let me clasp your hand in mine :
Alone we commenced life's journey,
  Alone we are left behind.

Your hair, once gold, to silver
  They say by age has grown ;
But I know it has caught its whiteness
  From the halo round His throne.
They give us a diamond wedding
  This Christmas eve, dear wife ;
But I know your orange blossoms
  Will be a crown of life.

'Tis dark ; the lamps should be lighted ;
  And your hand has grown so cold,
Has the fire gone out ? how I shiver !
  But, then, we are very old
Hush ! I hear sweet strains of music ;
  Perhaps the guests have come.
No—'tis the children's voices—
  I know them, every one.

On that Christmas eve they found them,
  Their hands together clasped ;
But they never knew their children
  Had been their wedding guests.
With her head upon his bosom,
  That had never ceased its love,
They held their diamond wedding
  In the mansion house above.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Edgar Allan P[illegible]e pronounced this one of the most rythmic poems in literature [illegible] as musical as possible for [illegible] recommendation.

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red.
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
  In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
  She sang the "Song of the Shirt !"

"Work ! work [illegible]ork !
  While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work !
  Till the stars shine through the roof !
It's oh ! to be a slave
  Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
  If THIS is Christian work !

"Work—work—work !
  Till the brain begins to swim !
Work—work—work !
  Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset and band,
  Band, and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
  And sew them on in my dream !

"Oh ! men with sisters dear !
  Oh ! men with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
  But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
  In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
  A SHROUD as well as a shirt !

"But why do I talk of death,
  That phantom of grisly bone ?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
  It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
  Because of the fast I keep :
O God ! that bread should be so dear,
  And flesh and blood so cheap !

"Work—work—work !
  My labor never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
  A crust of bread—and rags :
A shattered roof—and this naked floor—
  A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
  For sometimes falling there !

"Work—work—work !
  From weary chime to chime ;
Work—work—work—
  As prisoners work for crime !
Band and gusset and seam,
  Seam, and gusset and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
  As well as the weary hand !

"Work—work—work!
  In the dull December light;
And work—work—work!
  When the weather is warm and bright,
While underneath the eaves
  The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
  And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
  Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;
With the sky above my head,
  And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
  To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
  And the walk that costs a meal.

"Oh! but for one short hour!
  A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
  But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart—
  But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
  Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
  Plying her needle and thread;
Stitch—stitch—stitch—
  In poverty, hunger and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
  She sung the "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

MARRIED FOR LOVE.

A bachelor's retrospect of what might have been

"YES, Jack Brown was a splendid fellow,
  But married for love, you know;
I remember the girl very well—
  Sweet little Kitty Duffau.
Pretty, and loving, and good,
  And bright as a fairy elf,
I was very much tempted indeed
  To marry Kitty myself.

"But her friends were all of them poor,
  And Kitty had not a cent;
And I knew I should never be
  With 'love in a cottage' content.
So Jack was the lucky wooer,
  Or unlucky—anyway
You can see how shabby his coat,
  And his hair is turning gray.

"But I'm told he thinks himself rich
  With Kitty and homely joys;
A cot far away out of town,
  Full of noisy girls and boys.
Poor Jack! I'm sorry, and all that,
  But of course he very well knew
That fellows who marry for love
  Must drink of the liquor they brew."

And the handsome Augustus smiled,
  His coat was in perfect style,
And women still spoke of his grace,
  And gave him their sweetest smile.
But he thought that night of Jack Brown,
  And said, "I'm growing old;
I think I must really marry
  Some beautiful girl with gold."

Years passed, and the bachelor grew
  Tiresome and stupid and old;
He had not been able to find
  The beautiful girl with gold.
Alone with his fancies he dwelt,
  Alone in the crowded town,
Till one day he suddenly met
  The friend of his youth, Jack Brown.

"Why, Gus!" "Why, Jack!" What a meeting!
  Jack was so happy and gay;
The bachelor sighed for content,
  As he followed his friend away
To the cot far out of town,
  Set deep in its orchard trees,
Scented with lilies and roses,
  Cooled with the ocean breeze.

"Why, Jack, what a beautiful place!
  What did it cost?" "Oh, it *grew*.
There were only three rooms at first,
  Then soon the three were too few,
So we added a room now and then;
  And oft in the evening hours,
Kitty, the children and I
  Planted the trees and flowers.

"And they grew as the children grew
(Jack, Harry, and Grace and Belle)."
"And where are the youngsters now?"
"All happy and doing well.
Jack went to Spain for our house,—
His road is level and clear,—
And Harry's a lawyer in town,
Making three thousand a year.

"And Grace and Belle are well married,—
They married for love, as is best;
But often our birdies come back
To visit the dear home [illegible].
So my sweet wife Kitty and I
From labor and care may cease;
We have enough, and age can bring
Nothing but love and peace."

But over and over again
The bachelor thought that night,
"Home and wife and children!
Jack Brown was, after all, right.
Oh! if in the days of my youth
I had honestly loved and wed!
For now when I'm old there's no one cares
Whether I'm living or dead"

DEATH OF FAGIN.

Before beginning to recite let the speaker give the following narrative in easy extemporaneous style: "In Dicken's story of Oliver Twist, is an old Jew called Fagin. He is the worst type of a man. Living in one of the dens of the Whitechapel district of London, he gains his livelihood by means of the crimes of others. He is known as a receiver of stolen goods, and trains boys to rob and steal. His home is a den of thieves and the abode of those steeped in every crime. It is in his house that Bill Sykes, Charley Bates, the Artful Dodger and others lay their plans for robbing, and it is here they bring their plunder. Nancy has been murdered by Bill Sykes. The police have arrested Fagin, and are in pursuit of Bill. Fagin has been tried and convicted as accessory to the crime, and is awaiting the sentence in Newgate prison. This old prison is almost opposite the ancient church of Old St. Sepulchers, where, for centuries its bells tolled whenever there was an execution in Newgate prison, and, near by stands the [illegible] school house in which, also, for centuries, boys have been educated. The selection I am about to present [illegible] Fagin in prison. He is [illegible] to himself, and [illegible]; [illegible] over him, and in this state [illegible] in a rambling way his life. Rather than give the authorities the satisfaction of hanging him, he becomes his own executioner and [illegible] himself to death. [illegible] imagine the surroundings [illegible], in the centre a grated door through which Fagin is discovered seated on a pallet

Who am I? Only a Jew. They call me Fagin. A poor old man am I. What a life has been mine! It rises up before me! I was not always thus. I remember when I was a boy, young, but never happy! Surrounded by evil and my companions thieves. Oh! how I have paced through London's street, sneered at by the jeering crowd—taunted because I was a Jew. Did they think that I could not enjoy the song of birds, the green grass and the bright sunshine, just the same as they? Did they think, because I was a Jew, a hated Jew, I had no part or parcel with them! Where am I now? Let me think, let me think! Oh! yes, yes, yes, in Newgate prison, condemned to die—and the blue coat boys from yonder school will laugh when they hear that the old Jew is gone. And the bell of St. Sepulcher will toll a Christian knell when I am gone. O! Father Abraham, a Christian knell for an old jew!

One night more alive. A poor old man condemned to die. I didn't kill her, it was Bill. Ah, ha! they'll hang him, too They'll sqeeze his thick bull-dog neck. My God! twelve men to condemn a poor old man—a poor old man; My Lord! a poor old man. How cold and dark it is here (beating his hands) I shall go mad! (mind wandering). Good boy, Charley: well done Oliver, too; I am very glad to see you. Ha! ha! Oliver is quite a gentleman, now. You are staring at the pocket handkerchiefs, he, my tere? There are a good many of them, ain't there? We've just looked them out, ready for the wash, that's all Oliver, that's all, ha! ha! ha!

Oh! Bill, my tere, how do you do? Oh! you'll be better for what we've brought; spread the drapery, Nance. Ah, ha! you'll do, Bill, now you'll do; now don't be out of temper, Bill. I have never forgot you, Bill You want some coin, eh? I haven't any about me, but I'll see what I can do. Here, Artful! Here, Artful? there is the key of the drawer. You know where? In the corner of it you'll find seven shillings

Aha! clever dogs; clever dogs; staunch to the last. Never told the old parson where they were. Never peached upon old Fagin No, no, no. Fine Fellows; fine fellows Some brandy, Bill. Yes, yes, some brandy Thankee Bill; that will do.

Ah! Nance, my tere, I never interfere when you and Bill quarrel—so much the better for me if you do. Good night. 'Tis about striking twelve. Good night; good night. If they quarrel and separate they are mine together. What! take you, Nance, with me? I cannot, my tere, I cannot

Who calls? Ah! the jailor. Yes, yes, my Lord; you want some papers, my Lord? It s a lie, it's a lie, I have none, not one! not one! What! you say that Monks has confessed all, and they are in pursuit of Sykes? What! hav'nt they got Bill; will they let him go and hang me? What! Oliver here? I want to talk with you, Oliver, I want to talk with you. I want to talk with you, my tere. The papers are in a little canvas bag up the chimney in the top front room. You want to pray for me, Oliver, my tere? Yes! Outside, let us pray outside. Hush, tell'em I'm asleep. They believe you; you can get me out, if you take me so. How then, how then? That's right, quick,--through the door; that will help us out. If I shake or tremble as we pass the gallows, don't mind me, but hurry on. Now, now, now, press on, softly, but not so slow. Now, faster, faster, there's no one lookin', faster, faster. Now, now, now. (Screams.)

Ha! they've gone and left me alone to die. Here, Bill Sykes, Bates, Charley, where are you? Break down the walls and let me out. Oh! curse you, if I had you here chained down. Ah! footsteps again, they come to take me to the gallows, to hang me until I'm dead, that's all. To hang me by the neck till I am dead. That's all. But they shall not. I'll cheat them, I'll cheat them! Ha! ha! I'll cheat them, I'll cheat them! (Chokes himself to death.)

Cutting from CHARLES DICKENS.

TOM.

Melo-Dramatic Narrative.

YES, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this.
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless, there, full in my view.
What do you think my eyes see through the fire,
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby boy, laughing to see
The shining! He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could; he sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side, and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But *I* heard it. It came
Again and again—O God, what a cry!
The axes went faster, I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them—when, suddenly, there at their feet
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash—
Jumped to get out of the way and I thought
"All's up with poor little Robin," and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there, when swift, at my side,
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him—choking and crying, but saved!
Saved safe and sound!
Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me

Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now, he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom, it was, saved him. Now isn't it true,
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now—see, he's strong as a log—
And there comes Tom, too—
Yes, Tom was our dog.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Appropriate for an Encore.

It was after the din of the battle
Had ceased in the silence and gloom,
When hushed was the musketry's rattle,
And quiet the cannon's deep boom.
The smoke of the conflict had lifted,
And drifted away from the sun,
While the soft crimson light, slowly fading from sight,
Flashed back from each motionless gun.

The tremulous notes of a bugle
Rang out on the clear autumn air,
And the echoes caught back from the mountains
Faint whispers, like breathings of prayer.
The arrows of sunlight that slanted
Through the trees touched a brow white as snow,
On the bloody sod lying, mid the dead and the dying,
And it flushed in the last parting glow

The dark, crimson tide slowly ebbing
Stained red the light jacket of gray;
But another in blue sadly knelt by his side
And watched the life passing away.
Said the jacket in gray, "I've a brother—
Joe Turner—he lives up in Maine.
Give him these—and say my last message
Was forgiveness." Here a low moan of pain
Checked his voice. Then—"You'll do me this favor,
For you shot me"—and his whisper sank low.
Says the jacket in blue, "Brother Charlie,
There's no need—I'm your brother—I'm Joe."

V. STAURT MOSBY.

A FAIRY TALE.

Suited to Sunday school or Church Entertainment.

This beautiful story may be told with impressive effect by a kindly sympathetic lady to children of the primary or intermediate grade in Sunday school. It should be related in an easy conversational style

ONCE upon a time there was a very small child all alone in the streets of a great big world.

Now this child, unlike all the children ever heard of in fairy tales, was not the daughter of a great king and queen, and she didn't wear a frock trimmed with jewels, and she didn't have lots and lots of nurses to look after her, and she wasn't the heiress to the crown of a country, where all the pavements were made of solid silver, the area railings of polished steel, the king's palace of ivory, and his throne of pure gold, with so many precious stones sticking out of it that it was quite uncomfortable to sit down upon. No! she was simply a very small girl indeed with nothing of the proper fairy-tale small girl about her at all

She didn't quite know how it was that she came to be all alone. She had an indistinct idea of a room somewhere near the sky; at least she thought it was near the sky because the clouds seemed close to her when she climbed up on a chair and looked out of the window, and the room was right at the top of ever so many stairs. She seemed to recall, too, that the room was very bare and empty, and that she had often been hungry and thirsty and cold there, and that her mother had been there, lying on a bed and looking, oh! so pale and thin, and had told her that she was going away to leave her, but that they should meet again in a bright, beautiful country. And she remembered too,—and as she remembered it the tears came into two little eyes and she sobbed piteously,—she remembered one day that her mother's face looked whiter, much whiter than before, and that she lay quite still and made no answer when the little girl called to her. And then some rough woman had told the child that her mother was dead, and that the room was wanted for some one else, and she must go

And so she had put on a little threadbare jacket and a little torn hat, through many holes in which her golden hair peeped out,

THE MEETING OF LEANDER AND HERO

"ONCE THERE WAS A L TTLE KITTY LONG TIME AGO"

and had gone away all alone—it might have been yesterday, to-day, she knew not when—out into the streets of that great, big city, in that great, big world.

It was a winter's evening, that once upon a time, and the snow was falling fast, and it was very cold. The little child was thinly clad (unlik a proper fairy-tale child), and had had no food for a long time,—years, it seemed to her.

As her little steps wandered on, she passed a great many shops, and saw heaps and heaps of warm clothing and food inside great windows, lighted up with ever so many bright lights; and she wondered how it was that she was so cold and hungry, and why some one did not come out of one of the big shops and give her clothing and food; and she thought how strange it was that all those things should be inside the big windows that she could just look in when she stood on tip-toe, while she was standing there, such a very tiny girl and wanting ever so little of what she saw.

The little child looked wistfully into the big bright windows one after another, but she shook and shivered so that she ran on at last although she felt strange and heavy and giddy, and she ran and ran until she found that she had passed away from the bright lights and was in a dark road in which the snow was lying much more thickly, and looking much whiter, than in the streets through which she had gone.

The little girl's limbs would carry her no farther, and she half sank down in the snow; but she saw suddenly, looming out in the dark by the wayside, a large, wooden shed, the door of which was standing wide open, and turning her fast-failing steps to it, she crept timidly inside. It was quite dark there, and she lay down on the floor with her little head pillowed against a piece of wood.

Wondering drowsily why it was that she had ceased to be hungry or cold, and why her limbs seemed as if they had no feeling at all, the child lay there, and gradually her eyes closed.

Suddenly she became conscious of a dazzling light; and looking up she saw a beautiful fairy standing by her side, with white rustling wings and a halo of light shining all round her. She was looking down on the child with a look of sweet compassion on her face.

"Little one," said the fairy in a soothing, gentle voice, and as she spoke she bent over the child and stroked the small face, "welcome into fairyland."

The child looked round her in speechless wonder, and behold! the dark wooden shed had vanished and she was lying on a grassy bank, surrounded by lovely flowers of all colors, and the sun was shining above, and birds were singing all about her, and near her troops of children all dressed in dazzling white were at play, making the air ring with joyous peals of laughter that seemed just to chime in with the singing of the birds; and faries, like the one standing by her, were watching over the children as they played.

She was so filled with wonder that she answered not the fairy, and again the sweet voice said:

"Little one, welcome into fairyland."

"Am I in fairyland?" answered the child this time. "They took mother away from me, and said she was dead, and told me to go, and I was very cold and hungry, and I ran ever so far, and I thought I was lying down in a great, dark place. And oh! don't send me away; let me stay here, please, *please* let me stay here, and not go into the snow again. I am such a little thing to be all alone in the great, big streets, and I will be *so* good if I may stay."

The tears started into the child's eyes as she pleaded her cause, and the fairy stooped down and kissed them away.

"Yes, my child, you shall stay with us in fairyland, and never go into the great streets again."

"Oh! thank you," said the child, and she threw her arms around the still bending fairy, and kissed her again and again.

"Just now," the little girl said presently, "I was, oh! so cold, and hungry and tired, and now I feel so peaceful and rested, and as if I could never be cold and hungry again. Why is it?"

"There is neither hunger nor cold here, my little one. The sun is always shining as you see it now, the birds are ever singing as you hear them now the flowers never

fade, the leaves never fall, and those children now at play are ever bright and happy. Many little travelers like you have found their way into our bright land through paths of sorrow and suffering; but see them now how joyous they are."

The fairy pointed to the group of children, and the little girl followed the movement with her eyes. She looked in silence for a minute, and then she spoke again: "You are so good and kind, and I seem to ask so many things, but oh! forgive me for one question more. The children that I see, have their mothers been taken from them as mine was taken from me? and will they ever be with them again?"

"My darling," answered the fairy, with infinite tenderness in her voice, "they have already seen their mothers again, and you will see your own lost mother. Look at me—look into my face—you knew me not at first, but you know me now, oh! you know me now, my little one."

The child looked into the fairy's face for an instant—the word "Mother!" burst from her lips, and the two were folded in each other's arms.

> Next day, when workmen came into the shed
> They found a child there, lying cold and dead
> And on the little upturned face they saw
> A smile so bright and joyous that in awe
> They stood uncovered. But the mortal clay
> Alone was there—the soul had winged its way

E. F. TURNER.

THE GLACIER BED.

In Switzerland, a bridegroom left his bride at the door, as they returned from the church, to guide a party of tourists. The wife promised to keep a light in the window until he should come home, but the guide-bridegroom fell through a ravine and returned not to his wife. The widow learned that in fifty years the glacier would emerge from the ravine. She waited and watched, and at last she beheld her husband frozen in the ice.

BURNING, burning, burning for ever, by night and day,
Let be the light in my window—don't touch it, don't take it away!
With the sap of my life I have fed my lamp that its flame should burn
Till the morn of our bridal night, till my love, my husband, return.

What say you? he is dead! I will not believe it; no!
We were wedded—who can remember that? 'tis so long ago—
At the church of our mountain village; the morning light shone down
From the glittering peaks of the Alps to circle my bridal crown.

Oh me, the joy of us two that blessed day made one!
The song of the happy children, the flowers, the dancing sun,
All these were about us that time he led me home as his bride—
When the strangers crossed our path, and he heard them call for a guide.

And duty o'ermasters love, and he dared not deny that call,
For among our Alpine heroes, they knew him, the bravest of all:
With a foot and an eye and an arm to match with his dauntless heart;
And I knew where his honor led—though loth we were to part.

But his honor, his choice, his desire, was mine, for I loved him so;
When I looked in my darling's face I was brave and I bade him go.
I stayed at our chalet door, and he tore himself away
From the virgin kisses of love, and the joy of our marriage day.

"I'll come back to thee, dear," he said, "when the moutain is veiled in night;
Set a lamp in thy window to shine as my star, my guiding light;
Through the winding paths of ice, from beneath, from above,
Let my eyes be fixed on my bridal-chamber, my new-wedded love."

And fixed as ice was my gaze that followed him as he went;
And yet, when I saw him go, I was more than happy—content;
The warmth of his arms was around me, my lips was thrilled to his kiss;
My soul had tasted his love—could Heaven be sweeter than this?

And I knew that nothing could part us more, in life or in death,
I saw him not—and I saw him again, far down beneath

In the bravery of his gay wedding clothes
—and my eyes grew dim
With the strain and the dizzy height, as
they looked their last on him.

I knew he would hold to his promise—I
never would fail of mine:
That was our bridal night when I trimmed
my lamp to shine
Till he came from the fields of ice, to our
chalet safe and warm,
Closed in from the thickening night, and
the smiting blast of the storm.

That was our bridal night—hist! the fiends
of the mountain dance
To the shrieks of the lost, as they grope
their way 'neath the lightning's glance;
Till the dark and the dawn bring the day,
and I wait at the chalet door
For my bridegroom of yester-eve, for my
joy that returns no more.

But the sun shines on, and the path is clear
from valley to peak:
Whence come ye to look in my face the tale
that ye dare not speak?
All the rest were safe, he had led them
bravely through, they said:
But my own true-hearted husband was lost
in the glacier-bed.

He will come again, I whispered, and, pity-
ing, they turned away.
And that light still burns since we parted,
it seems but yesterday.
So long ago! What? 'Tis fifty years to-
morrow, you said:
That was the time, I heard, when the ice
should give back the dead,—

When the glazier that froze his young blood,
in the depth of the dark ravine
Where he fell through the rift and perished,
should work its way unseen
Towards the mouth of the icy gulf, through
the years of creeping days;
Now, now, 'tis the time, let me go, for I
know that my bridegroom stays.

My lamp is alight, I have toiled, I have
starved to feed its fire,
Through a long life slowly wasting in pangs
of one desire

I thought it was never coming, and now the
end is nigh:
I shall look on his face that I loved in my
youth, before I die.

I go to seek him now, where he lies in the
glacier-bed—
Ah, cold and flinty pillow for my darling's
golden head!—
In his beauty and strength of manhood,
frozen to changeless stone—
There, there! I have found him at last!
oh, my love, my love, my own!

Now, bear us forth together, the bride-
groom and the bride,
To the church of our mountain village, and
lay us side by side,
'Neath the stone where God joined us, and
bound our souls in eternal truth,
And the virgin widow shall rest with the
husband of her youth.

How long have I wearied for this since that
day of bliss and woe?
Do the children laugh, as they say it was
fifty years ago?
What has time to do with our love? for the
spirit within me saith
I shall meet him for evermore, when I
change this body of death.

He is calling me now by my name in the
voice of the vanished years,
And my life in its tender music dissolves to
a passion of tears;
The shadows fall from the heights, the lamp
in my window burns dim,
The silence quenches my breath as I pass
away to him.

EMILA AYLMER BLAKE.

THE TRYSTING WELL.

By permission of the author.

"WHY, Nellie, how's this?" said
Farmer Brown,
Driving his team from the
market town.
But never a word from her red lips fell,
As smiling she stood at the trysting well.
"Women is odd," the old farmer said,
And he cracked his whip and shook his
head.

The farmer no sooner had left the place
Than a change came over the maiden's face;
The smile had gone like a rippling wave,
And the look on her face was sad and grave.
Then, shading her eyes with her small, white hand,
The dusty road and the fields she scanned;
She saw the late birds as they nestward flew,
And glanced at the shadows that longer grew;
She heard the faint strokes of the village bell,
Yet lonely she watched at the trysting well.

Now old Farmer Brown loved to drink and smoke,
But the pride of his heart was to play a joke,
And scarce from the well had he passed away
When he met a young horseman hard riding and gay:
"Ah, lad," cried the farmer, "you're late, you're late,
Your lass I saw pass through the meadow gate!"
"True, Farmer Brown, I have been delayed
By a shoe cast off from this sorrel jade;
Though just what you mean by that last remark
Concerning a lass, why, I'm quite in the dark."
The young man colored and grasped his rein,
But to Farmer Brown his deceit was plain,
Aye, far beyond doubt, when he saw him strike
His mare till she flew down the dusty pike.
And the farmer winked as he saw him pass,
Like the wind, o'er the dewey meadow grass;
Yes, the sly old dog watched the horseman fleet
Till his form was lost in the village street.
Then loud on the air his wild laughter broke
At the big success of his clever joke.

By the merest chance, on that eve it fell,
That a man strode up to the trysting well;
He had stopped at the moss-grown, limpid pool
To slake his thirst with its waters cool.
"Gerald!" He started, and made reply,
As a shadowy phantom caught his eye.
"Not Gerald, Miss Nellie," he quickly said,
"But I hope, for this once, I'll do instead."
Like a surging sea of crimson flame
The hot blood swift to her temples came
Her lover's rival before her stood,
And she alone, in the darkening wood.
Below them the village lamp lights lay,
Cheering the gloom of the fading day.
"As I, too, am going the self same way,
Allow me to be your escort, pray."
His voice was sincere, and implied respect,
And he drew his sinewy form erect.
Though her thoughts and fears were but half concealed,
There was nothing left but to bow and yield.

When the rider dashed off from old Farmer Brown
And rode through the streets of the little town;
When he hitched his mare to the garden tree
And looked for the face that he did not see:
When he heard that his Nellie was still away,
Then jealousy, love and wild dismay
For a moment held him a captive chained,
But the next, and his reason was full regained.
The round harvest moon o'er the hilltop lay
As on foot through the village he took his way.
He had gone not far when he met a sight,
That made him doubt that he saw aright
No pistols were drawn, no duel was fought.
But a lesson was learned and a trick was taught;
And the three stood there in the moonlit town
Planning a penance for Farmer Brown.

And it happened the very next market day
As he drove along on his homeward way.
Half the village turned out the old fellow to see
Tied wrong side up to a hickory tree:
And they laughed and they shouted to hear him yell.

As he dangled right over the trysting well.

Farmer Brown still enjoys his sociable
smokes,
But should you ever meet him—don't
mention jokes.

GEO. M. VICKERS.

RODNEY'S RIDE.

Spirited Description.

In that soft mid-land where the breezes
bear
The north and the south on the genial
air,
Through the county of Kent, on affairs of
state,
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big, and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat and his suit of
snuff,
A foe to King George and the English state
Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew from his anxious
face,
It was matter grave that had brought him
there,
To the counties three upon Delaware.

"Money and men we must have," he said,
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is
dead.
Give us both and the king shall not work
his will;
We are men, since the blood of Bunker
Hill!"

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay:
"Hold, Rodney, ho! you must save the
day,
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate!"

Answered Rodney then: "I will ride with
speed;
It is liberty's stress; it is freedom's need.
When meets it?" "To-night. Not a mo
ment spare,
But ride like the wind, from the Delaware."

"Ho, saddle the black! I've but half a
day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away,—
But I'll be in time, if God grants me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up; he is off! and the black horse
flies,
On the northward road ere the "God-
speed!" dies.
It is gallop and spur, as the leagues they
clear,
And the clustering milestones move a-rear.

It is two of the clock; and the fleet hoofs
fling
The Fieldsboro's dust with a clang and
cling.
It is three; and he gallops with slack rein
where
The road winds down to the Delaware

Four! and he spurs into Newcastle town,
From his panting steed he gets him down—
"A fresh one, quick; not a moment's
wait!"
And off speeds Rodney, the delegate.

It is five; and the beams of the western
sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington, gold and
dun;
Six; and the dust of the Chester street
Flies back in a cloud from his courser's
feet.

It is seven; the horse boat, broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the
stream;
And at seven-fifteen by the Rittenhouse
clock
He flings his rein to the tavern Jock.

The Congress is met; the debate's begun,
And liberty lags for the vote of one—
When into the hall, not a moment late
Walks Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Not a moment late! and that half-day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride.—
For the Act was passed, ere the midnight
stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung;
"We are free!" all the bells through the colonies rung,
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The day of delegate Rodney's ride.

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

THE BELLS.

This selection—excellent for voice culture—is a great favorite with reciters. The musical flow of the metre and the happy selection of the words make it possible for the speaker to closely imitate the tones of the ringing bells.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the palefaced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging
How the danger ebbs and flows!
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone.
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells-
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE FIREMAN.

The slumbering city and the sleeper's dream in this selection afford an easy, pleasing description. The exciting story of the ire forms a dramatic conclusion

THE city slumbers. O'er its mighty walls
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent falls;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpors wrap each sinking head.
Stilled is the air of labor and of life:
Hushed is the hum and tranquilized the strife.
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears;
The young forget their sports, the old their cares;
The grave are careless; those who joy or weep
All rest contented on the arm of sleep.

Sweet is the pillowed rest of beauty now,
As slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow;
Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side;
'Tis summer's eve; the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs;
And, faint and far, some minstrel's melting tone
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When, hark! O horror! what a crash is there!
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air?
'Tis fire! 'tis fire! She wakes to dream no more;
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door;
The dun smoke eddies round; and, hark! that cry:
"Help! help! Will no one aid? I die, I die!"
She seeks the casement; shuddering at its height
She turns again; the fierce flames mock her flight;
Along the crackling stairs they fiercely play,
And roar, exulting, as they seize their prey.
"Help! nelp! Will no one come?" She can no more,
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

Will no one save thee? Yes, there is one
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone;
When all have fled, when all but him would fly,
The fireman comes, to rescue or to die.
He mounts the stair,—it wavers 'neath his tread;
He seeks the room, flames flashing round his head:

He bursts the door; he lifts her prostrate frame.
And turns again to brave the raging flame
The fire blast smites him with its stifling breath;
The falling timbers menace him with death;
The sinking floors his hurried step betray;
And ruin crashes round his desperate way;
Hot smoke obscures, ten thousand cinders rise.
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize;
He leaps from burning stair to stair. On! on!
Courage! One effort more, and all is won!
The stair is passed,—the blazing hall is braved;
Still on! yet on! once more! *Thank Heaven, she's saved!*

ROBERT T. CONRAD.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD SQUIRE.

The Descriptive and Dramatic powers have excellent opportunity in this number.

'TWAS a wild, mad kind of night, as black as the bottomless pit;
The wind was howling away like a Bedlamite in a fit,
Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the poplars down,
In the meadows beyond the old flour mill, where you turn off to the town.

And the rain (well, it *did* rain) dashing against the widow glass,
And deluging on the roof, as the Devil were come to pass;
The gutters were running in floods outside the stable door,
And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as they would never give o'er.

Lor, how the winders rattled! you'd almost ha' thought that thieves
Were wrenching at the shutters, while a ceaseless pelt of leaves
Flew to the doors in gusts; and I could hear the beck
Falling so loud I knew at once it was up to a tall man's neck.

We was huddling in the harness-room by a little scrap of fire,
And Tom, the coachman, he was there a-practicing for the choir,
But it sounded dismal anthem did for Squire was dying fast,
And the doctor said, do what he would, Squire's breaking up at last.

The death-watch, sure enough, ticked loud just over th' owd mare's head,
Though he had never once been heard up there since master's boy lay dead;
And the only sound, besides Tom's toon, was the stirring in the stalls,
And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats in the owd walls.

We couldn't hear Death's foot pass by, but we knew that he was near,
And the chill rain and the wind and cold made us all shake with fear;
We listened to the clock up stairs, 'twas breathing soft and low
For the nurse said, at the turn of night the old Squire's soul would go.

Master had been a wildish man, and led a roughish life;
Didn't he shoot the Bowton squire, who dared write to his wife?
He beat the Rads at Hindon Town, I heard, in twenty-nine.
When every pail in market-place was brimmed with red port wine.

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why, for forty year or more
He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his faything did afore;
And now to die and in his bed the season just begun
"It made him fret," the doctor said, as it might do any one."

And when the sharp young lawyer came to see him sign his will,
Squire made me blow my horn outside as we were going to kill;
And we turned the hounds out in the court—that seemed to do him good;
For he swore, and sent us off to seek a fox in Thornhill Wood.

But then the fever it rose high and he would go see th' room

Where mistress died ten years ago when
Lammastide shall come;
I mind the year, because our mare at Salis
bury broke down;
Moreover, the town-hall was burnt at Steeple
Dinton Town.

It might be two, or half-past two, the wind
seemed quite asleep;
Tom, he was off, but I, awake, sat watch
and ward to keep;
The moon was up, quite glorious like, the
rain no longer fell,
When all at once out clashed and clanged
the rusty turret bell.

That hadn't been heard for twenty years, not
since the Luddite days.
Tom he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all
the house a-blaze
Had sure not scared us half so much, and
out we ran like mad,
I, Tom and Joe, the whipper-in and t' little
stable lad.

"He's killed himself," that's the idea that
came into my head;
I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Bar-
rowly was dead;
When all at once a door flew back, and he
met us face to face;
His scarlet coat was on his back, and he
looked like the old race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees, and
crying like a child;
The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he
looked fierce and wild;
"Saddle me Lightning Bess, my men,"
that's what he said to me:
"The moon is up, we're sure to find at Stop
or Etterly.

"Get out the dogs; I'm well to night, and
young again and sound,
I'll have a run once more before they put me
under ground:
They brought my father home feet first, and
it never shall be said
That his son Joe, who rode so straight, died
quietly in his bed.

"Brandy!" he cried: "a tumbler full, you
women howling there,"
Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon
his long gray hair,
Thrust on his boots, snatched down his
whip, though he was old and weak;
There was a devil in his eye that would not
let me speak.

We loosed the dogs to humor him, and
sounded on the horn;
The moon was up above the woods, just east
of Haggard Bourne
I buckled Lightning's throat-lash fast, the
Squire was watching me;
He let the stirrups down himself so quick,
yet carefully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare and,
ere I well could mount,
He drove the yard-gate open, man, and
called to old Dick Blount,
Our huntsman, dead five years ago—for the
fever rose again,
And was spreading like a flood of flame fast
up into his brain.

Then off he flew before the dogs, yelling to
call us on,
While we stood there, all pale and dumb,
scarce knowing he was gone;
We mounted, and below the hill we saw the
fox break out,
And down the covert ride we heard the old
Squire's parting shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw
him fly the rail
Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half
way down the vale;
I saw him breast fence after fence—nothing
could turn him back:
And in the moonlight after him streamed out
the brave old pack.

'Twas like a dream, Tom cried to me, as we
rode free and fast,
Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could
not well be passed,
For it was swollen with the rain; but ah,
'twas not to be;
Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but
the broad breast of the sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the
mare had got her stride

She broke across the fallow land that runs
by the down side.
We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill, and, as
we stood us there,
Two fields beyond we saw the Squire fall
stone dead from the mare.

Then she swept on, and in full cry the
hounds went out of sight;
A cloud came over the broad moon and
something dimmed our sight,
As Tom and I bore master home, both
speaking under breath;
And that's the way I saw th' owd Squire
ride boldly to his death.

THE GLADIATOR.

STILLNESS reigned in the vast amphitheatre, and from the countless thousands that thronged the spacious inclosure, not a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with suspense, and every eye strained with anxiety toward the gloomy portal where the gladiator was momentarily expected to enter. At length the trumpet sounded, and they led him forth into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo, firm and unbending as the rigid oak. His fine proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

"I am here," he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, "to glut the savage eye of Rome's proud populace. Aye, like a dog you throw me to a beast; and what is my offense? Why, forsooth, I am a *Christian*. But know, ye can not fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than the adamantine rock. Know ye, whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I aver, I would not change conditions with the blood-stained Nero, crowned though he be, not for the wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready."

The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was heard to proceed from the cage of a half famished Numidian lion, situated at the farthest end of the arena. The growl deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enormous edifice to its very centre. At that moment the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprang from his den, with one mighty bound to the opposite side of the arena. His eyes blazed with the brilliancy of fire, as he slowly drew his length along the sand, and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eyes quailed not; his lip paled not; but he stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

At length, the lion crouched himself into an attitude for springing, and with the quickness of lightning, leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and bounding lightly on one side, his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again resounded through the spacious amphitheatre, as the enraged animal, mad with the anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round and sprang a second time at the Nazarene.

Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary; but so sudden had been the second attack, that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knee. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder, and he felt its hot fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his foe, aware of his design, precipitating himself upon him, threw him with violence to the ground.

The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's triumph, as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy. But it was of short duration; the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over, across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice.

The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprang with the velocity of thought

from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist, and regained his falchion, which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound; but it was too late; the last blow had been driven home to the centre of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

THE SIOUX CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

Great, dramatic skill is required for a proper rendering of this selection

Two gray hawks ride the rising blast;
Dark cloven clouds drive to and fro
By peaks pre-eminent in snow;
A sounding river rushes past,
So wild, so vortex-like, and vast.
A lone lodge tops the windy hill;
A tawny maiden, mute and still,
Stands waiting at the river's brink,
As weird and wild as you can think.
A mighty chief is at her feet;
She does not heed him wooing so—
She hears the dark, wild waters flow;
She waits her lover, tall and fleet,
From far gold fields of Idaho,
Beyond the beaming hills of snow.

He comes! The grim chief springs in air—
His brawny arm, his blade is bare.
She turns; she lifts her round, brown hand;
She looks him fairly in the face;
She moves her foot a little pace
And says, with coldness and command,
"There's blood enough in this lorn land.

"But see! a test of strength and skill,
Of courage and fierce fortitude;
To breast and wrestle with the rude
And storm-born waters, now I will
Bestow you both. Stand either side!
Take you my left, tall Idaho;
And you, my burly chief, I know
Would choose my right. Now peer you low
Across the waters wild and wide.
See! leaning so this morn I spied
Red berries dip yon farther side.
See, dipping, dripping in the stream,
Twin boughs of autumn berries gleam!

Now this, brave men, shall be the test:
Plunge in the stream, bear knife in teeth
To cut you bough for bridal wreath.
Plunge in! and he who bears him best,
And brings yon ruddy fruit to land
The first shall have both heart and hand."
Two tawny men, tall, brown, and thewed
Like antique bronzes rarely seen,
Shot up lik flame. She stood between
Like fixed, impassive fortitude.
Then one threw robes with sullen air,
And wound red fox-tails in his hair;
But one with face of proud delight
Entwined a crest of snowy white.

She stood between. She sudden gave
The sign, and each impatient brave
Shot sudden in the sounding wave;
The startled waters gurgled round;
Their stubborn strokes kept sullen sound

They near the shore at last; and now
The foam flies spouting from a face
That laughing lifts from out the race.

The race is won, the work is done!
She sees the climbing crest of snow;
She knows her tall, brown Idaho.
She cries aloud, she laughing cries,
And tears are streaming from her eyes.
"O splendid, kingly Idaho!
I kiss his lifted crest of snow;
I see him clutch the bended bough!
'Tis cleft—he turns! is coming now!

"My tall and tawny king come back!
Come swift, O sweet! why falter so?
Come! Come! What thing has crossed your track?
I kneel to all the gods I know.
Oh come, my manly Idaho!
Great Spirit, what is this I dread?
Why there is blood! the wave is red!
That wrinkled chief, outstripped in race,
Dives down, and, hiding from my face,

Strikes underneath! He rises now!
Now plucks my hero's berry bough;
And lifts aloft his red fox head,
And signals he has won for me.
Hist, softly! Let him come to see.

"Oh come! my white-crowned hero, come!
Oh come! and I will be your bride,
Despite yon chieftain's craft and might.

Come back to me! my lips are dumb,
My hands are helpless with despair;
The hair you kissed, my long, strong hair,
Is reaching to the ruddy tide,
That you may clutch it when you come.

"How slow he buffets back the wave!
O God, he sinks! O Heaven! save
My brave, brave boy! He rises! See!
Hold fast, my boy! Strike! strike for me.
Strike straight this way! Strike firm and
strong!
Hold fast your strength. It is not long—
O God, he sinks! He sinks! Is gone!
His face has perished from my sight.

"And did I dream, and do I wake?
Or did I wake and now but dream?
And what is this crawls from the stream?
Oh, here is some mad, mad mistake!
What, you! The red fox at my feet?
You first, and failing from a race?
What! You have brought me berries red?
What! You have brought your bride a
wreath?
You sly red fox with wrinkled face—
That blade has blood between your teeth!

"Lie still! lie still! till I lean o'er
And clutch your red blade to the shore.
Ha! ha! Take that! and that! and that!
Ha! ha! So through your coward throat
The full day shines! Two fox-tails float
And drift and drive adown the stream.

"But what is this? What snowy crest
Climbs out the willows of the west,
All weary, wounded, bent, and slow,
And dripping from his streaming hair?
It is! it is my Idaho!

"The gray hawks pass, O love! and doves
O'er yonder lodge shall coo their loves.
My love shall heal your wounded breast,
And in yon tall lodge two shall rest."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

BILL MASON'S BRIDE.

An incident in pioneer life. Bret Harte, the author of this poem, more than any other writer has interpreted the early life of the far West [illegible] the language and [illegible] one of the [illegible] literature.

HALF an hour till train time, sir,
An' a fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch lights.
Fetch in a stick when you're through.

"On time?" well, yes, I guess so—
Left the last station all right—
She'll come round the curve a flyin';
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No! He's engineer,
Been on the road all his life—
I'll never forget the morning
He married his chuck of a wife.
'Twas the summer the mill hands struck—
Just off work, every one;
They kicked up a row in the village
And killed old Donevan's son.

Bill hadn't been married mor'n an hour,
Up comes the message from Kress,
Orderin' Bill to go up there,
And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry,
And went up on number one,
Thinking of nothing but Mary,
And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat down by the window
To wait for the night express;
And, sir, if she hadn't a' done so,
She'd been a widow, I guess.

For it must a' been nigh midnight
When the mill hands left the Ridge—
They come down—the drunken devils!
Tore up a rail from the bridge.
But Mary heard 'em a workin'
And guessed there was something wrong
And in less than fifteen minutes,
Bill's train it would be along.

She couldn't come here to tell *us*,
A mile—it wouldn't a' done—
So she jest grabbed up a lantern,
And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir,
And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
A-swingin' it all the time.

Well! by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin',
On the track, in her weddin' dress;
Cryin' and laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light—
Hello! here's the train—good-bye, sir,
Bill Mason's on time to-night.

BRET HARTE

LITTLE BREECHES.

This famous poem was a great surprise to its author. Mr Hay deprecated the slang-poems of Bret Harte and wrote this in imitation of the latter's style with a hope of causing a laugh at the California poet, and reversing the public favor for his work. But instead of turning the literary appetite against Harte's productions, Hay was himself made famous and installed in popular esteem as a second Bret Harte

I don't go much on religion,
  I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
  On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
  And free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
  Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
  And my little Gabe come along—
No four year-old in the county
  Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
  Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd learnt him to chaw terbacker
  Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
  As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
  And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
  I heard one little squall
And hell-to-split over the prairie
  Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell to-split over the prairie;
  I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
  And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
  Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot—dead beat—but of little Gabe
  No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
  Of my fellow-critters' aid.
I jest flopped down on my marrow bones,
  Crotch deep in the snow, and prayed.

. . . . . .

By this, the torches was played out,
  And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
  That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
  Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
  So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
  As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
  An' that's what's the matter of me."

How did he get thar? Angels!
  He could never have walked in that storm;
They jest scooped down and toted him
  To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
  An' fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
  Than loafing around the Throne.

JOHN HAY.

DANIEL PERITON'S RIDE.

On the 31st day of May, 1889, one of the greatest disasters which ever happened in America was caused by the breaking of a dam in the Allegheny mountains, throwing the waters of a large lake into the Conemaugh River causing a wall of water to rush down the valley sweeping everything in its course. The city of Johnstown, Pa., was literally washed away and a thousand of people drowned. The following poem describes the ride of a daring horseman to warn the fated city of its coming doom.

All day long the river flowed,
  Down by the winding mountain road,
  Leaping and roaring in angry mood,
At stubborn rocks in its way that stood;
Sullen the gleam of its rippled crest,
Dark was the foam on its yellow breast;
The dripping bank on either side
But half-imprisoned the turgid tide.
By farm and village it quickly sped,—
The weeping skies bent low overhead,—
Foaming and rushing and tumbling down
Into the streets of pent Johnstown,
Down through the valley of Conemaugh,
Down from the dam of shale and straw,
To the granite bridge, where its waters pour,
Through the arches wide, with a dismal roar

All day long the pitiful tide,
Babbled of death on the mountain side;
And all day long with jest and sigh,
They who were doomed that day to die
Turned deafened ears to the warning roar
They had heard so oft and despised before

Yet women trembled—the mother's eyes
Turned oft to the lowering, woeful skies—
And shuddered to think what might befall

Should the flood burst over the earthen wall.
So all day long they went up and down,
Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

And all day long in the chilly gloom
Of a thrifty merchant's counting room,
O'er the ledger bent with anxious care
Old Periton's only son and heir.
A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,
Counting debit and credit the highest truth,
And profit and loss a more honored game
Than searching for laurels or fighting for fame.
He saw the dark tide as it swept by the door,
But heeded it not till his task was o'er;
Then saddled his horse,—a black-pointed bay,
High-stepping, high-blooded, grandson of Dismay;
Raw-boned and deep-chested, his eyes full of fire;
The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire;
Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,
And lean, bony head—his dam gave him these:
The foal of a racer transformed to a cob
For the son of the merchant when out of a job.
"Now I'll see," said Dan Periton, mounting the bay,
"What danger there is of the dam giving way!"

A marvelous sight young Periton saw
When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.
Seventy feet the water fell
With a roar like angry ocean's swell!
Seventy feet from the crumbling crest
To the rock on which the foundations rest!
Seventy feet fell the ceasless flow
Into the boiling gulf below!

Dan Periton's cheek grew pale with fear,
As the echoes fell on his startled ear,
And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide,
That hung on the rifted mountain side,
Held by that heap of stone and straw
O'er the swarming valley of Conemaugh!
The raw-boned bay with quivering ears
Displayed a brute's instinctive fears,
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,
Seized on the curb and turned to fly!

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,
Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him his head,
And down the steep valley they clattering sped.
Then the horse showed his breeding—the close gripping knees
Felt the strong shoulders working with unflagging ease
As mile after mile, 'neath the high blooded bay,
The steep mountain turnpike flew backward away,
While with outstretched neck he went galloping down
With the message of warning to perilled Johnstown,
Past farmhouse and village, while shrilly outrang,
O'er the river's deep roar and the hoof's iron clang,
His gallant young rider's premonitant shout,
"Fly! Fly to the hills! The waters are out!"
Past Mineral Point there came such a roar
As never had shaken those mountains before!
Dan urged the good horse then with word and caress;
'Twould be his last race, what mattered distress?
A mile farther on and behind him he spied
The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!
Then he plied whip and spur and redoubled the shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! The waters are out!"
Thus horseman and flood-tide came racing it down
The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry:

The blood ran off from his good steed's
side,
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;
His hair felt the touch of the eygre's
breath;
The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of
death;
Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and
droop—
He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!
But clear over all rang his last warning
shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! For the
waters are out!"
Then the tide reared its head and leaped
vengefully down
On the horse and his rider in fated Johns-
town!

That horse was a hero, so poets still say,
That brought the good news of the treaty to
Aix;
And the steed is immortal, which carried
Revere
Through the echoing night with his mes-
sage of fear;
And the one that bore Sheridan into the
fray,
From Winchester town, "twenty miles
away;"
But none of these merits a nobler lay
Than young Daniel Periton's raw-boned
bay
That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,
With the tide that rushed through the dam
of straw,
Roaring and rushing and tearing down
On the fated thousands in doomed Johns-
town!
In the very track of the eygre's swoop,
With Dan in the saddle and Death on the
croup,
The foam of his nostrils flew back on the
wind,
And mixed with the foam of the billow
behind.

A terrible vision the morrow saw
In the desolate valley of Conemaugh!
The river had shrunk to its narrow bed,
But its way was choked with heaped-up
dead.
'Gainst the granite bridge with its arches
four
Lay the wreck of a city that delves no
more;
And under it all, so the searchers say,
Stood the sprawling limbs of the gallant
bay,
Stiff cased in the drift of the Conemaugh.
A goodlier statue man never saw,—
Dan's foot on the stirrup his hand on the
rein!
So they shall live in white marble again;
And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the
group,
Of the race that he ran while Death sat on
the croup.

ALBION W. TOURGEE.

AUNT POLLY GREEN.

By permission of the Author.

At last the cottage was rented
That vacant had stood so long,
And the silent gloom of its chambers
Gave way to mirth and song,
Ever since the Sheriff sold it,
And poor Dobson moved away,
Not a sould had crossed the threshold
Till the strangers came in May;
Then the mould on the steps of marble
Was scoured and well rinsed off,
And the packed dead leaves of autumn
Were thrown from the dry pump trough;
And the windows were washed and pol-
ished,
And the paints and floors were scrubbed,
While the knobs and the hearthstone brasses
Were cleaned and brightly rubbed.

Now right across the turnpike
Lived old Aunt Polly Green,
And through the window lattice
The cottage could be seen.
There wasn't a bed or mattress,
There wasn't a thing untied,
Not a box, a trunk, or a bundle,
But what Aunt Polly spied.
Such high-toned, stylish neighbors
The village had never known;
And the family had no children—
The folks were all full-grown;
That is, there were two young ladies,
The husband and his wife,
"And she," said old Aunt Polly,
"Hain't seen a bit of life."

And so Aunt Polly watched them,
Oft heard the husband say,
"Good-bye, my love," when leaving
His wife but for the day;
And when he came at sunset
She saw them eager run,
Striving the wife and daughters
To be the favored one;
And as Aunt Polly, peeping,
Beheld his warm embrace,
And noted well the love-light
That lit the mother's face,
She shook her head and muttered,
"Them two hain't long been wed,
A pity for his first wife,
Who's sleepin' cold and dead.

"The poor thing died heart-broken,
Neglected by that brute,
Who, soon as she was buried,
Began his new love suit.
I know it,' said Aunt Polly,
"I see the hull thing through;
How kin he so forget her,
Who always loved him true?"
And tears of woman's pity
Streamed down Aunt Polly's face,
As in her mind she pictured
The dead wife's resting-place.
"To think," sobbed good Aunt Polly,
"How the daughters, too, behave,
When their poor and sainted mother
Fills a lone, forgotten grave."

One day when old Aunt Polly
Sat knitting, almost asleep,
When the shadows under the woodbine
Eastward began to creep,
A rosy cheeked, brown-eyed maiden
Walked up to the kitchen door,
Where never a soul from the cottage
Had dared to walk before:
'Tis true that she walked on tip-toe,
And cautiously peered around;
But she smiled and courtesied sweetly
When the one she sought was found:
"I rapped on the front door knocker,
And wondered where you could be,
So I hope you will pardon my boldness
In walking around to see."

"Boldness," said Polly, rising,
And fixing her glasses straight,
"Boldness ain't nothin' now'-days,
To some, at any rate.
Sit down in that chair and tell me
Who 'twas that sent you here;
And tell me how long ago, Miss,
You lost your mother dear."
The girl stood still, astonished,
She knew not what to say,
She wished herself in the cottage
That stood across the way.
"Now don't stand there a sulkin',
Have a little Christian shame,
Even if she is a bold one
That bears your fatner's name."

"Madam, or Miss," said the maiden,
"There's surely a great mistake,
Or else I must be dreaming—"
"No you hain't, you're wide awake;
I blame your bold stepmother
For learnin' you this deceit;
Now answer me true the question
Which again I must repeat—
When did you lose your mother,
And of what did the poor child die,
And wasn't her pale face pinched like,
And didn't she often sigh?
Horrors! jist look at the heathen,
A laughin' right in my face,
When speakin' about her mother,
In her last lone restin' place.'
"You say you were sent to invite me
To the cottage over the way,
That to-night's the celebration
Of your mother's marriage day,
And this is the silver weddin'
Of that young and frisky thing,
That for five and twenty summers
She's wore her plain gold ring?
Well, looks they are deceivin',
Why her hair's not one mite gray,
And her cheek is like a lily
Gathered for Easter day.
An' will I come? Yes, dearie;
But let me your pardon crave,
For I've been like an old fool weepin',
A-mournin' an empty grave."

GEO. M. VICKERS

POMPEII.

AND lo, a voice from Italy! It comes like the stirring of the breeze from the mountains! It floats in majesty like

the echo of the thunder! It breathes solemnity like a sound from the tombs! Let the nations hearken; for the slumber of ages is broken, and the buried voice of antiquity speaks again from the gray ruins of Pompeii.

Roll back the tide of eighteen hundred years. At the foot of the vine-clad Vesuvius stands a royal city; the stately Roman walks its lordly streets, or banquets in the palaces of its splendor. The bustle of busied thousands is there; you may hear it along thronged quays; it raises from the amphitheatre and the forum. It is the home of luxury, of gayety and of joy. There toged royalty drowns itself in dissipation: the lion roars over the martyred Christian; and the bleeding gladiator dies at the beck of applauding spectators. It is a careless, a dreaming, a devoted city.

There is a blackness in the horizon, and the earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the mountain! Hark! a roar, a crash! and the very foundations of the eternal hills are belched forth in a sea of fire! Woe for that fated city! The torrent comes surging like the mad ocean; it boils above wall and tower, palace and fountain, and Pompeii is a city of tombs!

Ages roll on: silence, darkness, and desolation are in the halls of buried grandeur. The forum is voiceless; and the pompous mansions are tenanted by skeletons! Lo! other generations live above the dust of long lost glory; and the slumber of the dreamless city is forgotten.

Pompeii beholds a resurrection! As summoned by the blast of the first trumpet, she hath shaken from her beauty the ashes of centuries, and once more looks forth upon the world, sullied and sombre, but interesting still. Again upon her arches, her courts, and her colonnades the sun lingers in splendor, but not as erst, when the reflected lustre from her marbles dazzled like the glory of his own true beam.

There, in their gloomy boldness, stand her palaces, but the song of carousal is hushed forever. You may behold the places of her fountains, but you will hear no murmur; they are as the water courses of the desert. There, too, are her gardens; but the barrenness of long antiquity is theirs. You may stand in her amphitheater, and you shall read utter desolation on its bare and dilapidated walls.

Pompeii! moldering relic of a former world! Strange redemption from the sepulcher! How vivid are the classic memories that cluster around thee! Thy loneliness is rife with tongues; for the shadows of the mighty are thy sojourners! Man walks thy desolated and forsaken streets, and is lost in his dreams of other days.

He converses with the genius of the past, and the Roman stands as freshly recalled as before the billow of lava had stiffened above him. A Pliny, a Sallust, a Trajan, are in his musing, and he visits their very homes. Venerable and eternal city! The storied urn to a nation's memory! A disentombed and risen witness for the dead! Every stone of thee is consecrated and immortal. Rome was; Thebes was; Sparta was; thou wast, and art still. No Goth or Vandal thundered at thy gates, or reveled in thy spoil.

Man marred not thy magnificence. Thou wast scathed by the finger of Him who alone knew the depth of thy violence and crime. Babylon of Italy! Thy doom was not revealed to thee. No prophet was there, when thy towers were tottering and the ashy darkness obscured thy horizon, to construe the warning. The wrath of God was upon thee heavily; in the volcano was the "hiding of His power;" and, like thine ancient sisters of the plain, thy judgment was sealed in fire!

THE FIRE-FIEND.

This dramatic sel[illegible] rare opportunity for manifesting [illegible]. In the description of the fire the delivery should be rapid.

HARK! hark! o'er the city, alarm bells
    ring out,
  Cling, clang! "fire, fire!" each tone
    seems to shout.
"Come on," cries a voice, "there is work
    to be done."
So forth for our steamer and horse-cart we
    run!
Here they are! Roll them out! now quick,
    let us fly!
"Clear the track! turn out! fire! fire!" is
    our cry.
"Ha! ha! here we are! Yes, the Fire-Fiend
    is out!

Just see the smoke roll, while the flames leap
about;
Unroll the hose, quick; pull to the tank,
boys;
Make fast the steamer now! listen to its
noise!
There go the water-jets high in the air!
Dash them on! higher! higher! flames
everywhere."

But stay! a wild cry rises loud o'er the din,
A woman is shrieking, "my child sleeps
within,
Help! help! can ye stand, oh men, here and
see
A little child die, yet do nothing for me?
She burns! she is lost!" shrieks the mother,
half wild,
"Are ye men? have ye hearts? then help
my poor child."

"Be calm," cried a fireman, young, sturdy
and brave,
"I die in yon flames, or your child I will save!
Ho! ladders, quick! quick! hoist them up
to the wall.—
Now, steady! God help me! Oh, what if I
fall?"
One glance up to heaven, one short prayer
he spoke,
Sprang up, and was hidden by darkness and
smoke.

On her knees sank the mother, lips moving
in prayer,
While fear sent a thrill through the crowd
gathered there.
Breathless silence prevailed, none speaking
a word,
While puffs from the engine alone could be
heard.
All eyes remained fixed on the window
above,
Where last stood a hero whom angels might
love.

"Will he ever come back?" No sound in
reply
Save the Fire Fiend's laugh, as he leaps up so
high,
Catching windows and doors, woodwork,
lintel and all,
While "burn with all speed," seems his
conquering call,
"Spare nothing, speed onward! In this I
delight!
Two victims are mine! I am king here to-
night."

Not so! Oh, not so! for 'mid joy-speaking
cheers,
A fireman with child on the ladder appears;
Blackened, yet safe, he descends to the
ground,
Gives the babe to its mother, then looks
calmly round,
"Thank God, that he gave me the strength
this to do!"
"We will," cried a voice, "but we also
thank *you!*"
The Fire-Fiend rushed by on his merciless
path;
At losing his victims he seemed full of
wrath;
He sputtered and hissed his unceasing re-
proof,
Until with a crash, inward tumbled the roof.
Then, 'mid water and work, 'mid laughter
and shout,
The Fiend slunk away, and the fire was out.

JESSIE GLENN.

CHANGING COLOR.

Suitable to home, Sunday school or church entertainment.

Oh, every one was sorry for Ned!
"It's a perfect shame," so the people
said;
"And who was Ned?" Why, don't you
know?
Ned was the deacon's daughter's beau,—
Honest and manly, hard to beat,
Five foot ten in his stocking feet.

Bess was the sweetest girl in the place,
With a soul as fair as her winsome face;
The deacon's daughter, kind and gay,
And used to having her own sweet way.
Now, *two* good people *may* agree,—
The deacon, Bess, and Ned make *three.*

Old Deacon Green was a "moneyed man;"
His motto was: "Get and keep if you can."
"Honest in all his dealings?" Yes,
Honest as you, or Ned, or Bess;
But charity had left his creed,
And he was stingy in thought and deed

"I tell you no man borrows from me;
If he wants any help let him find it," said he;
"And Bess, my girl, hear what I say,
You send that shiftless Ned away!
I have no use for the lazy dunce,
I heard that he borrowed a dollar once.

"Now when *I* borrow—you hear me, Bess?—
Then you may purchase your wedding-dress.
Until that time Ned Brown, you see,
Must be a minus quantity."
And Bessie murmured soft and low:
"That's something Ned would like to know."

That night the moon and the silent stars
Saw two young heads near the meadow bars,
And heard Bess say: "I think to-morrow
Some one will really have to borrow!"
Two hearts were happier, I know,
Because the new moon told me so.

Next morn, Bess seized her shopping-bag,
Harnessed the deacon's corpulent nag,
And drove to town; I wonder why
She chose that early hour to buy!

A small boy with a freckled face
Was standing near the market place;
He waved his cap when he saw sweet Bess,
As fair as a flower, in her muslin dress.
"Good-morning, Cousin Bob," said she;
"You're just the boy I want to see!

"I'll give all you ask, and more,
If you will ride to father's door,
And say to him, 'Bess is in town,
Going to marry that Ned Brown.'
After you tell him, drive away,
No matter what he has to say."

Imagine the deacon, if you can!
Poor Bob ne'er saw an uglier man
Than Deacon Green, that summer day
He watched his old nag trot away;
The words he used are hard to spell,
And really wouldn't do to tell.

"There is Bess in Blickingham town,
Ready to marry that scamp, Brown;
I can reach her as best I may—
Even my old nag's gone to-day!
The parson would lend me—I must borrow,
For Bess may not be there to-morrow."

The parson lent him his dapple gray,
And he made for the town without delay.
There stood Bess in the market-place,
And near her the determined face
Of our friend Brown was plainly seen—
A sight to madden Deacon Green.

The young folks entered the old town-hall,
The scene of many a county ball,
And Bessie's father walked in, too;
I wonder what he meant to do?
This much I know—the words then said
Came chiefly from the lips of Ned.

"Deacon Green, did you borrow the gray
That brought you to Blickingham town to-day?
You did? Then Bess shall be my wife,
And here's an end to all our strife!"
Said Bess: "I knew dear father meant
To give his full and free consent."

"But," gasped the deacon, "I never said
My daughter could marry you, Ned!"
"I heard you say," cried blue-eyed Bess,
"That I might purchase my wedding-dress
When you borrowed from any one.
And now, you see, the deed is done!

"It can't be helped; and, father dear,
Forgive us, won't you, now and here?"
The deacon frowned, but chuckled too:
"That's all you've left for me to do!
You're full of business, and I guess
Your head is pretty level, Bess;
You took your father's nag away,
And made him toe the mark to-day;
And though I'm *Green*, ere we leave town,
My only daughter shall be *Brown!*"

HATTIE G. CANFIELD.

LITTLE MEG AND I.

A sailor's story. Imitate the sailor style of speech and manner.

You asked me, mates, to spin a yarn, before we go below;
Well, as the night is calm and fair, and no chance for a blow,
I'll give one,— a story true as ever yet was told—
For, mates, I wouldn't lie about the dead; no, not for gold.

The story's of a maid and lad, who loved
in days gone by:
The maiden was Meg Anderson, the lad,
messmates, was I.

A neater, trimmer craft than Meg was very
hard to find;
Why, she could climb a hill and make five
knots agin the wind;
And as for larnin', hulks and spars! I've
often heard it said
That she could give the scholars points and
then come out ahead
The old school master used to say, and,
mates, it made me cry,
That the smartest there was little Meg; the
greatest dunce was I.

But what cared I for larnin' then, while
she was by my side;
For, though a lad, I loved her, mates, and
for her would have died;
And she loved me, the little lass, and often
have I smiled
When she said, "I'll be your little wife,"
'twas the prattle of a child.
For there lay a gulf between us, mates,
with the waters running high;
On one side stood Meg Anderson, on the
other side stood I.

Meg's fortune was twelve ships at sea and
houses on the land;
While mine—why, mates, you might have
held my fortune in your hand.
Her father owned a vast domain for miles
along the shore;
My father owned a fishing-smack, a hut,
and nothing more:
I knew that Meg I ne'er could win, no
matter how I'd try,
For on a couch of down lay she, on a bed
of straw lay I.

I never thought of leaving Meg, or Meg of
leaving me,
For we were young, and never dreamed
that I should go to sea,
Till one bright morning father said:
"There's a whale-ship in the bay:
I want you, Bill, to make a cruise—you go
aboard to-day."
Well, mates, in two weeks from that time I
bade them all good-bye,
While on the dock stood little Meg, and on
the deck stood I.

I saw her oft before we sailed, whene'er I
came on shore,
And she would say: "Bill, when you're
gone, I'll love you more and more;
And I promise to be true to you through
all the coming years."
But while she spoke her bright blue eyes
were filled with pearly tears.
Then, as I whispered words of hope and
kissed her eyelids dry,
Her last words were: "God speed you,
Bill!" so parted Meg and I.

Well, mates, we cruised for four long years,
till at last, one summer's day,
Our good ship, the "Minerva," cast anchor
in the bay
Oh, how my heart beat high with hope, as
I saw her home once more,
And on the pier stood hundreds, to welcome
us ashore;
But my heart sank down within me as I
gazed with anxious eye—
No little Meg stood on the dock, as on
the deck stood I.

Why, mates, it nearly broke my heart when
I went ashore that day,
For they told me little Meg had wed, while
I was far away.
They told me, too, they forced her to't—
and wrecked her fair young life—
Just think, messmates, a child in years, to
be an old man's wife.
But her father said it must be so, and what
could she reply?
For she was only just sixteen—just twenty-
one was I.

Well, mates, a few short years from then—
perhaps it may be four—
One blustering night Jack Glinn and I were
rowing to the shore,
When right ahead we saw a sight that made
us hold our breath—
There floating in the pale moonlight was a
woman cold in death.
I raised her up: oh, God, messmates, that
I had passed her by!
For in the bay lay little Meg, and over her
stood I.

C. T. Murphy.

Part V

PATHETIC READINGS

THERE is a charm in pathos, as there is a solace in tears. Sometimes "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." Poe declared that "all true pleasure must have in it the vein of sadness." Certain it is, that love and the holiest relations of life derive much of their sweetness from the minor chords that drive fond hearts closer together by the sad notes of some sympathetic refrain.

The selections in this department are as varied in character, that they may touch the largest possible number of conditions.

A CHAPTER FROM THE ANNALS OF THE POOR.

Should be rendered in a sorrowful tone, with great surprise and a show of joy at the middle of the fourth stanza and despairing [illegible] the close of the [illegible]

WHIST, sir! Would you plaze to spake aisy
And sit down there by the dure?
She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,
She hears every step on the flure,
What ails her? God knows! She's been weakly
For months, and the heat dhrives her wild;
The summer has wasted and worn her
Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have? Yes, she is, and God help me!
I'd three little darlings beside,
As purty as iver ye see, sir,
But won by won dhrooped like and died.
What was it that took them, ye're asking?
Why poverty, sure, and no doubt
They perished for food and fresh air, sir,
Like flowers dhried up in a drought.

It was dreadful to lose them? Ah, was it!
It seemed like my heart-strings would break.
But there's days when wid want and wid sorrow
I'm thankful they're gone—for their sake!
Their father? Well, sir, saints forgive me!
It's a foul tongue that lowers its own.
But what wid the sthrife and the liquor,
I'd better be sthrugglin alone!

Do I want to kape this wan? The darlint,
The last and dearest of all!
Shure you're niver a father yourself, sir,
Or you wouldn't be askin' at all!
What is that? Milk and food for the baby!
A docther and medicine free!
You're huntin' out all the sick children,
An' poor toilin' mothers, like me?

God bless you! an' thim that have sent you!
A new life you've given me, so,
Shure, sir, won't you look in the cradle
At the colleen you've saved, 'fore you go?
O mother o'mercies! have pity!
O darlint, why couldn't you wait!
Dead! dead! an' the help in the dureway
Too late! O, my baby! Too late!

THE AGED PRISONER.

Pathetic.

"NIGH on to twenty years
Have I walked up and down this dingy cell!
I have not seen a bird in all that time
Nor the sweet eyes of childhood, nor the flowers

That grow for innocent men,—not for the curst.
Dear God! for twenty years

"With every gray-white rock
I am acquainted; every seam and crack,
Each chance and change of color; every stone
Of this cold floor, where I by walking much
Have worn unsightly smoothness, that its rough
Old granite walls resent.

"My little blue-eyed babe,
That I left singing by my cottage door,
Has grown a woman—is perchance a wife.
To her the name of 'father' is a dream,
Though in her arms a nestling babe may rest,
And on her heart lie soft.

"Oh, this bitter food
That I must live on! this poisoned thought
That judges all my kind, because by men
I have been stripped of all that life holds dear—
Wife, honor, reputation, tender child—
For one brief moment's madness.

"If they had killed me then,
By rope, or rack, or any civil mode
Of desperate, cruel torture,—so the deed
Were consummated for the general good—
But to entomb me in these walls of stone
For twenty frightful years!

"Plucked at my hair—
Bleached of all color, pale and thin and dead—
My beard that to such sorry length has grown;
And could you see my heart, 'tis gray as these
All like a stony archway, under which
Pass funerals of dead hopes.

"To-morrow I go out!
Where shall I go? what friend have I to meet?
Whose glance will kindle at my altered voice?
The very dog I rescued from his kind
Would have forgotten me, if he had lived.
I have no home—no hope!"

An old man, bent and gray,
Paused at the threshold of a cottage door
A child gazed up at him with startled eyes
He stretched his wasted hands—then drew them back
With bitter groan: "So like my little one
Twenty years ago!"

A comely, tender face
Looked from the casement; pitying all God's poor,
"Come in, old man!" she said, with gentle smile.
And then from out the fullness of her heart,
She called him "Father," thinking of his age;
But he, with one wild cry,

Fell prostrate at her feet
"O child!" he sobbed, "now I can die.
When last
You called me father—was it yesterday?
No! no! your mother lived,—now she is dead!
And mine was living death—for twenty years—
For twenty loathsome years!"

Her words came falteringly:
"Are you the man—who broke my mother's heart?
No! no! O father,—speak!
Look up—forget!" Then came a stony calm.
Some hearts are broken with joy—some break with grief,
The old gray man was dead

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

Pathetic and reflective. Read in a slow and measured tone.

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life: not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small, tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour—the paths she had trodden, as it were, but yesterday—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not in this world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

"GOOD-NIGHT, PAPA."

THE words of a blue eyed child as she kissed her chubby hand and looked down the stairs, "Good night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening, as the mother slipped the white night gown over the [illegible] shoulders, the little one stopped on [illegible] stairs and sang out, "Good-night, pap[illegible]" [illegible] as the father heard the silvery a[illegible] of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled, and a swift prayer went up, for, strange to say, this man, who loved his child with all the warmth of his great noble nature, had one fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he loved the wine cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed.

Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand. Alas, for frail humanity, insensible to the calls of love! With unutterable tenderness God saw there was no other way; this father was dear to him, the purchase of his Son; he could not see him perish, and, calling a swift messenger, he said, "Speed thee to earth and bring the babe."

"Good-night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? was it the echo of the mandate, "Bring me the babe"?—a silvery, plaintive sound, a lingering music that touched the father's heart, as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling;" but his lips quivered and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light."

"Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick?"

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

"That is all, she is only tired," said the mother as she took the small hand. Another

kiss and the father turned awa[illegible] [illegible]ut his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabies were sung; but Jessie was restless and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma;" and the mother told of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide open eyes filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib, the long weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth—Jessie was smitten with the fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said; "a few days of good nursing, and she will be all right."

Words easy said; but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had seen before. He knew the message was at the door.

Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good night, papa;" and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

"O God, spare her! I cannot, cannot bear it!" was wrung from his suffering heart.

Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With her babe cradled in her arms her heart was slow to take in the truth, doing her best to solace the father's heart; "A light case! the doctor says, 'Pet will soon be well.'"

Calmly as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried, "Spare her, O God! spare my child, and I will follow Thee."

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie's too sick; can't say good night, papa—in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold; the messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots with the print of the feet just as she last wore them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good night, papa, Jessie see you in the morning," has been the means of winning to a better way one who had shown himself deaf to every former call.

AMERICAN MESSENGER.

POOR LITTLE JIM.

Suitable for Church Entertainment.

[illegible]

THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean.
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death bed of her child:
A little worn out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life:
For she had all a mother's heart had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words from him
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim.
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but oh! I am so dry.
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;

QUITE ABSORBED

A PLEASING POSE, BY FLORENCE ROCKWELL

LUXURY WITHOUT LOVE, BY CARRIE RADCLIFFE

He smiled to thank her as he took each
little, tiny sip,
"Tell father, when he comes from work, I
said good night to him,
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas!
poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child
she loved so dear
Had uttered the last words she might ever
hope to hear:
The cottage door is opened, the collier's
step [illegible]
The father and the mother meet, yet neither
speaks a word.

He felt that all was over, he knew [illegible]
was [illegible]
He took the candle in his hand and [illegible]
toward [illegible]
His quivering lips [illegible] token of [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]
[illegible]
With hearts bowed [illegible]
[illegible]
In hea[illegible]
[illegible]

IN THE [illegible] DRAWER

I[illegible]

somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our every day existence with a pall. Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is so still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to [illegible] at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry [illegible], and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents; and I never find the [illegible] over the broom down, or [illegible] the door knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my [illegible] me to the gate when I go, [illegible] when I come; to call "good night" from the little bed, now empty. And wife, she misses him still [illegible] are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say; no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life [illegible] at midnight and look [illegible] and see our boy there as [illegible]

So we [illegible] our relics; and when we [illegible] that strangers will handle [illegible] they shed no tears [illegible]

POOR LITTLE JOE.

[illegible]

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,
Fur I've brought you sumpin' great.
[illegible] N[illegible] ght better?
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them
[illegible]
[illegible] air, Joey?
[illegible] don't cry?
[illegible]

All amongst a lot of bushes—
Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it—
Pretty! Mebbe not! Oh, no!
Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
And I puts on lots o' cheek.
"Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,
Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus—
Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
How I bringed you up—poor Joe!
Lackin' women folks to do it,
Sich a imp you was, you know—
Till yer got that awful tumble,
Jist as I had broke yer in
Hard work, too, to earn yer livin'
Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
Fur the first time with yer crutch.
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
'Pears to weaken every day."
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
You is quite yerself to-night;
Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit
Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!
Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the country, did you?
Flowers growin' everywhere!
Some time when you're better, Joey,
Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;
Dunno much about it, though;
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
That in heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful—
B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
Likewise there folks don't git hungry;
So good people, when they dies,
Finds themselves well fixed forever—
Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made fur such as you is—
Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!
Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey!
Oh, my God, can Joe be *dead?*

PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

OUR FOLKS.

"HI! Harry Holly! Halt,—and tell
A fellow just a thing or two;
You've had a furlough, been to see
How all the folks in Jersey do.
It's months ago since I was there,—
I, and a bullet from Fair Oaks.
When you were home,—old comrade, say,
Did you see any of our folks?
You did? Shake hands,—Oh, ain't I glad;
For if I do look grim and rough,
I've got some feelin'—People think
A soldier's heart is mighty tough;
But, Harry, when the bullets fly,
And hot saltpetre flames and smokes,
While whole battalions lie afield,
One's apt to think about his folks.
And so you saw them—when? and where?
The old man—is he hearty yet?
And mother—does she fade at all?
Or does she seem to pine and fret
For me? And Sis?—has she grown tall?
And did you see her friend—you know
That Annie Moss—(How this pipe chokes!)
Where did you see her?—tell me, Hal,
A lot of news about our folks.
You saw them in the church, you say;
It's likely, for they're always there.
Not Sunday? no? A funeral? Who?
Who, Harry? how you shake and stare!
All well, you say, and all were out.
What ails you, Hal? Is this a hoax?
Why don't you tell me, like a man,
What is the matter with our folks?"
"I said all well, old comrade, true;

I say all well, for He knows best
Who takes the young ones in His arms,
Before the sun goes to the west
The axe-man Death deals right and left
And flowers fall as well as oaks;
And so—fair Annie blooms no more!
And that's the matter with your folks.
See, this long curl was kept for you;
And this white blossom from her breast
And here—your sister Bessie wrote
A letter, telling all the rest.
Bear up, old friend." Nobody speaks;
Only the old camp-raven croaks,
And soldiers whisper: "Boys, be still;
There's some bad news from Grainger's folks."
He turns his back—the only foe
That ever saw it—on this grief,
And, as men will, keeps down the tears
Kind Nature sends to Woe's relief.
Then answers he, "Ah, Hal, I'll try;
But in my throat there's something chokes,
Because, you see, I've thought so long
To count her in among our folks.
I s'pose she must be happy now,
But still I will keep thinking too,
I could have kept all trouble off,
By being tender, kind and true.
But maybe not. She's safe up there,
And when His hand deals other strokes,
She'll stand by Heaven's gate, I know,
And wait to welcome in our folks."

ETHEL LYNN.

THE OLD MAN'S VIGIL.

By the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil, sad and tender,
Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight shadows, brown,
Slowly from the wall and window, chased the sunset's golden splendor
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking, (for her spirit seemed to hover
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the bedtime cares of this),
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling as he bent above her,
Answered "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could he tell her? All the treasures
Of their household lay in silence many years beneath the snow
But her heart was with them [illegible] among her t[illegible] and ple[illegible]
Long a[illegible]

And again [illegible] sweet [illegible]
"Where [illegible] aries [illegible]
and [illegible] ave th[illegible]
"They a[illegible] the old [illegible] falte[illegible]—
"a[illegible] children are together,
Sa[illegible] om."

Then he [illegible] mur[illegible] gentle soothings but his grief grew strong and stronger,
Till it choked and stilled him as he held and kissed her wrinkled hand,
For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fondest words no longer
Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies and broken verses,
Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's loving he[illegible]
While the midnight rou[illegible] mo[illegible] left to sorrow's bitte[illegible]
Wrapped its weeds

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old man listened, lonely
Till they led him from the chamber with the burden on his breast
For the faithful wife and mother, his early love and only
Lay at rest

"Fare—you—well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you will meet the babes before me;
'Tis a little while for neither can the parting long abide
And you soon will come and call me, and kind Heaven will then restore me
To your side."

It was even so. The springtime, in the steps of winter treading,
Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the old man closed his eyes;
And they buried him by Sarah—and they had their "diamond wedding"
In the skies.

"LIMPY TIM."

A Pathetic Selection Easy to Recite.

ABOUT the big post-office door
  Some boys were selling news,
    While others earned their slender store
By shining people's shoes.

They were surprised the other day
  By seeing "Limpy Tim"
Approach in such a solemn way
  That they all stared at him.

"Say, boys, I want to sell my kit;
  Two brushes, blacking-pot
And good stout box—the whole outfit;
  A quarter buys the lot."

"Goin' away?" cried one. "O no,"
  Tim answered, "not to-day;
But I do want a quarter so,
  And I want it right away."

The kit was sold, the price was paid,
  When Tim an office sought
For daily paper; down he laid
  The money he had brought.

"I guess, if you'll lend me a pen,
  I'll write myself," he sighed;
With slowly moving fingers then
  He wrote this notice, "DIED—

Of scarlet fever—Litul Ted—
  Aged three—gon up to heven—
One brother left to mourn him dead—
  Funeral to-morrow—eleven."

"Was it *your* brother?" asked the man
  Who took the notice in;
Tim tried to hide it, but began
  To quiver at the chin.

The more he sought himself to brace
  The stronger grew his grief;
Big tears came rolling down his face,
  To give his heart relief.

"By selling out—my kit—I found—
  That quarter—" he replied;
"But he had his arms around
  My neck—when he d—died."

Tim hurried home but soon the news
  Among the boys was spread;
They held short, quiet interviews
  Which straight to action led.

He had been home an hour, not more,
  When one with naked feet
Laid down Tim's kit outside his door,
  With flowers white and sweet.

Each little fellow took a part,
  His penny freely gave
To soothe the burdened brother's heart,
  And deck the baby's grave.

Those flowers have faded since that day,
  The boys are growing men,
But the good God will yet repay
  The deed He witnessed then.

The light which blessed poor "Limpy Tim"
  Decended from above—
A ladder leading back to Him
  Whose Christian name is LOVE.

T. HARLEY.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Composed by Burns, in September, 178[illegible], on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Ca[illegible].

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
  That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget—
  Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
  To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
  Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
  Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
  O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
  Twined amorous round the raptured scene;

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
  The birds sang love on every spray—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear
My Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hears't thou the groans that rend his
    breast?

ROBERT BURNS

THE DYING BOY.

To be delivered in a natural sympathetic [illegible]

A FRIEND of mine, seeking for objects of charity, reached the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through a hole in the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in the place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them lay a boy about ten years old

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Hush, please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a hiding."

"What are you hiding for?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir"

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush, don't tell him. But look here" He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was terribly bruised and his skin was broken

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"What did he beat you for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal"

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a street thief once."

"And why won't you steal anymore?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God and of heaven, and of Jesus, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again, if my father kills me for it. But please don't tell him"

"My boy, you musn't stay here. You'll die Now you wait patiently here for a little time, I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you; sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing my little hymn"?

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn"

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

[illegible]

[illegible]

"That's the little hymn, sir. Goodbye."

The gentleman hurried away for restoratives and help, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, there were the shavings, and there was the little motherless boy with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom—*dead*. Oh, I thank God that He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," did not say "respectable children," or "well-educated children." No, He sends His angels into the homes of poverty and sin and crime, where you do not like to go, and brings out His redeemed ones, and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness.

JOHN B GOUGH

THE SINGER'S CLIMAX.

"IF you want to hear 'Annie Laurie' sung come to my house to night," said a man to his friend "We have a love-lorn fellow in the village who

was sadly wrecked by the refusal of a young girl to whom he had been paying attention for a year or more. It is seldom he will attempt the song, but when he does I tell you he draws tears from eyes unused to weeping."

A small select party had assembled in a pleasant parlor, and were gayly chatting and laughing when a tall young man entered whose peculiar face and air instantly arrested attention. He was very pale, with that clear, vivid complexion which dark haired consumptives so often have; his locks were as black as jet, and hung profusely upon a square white collar; his eyes were very large and spiritual, and his brow was such a one as a poet should have. But for a certain wandering look, a casual observer would have pronounced him a man of uncommon intellectual powers. The words "poor fellow," and "how sad he looks" went the rounds as he came forward, bowed to the company, and took his seat. One or two thoughtless girls laughed as they whispered that he was "love cracked," but the rest of the company treated him with respectful deference.

It was late in the evening when singing was proposed, and to ask him to sing "Annie Laurie" was a task of uncommon delicacy. One song after another was sung, and at last that one was named. At its mention the young man grew deadly pale, but he did not speak; he seemed instantly to be lost in reverie.

"The name of the girl who treated him so badly was Annie," said a lady, whispering to the new guest, "but oh! I wish he would sing it; nobody else [illegible]"

"No one dares to sing 'Annie Laurie' before you, Charles," said an elderly lady. "Would it be too much for me to ask you to favor the company with it?" she asked, timidly.

He did not reply for a moment; his lips quivered, and then looking [illegible] at he s[illegible] [illegible] was hushed. It seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel. The tones vibrated through nerves and pulse and heart and made one shiver with the pathos of his feeling. [illegible] was heard melody in a human voice like that—so plaintive, so soulful, so tender and earnest.

He sat with his head thrown back, his eyes half closed, the locks of dark hair glistening against his pale temple, his fine throat swelling with the rich tones, his hands lightly folded before him, and as he sung

"And [illegible] Annie Laurie
[illegible]"

it seemed as if he shook from head to foot with emotion. Many a lip trembled, and there was no jesting, no laughing, but instead tears in more than one eye.

And on he sung and on, holding every one in rapt attention, till he came to the last verse:

[illegible]

He paused before he added,

"[illegible] Annie Laurie
[illegible]"

There was a long and solemn pause. The black locks seemed to grow blacker, the white temples whiter—almost imperceptibly the head kept falling back, the eyes were close shut. One glanced at another; all seemed awe struck. The same person who had urged him to sing laid her hand gently on his shoulder, saying

"Charles! Charles!"

Then came a hush—a thrill of horror crept through every frame—the poor, tried heart had ceased to beat. Charles, the [illegible] traved, was dead!

THE PROGRESS OF MADNESS.

[illegible]

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
He is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I am now too well I know,
[illegible] what I was, and what should be!
I'll rave no more in proud despair
[illegible] thou
[illegible]
I am not mad! I am not mad!

[illegible] forget the tale
[illegible] in this dismal [illegible]
[illegible] my friends [illegible]

O! jailer, haste that fate to tell!
O! haste my father's heart to cheer;
His heart at once 't will grieve and glad,
To know, though chained a captive here,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn—he turns the key—
He quits the grate—I knelt in vain!
His glimmering lamp still, still I see—
'T is gone—and all is gloom again!
Cold, bitter cold!—no warmth, no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad! no, no—not mad!

'T is sure some dream—some vision vain!
What! I—the child of rank and wealth—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head!
But 't is not mad! it is not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot e'er this
A parent's face, a parent's tongue?
I'll ne'er forget thy parting kiss,
Nor round my neck how fast you clung!
Nor how with me you sued to stay,
Nor how that suit my foes forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away—
They'll make me mad! they'll make me mad!

Thy rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
Thy mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever saw a lovelier child!
And art thou now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, gracious, noble lad?—
I *will* be free! Unbar the door!
I am not mad! I am not mad!

O, hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks!
He comes! I see his glaring eyes!
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes!
Help! help!—he's gone! O, fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain! I know, I know,
I am not mad—but soon shall be!

Yes, soon; for, lo! now, while I speak,
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me—now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air!
Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad!
Ay, laugh, ye fiends! I feel the truth!
Your task is done—I'm mad! I'm mad!

M. G. Lewis.

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

"There Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until 1.05 A. M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded stupid carelessness."

"*She!* you fool! What else could you expect of her? Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poor house. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mince meat of you!"

"You've missed your train, marm."

A trembling hand raised a faded black veil and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now, you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1.05."

"Very well, sir, I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9.50 train going east; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare, indeed, that any

one takes the night express, and almost always after I have struck ten, the depot becomes silent and empty.

The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and danced, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor pinched face!

"I can't believe it," she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh! I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them, and how often they used to say back to me, [illegible] mamma, and now [illegible] God [illegible] Where am I going? To the poor house! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh the disgrace! [illegible]" she sobbed out [illegible] me thus [illegible] [illegible]

The wind [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] seemed to sob like something human [illegible] out! I began to [illegible] but the [illegible] figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Summons turned over and drew his heavy blanket [illegible]

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and, [illegible] lost the run of things after I had struck two [illegible] some one [illegible] the depot with a bright light. I started [illegible] the brightest light I ever saw [illegible] [illegible] 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say:

"'Tis train time [illegible]

[illegible]

Then give [illegible]

She [illegible] a worn old book, which he took and from it read aloud; "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"

The light died away and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of [illegible]. Summons awoke with a start and [illegible] his lantern. The whistle shouted down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, marm; 'tis train time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white, set face, and, dropping the lantern, fled.

The up train halted, the conductor shouted, "All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy," and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So on the second day they buried her.

[illegible] look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me, and when I think of the strange occurrence of that night, I know she went out on the other train, that never stopped at the [illegible]

—

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light; no fire!
Cold on the earth the last faint sparks [illegible]
[illegible] she watches by the cradle-side,
[illegible] who pledged her love—last year a bride!

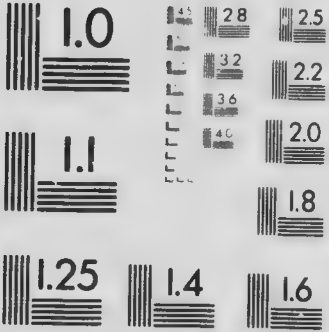
Hark! 'tis his footstep! No! 'tis past!—'tis gone!
[illegible]—tick!—"How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
And I believed 'twould last!—How mad!—How blind!"

Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry

THE VICAR AND OLIVIA

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No 2



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

"I'VE A MIND TO CALL HIM BACK
I WISH I HADN'T TOLD HIM 'NO'"

Sleep!—for there is no food! —the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes! he's there! he's there!
For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for *you*,
My child! his child! Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes two.

Hark! how the sign board creaks! The blast howls by,
Moan! Moan! a dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes! he comes once more!"
Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness to pray,
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! it cannot be! He will be here!

Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband! I die!—Father! It is not he!
O God? protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay, frozen on its mother's breast;
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reigned around;—the clock struck four!

REYNELL COATES.

THE OLD SPINSTER.

By Permission of the Author.

No, she never was married, but was to have been—
At the time she was running the loom—
But the fact'ry burned down, some were mangled and scarred,
And her lover was never her groom,
As he wedded a handsomer girl.

To the stranger, old Rachel was ugly indeed,
For her features were grim and distorted;
Tho' in years long gone by she was lovely and fair,
As the hopes of her life that were thwarted
By the dreadful mishap in the mill.

But beneath the plain calico gown that she wore,
Beat a heart that was loving and tender—
As the villagers knew—and man, woman or child
'Gainst the merest rude speech would defend her,
So well was the poor woman loved.

And right many's the maid, who, bewailing her woe,
Has told Rachel the slight that distressed her,
Only soon to trip on with a happier look,
While the silly goose inwardly blessed her,
For her comforting words and advice.

Then the urchins have gone to her, covered with mud,
Afraid to go home—perhaps crying—
But old Rachel (the remedy) washed out the stains,
And they laughed while their garments were drying,
In the yard at the back of her cot.

When the villagers slept, and the cricket and owl,
And the rustling of leaves were unheeded,

In the room of the sick, by the flickering
  light
Was she seen, where her presence was
  needed,
While her gaunt shadow danced on the
  wall.

And the outcasts who begged at her door
  for a crust,
Ere they went on their wearisome ways,
Felt that one thought them human and
  pitied their fate,
Who recalled the remembrance of earlier
  days,
And who reckoned them not by their rags.

But the weight of her grief which was
  never revealed,—
Save to Jesus—the friend of the lowly—
Bore her down—and the sands of her
  desolate life,
Which for years had been ebbing out
  slowly,
Ceased to run—and her spirit was freed.

When the villagers stood at the side of her
  grave,
When the gray-headed preacher's voice
  faltered,
When the tears trickeled down the bronzed
  cheeks of the men—
Oh! her beauty seemed fresh and unaltered
As when happy she worked in the mill.

And oft where she lies a bent form can be
  seen
When the twilight is deepening its
  shadows:
And the sweetest of flow'rets are found on
  her tomb,
All fresh from the dew-gleaming meadows;
Yet who gathers them no one can tell.

GEO. M. VICKERS.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

The following poem by Miss Phila H. Case originally appeared, 18[illegible]7. It has been noticed and copied and sung and taken almost everywhere, even finding its way into more than one English publication, and has really become a little "nobody's child," so far as its authorship and due credit are concerned.

ALONE, in the dreary, pitiless street,
  With my torn old dress and bare cold
    feet,
All day I wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and
  dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare
  head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so
  wild?
It is because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things
  bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat.

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes
  down
In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavements alone to die?
When the beautiful children their prayers
  have said,
And mammas have tucked them up snugly
  in bed.
No dear mother ever upon me smiled—
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's
  child!

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me; e'en the little
  dogs run
When I wander too near them; 'tis won-
  drous to see,
How everything shrinks from a beggar like
  me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but, sometimes, when
  I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright
  star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild
  bird
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame;

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above,
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue
eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary
night,
I am going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so
wild—
I am sure I shall then be somebody's
child.

PHILA H. CASE.

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

THE night-wind with a desolate moan
swept by,
And the old shutters of the turret
swung
Creaking upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken
panes,
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and
came.
The fire beneath his crucible was low,
Yet still it burned; and ever, as his
thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrank back
Upon his pallet, and, with unclosed lips,
Muttered a curse on death!

The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the
fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips com
pressed,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself

"I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do:
I thought to pierce th' eternal secret
through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt,—Oh, God! it seemeth even now
This cannot be the death dew on my brow;
Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day,—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would *know* something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

"Vain,—vain,—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows
sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and
thick,
And I am freezing,—burning,—
Dying! Oh, God! if I might only live!
My phial—Ha! it thrills me,—I revive.
"Aye—were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge
here—
Could he but train his eye—
Might he but wait the mystic word and
hour—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

"This were indeed to feel
The soul thirst slacken at the living
stream,—
To live, Oh, God! that life is but a dream!
And death—Aha! I reel,—
Dim—dim—I faint, darkness comes o'er
my eye—
Cover me! save me!—God of heaven!
I die!"

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and
his lips,
Open and ashy pale, the expression wore
Of his death struggle. His long silvery
hair
Lay on his hollow temples, thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

The storm was raging still. The shutter
swung,
Creaking as harshly in the fitful wind,

And all without went on, —as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out.
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small rod.
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire,—a sun-bent eagle stricken,
From his high soaring, down,—an instru
ment
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how
poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath out-
flown
His strength upon the sea, ambition
wrecked —
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

THE BRIDGE.

A favorite haunt of Longfellow's was the bridge between Boston and Cambridge, over which he had to pass almost daily. The following poem was the result of one of his reflections while [illegible]

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight.
As the clocks were striking the
hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower ;

And like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea ;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each having his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Part VI

HUMOROUS AND DIALECTIC

The humorous side of life, like the serious side has its literature, and it is a literature of untold wealth. In fact, pathos and laughter are the closest of kin, in their origin as well as in the pleasurable and beneficial effects they produce upon mind and body. Physiologists tell us that the lacrymal glands and the risible muscles are the nearest of neighbors in the human countenance.

"God would not have given man a laughter if he had not meant he should laugh," said the inimitable Rev Sam Jones, the evangelist Laughter is both pleasant and profitable. Thousands of evils and ills have been laughed out of existence. "Humor" says Whipple "is the very juice of the mind, oozing from the brain and enriching and fertilizing wherever it falls—it glides into the heart of its object, and looks amusingly but lovingly upon the infirmities it detects

The following selections are so varied and broad in character that something may be found suitable to all sorts of occasions.

THE WIDDY O'SHANE'S RINT.

Irish Dialect.

Whisht there! Mary Murphy, doan think me insane,
But I'm dyin' ter tell ye of Widdy O'Shane:
She as lives in the attic nixt mine, doan ye know
An' does the foine washin' for ould Misther Shnow.

Wid niver a chick nor a child ter track in,
Her kitchen is always as nate as a pin;
An' her cap an' her apron is always that clane—
Och, a moighty foine gurrel is the Widdy O'Shane.

An' wud ye belave me, on Saturday night
We heard a rough stip comin' over our flight;
An' Mike, me ould man, he jist hollered to me,
"Look out av the door, an see who it moight be."

An' I looked, Mary Murphy, an' save me if there
Wusn't Thomas Mahone on the uppermost stair,
(He's the landlord; ye re seen him yerself, wid a cane),
An' he knocked on the door of the Widdy O'Shane.

An' I whispered to Michael "Now what can it mane
That his worship is calling on Widdy O'Shane?"
Rint day comes a Friday wid us, doan you see,
So I knew that it wusn't collectin' he d be

"It must be she owes him some money for rint.
Though the neighbors do say that she pays to the cint,

You take care of the baby, Michael Brady,'
says I
"An' I'll pape through the keyhole, I will,
if I die."

The howly saints bliss me! what shuldn't I
see
But the Widdy O'Shane sittin' pourin' the
tea;
An' the landlord wus there, Misther Thomas
Mahone,
A sittin' one side ov the table alone.
An' he looked at the Widdy O'Shane, an'
sez he,
"It's a privilege great that ye offer ter me;
Fer I've not once sat down by a fair woman's
side
Since I sat down by her that I once called
me bride

"An' is it ye're poor now, Widdy O'Shane;
Ye're a dacent woman, both tidy and clane;
An' we're both av us here in the wurruld
alone,
Wud ye think of unitin' wid Thomas
Mahone?'
Then the Widdy O'Shane put the tea kettle
down,
An' she says, "Misther Thomas, your name
is a crown;
I take it most gladly"—an' then me ould
man
Hollered, "Bridget, cum in here, quick as
yer can"

So then Mary Murphy, I riz off that floor,
An' ran into me attic an' bolted the door;
An' I sez to me Michael, "Now isn't it
mane?
She'll have no rint to pay, will that Widdy
O'Shane."

WAS IT JOB THAT HAD WARTS ON HIM?

Practice to imitate the three voices distinctly.

[illegible]

"PA," said young Mulkittle, "Was it Job that had warts on him?"

"Didn't I tell you," exclaimed the father, "that I would punish you if you ever again attempted to question me in regard to the Bible?"

But I want to know

"Why don't you instruct the child?" asked Mrs. Mulkittle.

"Because he's too foolish to be taught anything. He dosen't really want to know; he merely wants to talk."

After remaining silent for a few moments Mr. Mulkittle suddenly remembered that he had not answered the boy's question in regard to Job, and not wishing to leave the child under the impression that the biblical example of patience was afflicted with warts he exslaimed, "No!"

"No what?" asked the boy in surprise.

"I say that Job did not have warts."

"What was the matter with him?"

"He had boils."

"Did God make the boils come on him?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"To test his patience."

"How?"

"Why, to see—that is—to determine the extent of Job's fidelity."

"Job didn't want the boils, did he?"

"I suppose not."

"But God wanted him to have 'em, didn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And if God wanted you to have boils you'd have 'em wouldn't you?"

"I think so."

"But you don't want 'em, do you?"

"No."

"But if God wanted you to have 'em you'd have to have 'em, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"But you don't want God to want you to have to have 'em—"

"Dry up, sir! You never will have any sense. I am ashamed of you, and don't want to associate with you," and the good man went into his study and composed a sermon on the "Early Instruction of Children."

BABY IN CHURCH.

Amusing at Sunday School or Church Entertainment.

AUNT NELLIE had fashioned a dainty
thing,
Of Hamburg and ribbon and lace.
And mamma had said, as she settled it
round

Our beautiful baby's face,
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies
Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes ;
"If the day is pleasant and baby is good
She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,
In elder-brotherly way,
How very, very good she must be
If she went to church next day.
He told of the church, the choir, and the crowd,
And the man up in front who talked so loud ;
But she must not talk, nor laugh, nor sing,
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,
When the fruit-buds burst into flowers,
(There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree
So fair as this blossom of ours.)
All in her white dress, dainty and new,
Our baby sat in the family pew.
The grand, sweet music, reverent air,
The solemn hu[illegible] [illegible]d the voice of prayer

Filled all he[illegible] [illegible]aby soul with awe,
As she s[illegible] in her little place,
And the holy look that the angels wear
Seemed pictured upon her face.
And the sweet words uttered so long ago
Come into my mind with a rhythmic flow ;
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said He,
And I knew that He spake of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,
The collection box came round,
And baby dropped her penny in,
And smiled at the clinking sound.
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,
Waiting the close of the soft prelude,
To begin her solo. High and strong,
She struck the first note : clear and long

She held it, and all were charmed but one,
Who, with all the might she had,
Sprang to her little feet and cried :
"*Aunt Nellie, vous being bad!*"
The audience smiled, the minister coughed,
The little boys in the corner laughed,
The tenor man shook like an aspen leaf,
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie never could tell
How she finished that terrible strain,
But says that nothing on earth would tempt
Her to go through the scene again.
So, we have decided perhaps 'tis best,
For her sake, ours, and all the rest,
That we wait, maybe, for a year or two
Ere our baby re-enter the family pew.

DE CAMPANE OB NINETEEN HUNDRED.

[illegible]

"F[illegible] Citizens o[illegible] D[illegible] Lam'kin Club in' de United State[illegible] I hev no doubt dat in yo'r minds yo' am axin why dis whenceness, an what has become ob [illegible] goneness which has heretofo' greeted yo' in dis hall. Look about yo' an' read de signs. I hev had my ear to d[illegible] [illegible] an' heard de boom ob de open'g gun. (Cheers.)

Bend yo'r ear to de east, an' yo' h'ar a whoopin' an' a shoutin'. It's de millyons gittin' ready to jine in de campaign. Bend yo'r ear to de west, an' yo' h'ar a screechin' an' a yellin'. It's de millyons gittin' ready fur a row. (Whoop.) It's de same in de no'th an' de south. Fo' y'ars h[illegible]s rolled around ag'in, an' ebery man from Maine to California feels dat de fate of de United Staits rests upon his vote. (Howls of enthusiasm.) O'er dar on de wall is a sign readin' 'Whar Do yo' Stand?' Dat's what each an' ebery man ob yo' wants to keep axin' hisself till yo' feel as firmly settled as a cow in de quickstands. Don't make no mistake about it. In religun yo' k'n wobble about from Baptist to Methodist an' back ebery five or six weeks an' be saved in de 'and, but de man who sots out to save No'th America can't do no wobblin'. (Cries of 'No, no!') He's got to find out whar he stands an' stick to it.

"Havin' opened dis campaign wid a whoop, we hev got to stick right to it an' close wid a yell. ('We will!') De man who starts in to save his kentry has no time to go fishin' or roost on a rail fence. He's got to keep right at work day an' night, an' he's got to keep his enthoosiasum up to de b'ilin' pint eben if de watermillyon crap am a failure an' all de possums go ober to de opposition. (Whoops.)

"I spoke to yo' ob liberty an' freedom. Dem am our guidin' principles, but dar will be other principles to fit in wid dem to make up a glorious whole. (Agitation.) Fur instance, it has bin diskivered dat a pusson kin hold office an' save de United States from a collapse at de same time. (Cheers.)

"Fur instance, agin, I hev taken a two-foot rule an' measured it off an' satisfied myself dat de mo' de salary attached to de office de greater de patriotism ob de man who holds it. (Shouts for George Washington and Patrick Henry.)

"Lettin' go ob North America fur a moment an' speakin' fur de cull'd race alone, we hev hitherto gone on de principle dat de office should seek de man. It has allus happened, howeber, dat when de office cum seekin' de man he wasn't home, an' it passed on to the Caucasian. (Groans.) I reckon we shall make a change in dat principle. It's quite likely dat de cull'd man will start out to seek office, instead of waitin', an' dat he'll find it, too. (Applause which extinguished two lamps and wabbled the stovepipe.)

"In dis, de openin' ob de campaign, it may be as well dat we announce our platform. Experience in yellin' fur candidates all day an' carryin' a torchlight around all de evenin' has taught me dat nobody kin start out widout a platform. It's like puttin' on a suit ob clothes. Yo' am gwine to judge a man by de looks of de cloth. Nobody ever sticks to de platform after he's got de crowd follerin' him around, but it's got to be dar to begin wid.

"An we shall take as our emblem an' as our mascot a possum hangin' from de limb ob a tree by its tail. We shall be known as the Possum Party. De possum, he lays low. When yo' reckon he's dead, he's foolin' yo'. He represents patience an perseverance. He'll git dar when de b'ar an' de coon won't stand no show. In dis hall at our next meetin' will hang our emblem, an' ebery man who am fur honest guberment will wear de Possum badge on his breast. (Tremendous and long continued yells for possums, liberty an' our side.)

"An' now let us march for'ard to victory. We hev sot our faces to de front, an' dere will be no turnin' back. Liberty fust, dem principle, den liberty an' principle an' office all bolted together an' handed out widout any string attached. Let us now sing de 'Star Spangled Banner,' followed by 'Yankee Doodle,' an' disperse to meet ag'in at de call ob de bugle of liberty."

C. B. LEWIS.

MAN AND THE MOSQUITO.

GENTLEMEN, Mr. President, and Ladies: I rise before this augustus body with feelings more easily described than imagined. I come to address you upon a subject in which you are all concerned—a subject upon the decision of which depends the destiny of a nation. And I wish to speak in language so simple that even the women and children may be able to understand me.

What is man? Man is an amphibious, plantigrade, hyporetted quadruped of the *genus felix* or *genus rana*, carniverous in some respects, herbivorous in some respects and jubiverous in the rest. He lives principally on goats, herrings, kerosene oil and common whiskey. He does not live alone, but usually has another man living with him called the *alter ego* man.

But let us proceed to define mosquito. The mosquito is a high-bred, carniverous, digitigrade indentate biped animal of the *genus homo*, closely allied to the Armadillo. Habits precarious, similar to those of man. His food is chiefly rare meats, but he is also, like man, fond of ham and eggs, ice cream and oysters on the half shell.

Another point, man sings. Ditto the mosquito. What music is more charming or so touches the feelings, or so arouses a man from drowsiness as the sweet-toned and melodious voice of a mosquito. Who on hearing this sweet gentle voice will not instinctively reach forth and try to gather the singer in that he may come in closer contact with him?

Picture to yourselves a poor, innocent, harmless mosquito on a cold winter's night singing for something to eat. That man's heart must indeed be as hard as the Rock

of Niagara or the Falls of Gibraltar who is not touched with the profoundest and most sympathetic feeling as he looks out upon such a scene as this. But I will not dwell longer, as I already see the tears trickling down your cheeks. I have only one practical remark to make in winding up the extreme force of which you will [illegible] see. Shakespeare said that John Milton told Lord Byron and Ben Johnson that Beaumont and Fletcher were heard to whisper that Sir Walter Raleigh and John Ford had said that Lord Bacon and Edmund Spenser had responded to a question which Sir Philip Sydney had been supposed to propound to Thomas Sackville, who seemed to be satisfied that John Lyly had never thought that Robert Green and George Peele would be surprised if Edmund Waller and Francis Quarles had heard that Sir Thomas Brown and Thomas Fuller were under the impression that Jeremy Taylor had remarked to Samuel Butler that John Dryden was heard talking to William Congreve about the remark of John Locke to a friend in which Sir Isaac Newton was believed to have imagined that Sir Humphrey Davy had suggested that Liebig might have known that Edgar Poe had said that Alexander Pope and George Washington had told Henry Clay that President Arthur was heard talking about a report in which the Honorable Zebedee Simpkins was heard to repeat the fact that mosquitoes are related to the human family.

W. L. E. Cox.

REVERIE IN CHURCH.

[illegible]

Too early of course! How provoking!
I told ma just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper,
For there's not a soul here yet to see.

There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,
I declare if it isn't too bad!
I know my suit cost more than her's did,
And I wanted to see her look mad.

I do think that sexton's too stupid—
He's put some one else in our pew—
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely:
Now what am I going to do?

The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care. I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service,
Just to make a great show coming in.

Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—
She said she'd a headache last night.
How mad she'll be after fussing!
I declare it would serve her just right.

Oh, you've got there at last, my dear, have you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud
Of that bonnet if Virot did make it,
It's horrid, fast-looking and loud.

What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue!—
And those coat sleeves—they wore them last summer—
Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're new.

Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
So dreadful!—a minister's wife,
And thinking so much about fashion!—
A pretty example of life!

The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the font!—
Some girl who's gone on the assistant—
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.

Just look at her now, little humbug!—
So devout—I suppose she don't [illegible]
That she's bending her head too far [illegible]
And the ends of her switches all sh[illegible]

What a sight Mrs. Ward is this m[illegible]
That woman will kill me some da[illegible]
With her horrible lilacs and crimson[illegible]
Why will these old things [illegible]

And there's Jenny Wells with Fred Tracy—
She's engaged to him now—horrid thing!
Dear me! I'd keep on my glove sometimes
If I did have a solitaire ring!

How *can* this girl next to me act so—
The way that she turns round and stares.

And then makes remarks about people—
She'd better be saving her prayers.

Oh dear, what a dreadful long sermon!
He must love to hear himself talk!
And it's after twelve now,—how provoking!
I wanted to have a nice walk.

Through at last! Well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we don't dine till one:
How can people say church is poky!—
So wicked! I think it's real fun.

GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

"HELEN'S BABIES" ON NOAH'S ARK.

[illegible]

THAT afternoon I devoted to making a bouquet for Miss Mayton, and a most delightful occupation I found it. It was no florist's bouquet, composed of only a few kinds of flowers wired upon sticks and arranged according to geometric pattern. I used many a rare flower, too shy of bloom to commend itself to florists; I combined tints almost as numerous as the flowers [illegible] times to which city bouquets [illegible].

At length it was finished, but my delight [illegible] became clouded by the dreadful [illegible] "What will people say?" Ah! [illegible] I had seen in one of the library [illegible] small pasteboard box, shaped like [illegible] doubtless *that* would hold it. I found the box; it was of just the size I [illegible]. I dropped my card into the box [illegible] no danger of a lady not finding the [illegible] accompanying a gift of flowers—neatly [illegible] the bouquet in the center of the box, [illegible] went in search of Mike. He winked [illegible] as I explained the nature of his [illegible] and he whispered:

"I'll do it clane as a whistle, yer honor. [illegible] used to goin' [illegible]. Never a man can see but [illegible]."

"Very well, Mike; here's a dollar for [illegible]. You'll find the box on the hat rack, in [illegible]."

Toddie disappeared somewhere after supper, and came back very disconsolate.

"[illegible] k'adle," he whined.

"Never mind, old pet," said I soothingly. "Uncle will ride you on his foot."

"But I *want* my dolly's k'adle," said he piteously rolling out his lower lip.

"Don't you want me to tell you a story?"

For a moment Toddie's face indicated a terrible internal conflict between old Adam and mother Eve; but curiosity finally overpowered natural depravity, and Toddie murmured:

"Yesh."

"What shall I tell you about?"

"Bout Nawndeark."

"About *what*?"

"He means Noah an' the ark," exclaimed Budge.

"Datsh what *I* say—Nawndeark," declared Toddie.

"Well," said I, hastily refreshing my memory by picking up the Bible—for Helen, like most people, is pretty sure to forget to pack her Bible when she runs away from home for a few days—"well; once it rained forty days and nights, and everybody was drowned from the face of the earth, excepting Noah, a righteous man, who was saved with all his family in an ark which the Lord commanded him to build."

"Uncle Harry," said Budge, after contemplating me with open eyes and mouth for at least two minutes after I had finished, "do you think that's Noah?"

"Certainly, Budge; here's the whole story in the Bible."

"Well, *I* don't think it's Noah one single bit," said he, with increasing emphasis.

"I'm beginning to think we read different Bibles, Budge; but let's hear *your* version."

"Huh?"

"Tell *me* about Noah, if you know so much about him."

"I will if you want me to. Once the Lord felt so uncomfortable cos folks was bad that he was sorry he ever made anybody, or any world or anything. But Noah wasn't bad; the Lord liked him first rate, so he told Noah to build a big ark and then the Lord would make it rain so everybody should be drownded but Noah an' his little boys an' girls, an' doggies an' pussies an' mamma-cows an' little boy-cows

an' little girl cows an' horses an' everything; they'd go in the ark and wouldn't get wetted a bit when it rained. An' Noah took lots of things to eat in the ark—cookies an' milk an' oatmeal an' strawberries an' porgies an'—oh yes; an' plum-puddin's an' pumpkin pies. But Noah didn't want everybody to get drownded, so he talked to folks an' said, 'It's goin' to rain awful pretty soon; You'd better be good, an' then the Lord'll let you come into my ark.' An' they jus' said, 'Oh! if it rains we'll go in the house till it stops;' an' other folks said, '*We* ain't afraid of rain; we've got an umbrella.' An' some more said they wasn't goin' to be afraid of just a rain. But it *did* rain though, an' folks went in their houses, an' the water came in, an' they went upstairs, an' the water came up there, an' they got on the tops of the houses, an' up in big trees, an' up in mountains, an' the water went after 'em everywhere, an' drownded everybody, only just except Noah an' the people in the ark. An' it rained forty days an' nights, an' then it stopped, an' Noah got out of the ark, an' he an' his little boys an' girls went wherever they wanted to, an' everything in the world was all theirs; there wasn't anybody to tell 'em to go home, nor no kindergarten schools to go to, nor no bad boys to fight 'em, nor nothin'. Now tell us 'nother story."

"An' I want my dolly's k'adle. Ocken Hawwy, I wants my dolly's k'adle, tause my dolly's in it, an' I wan' to shee her," interrupted Toddie.

Just then came a knock at the door. "Come in!" I shouted.

In stepped Mike, with an air of the greatest secrecy, handed me a letter and the identical box in which I had sent the flowers to Miss Mayton. What *could* it mean? I hastily opened the envelope, and and at the same time Toddie shrieked:

"Oh! darsh my dolly's k'adle—dare tizh!" snatched and opened the box, and displayed—his doll! My heart sickened, and did *not* regain its strength during the perusal of the following note:

"Miss Mayton herewith returns to Mr. Burton the package which just arrived with his card. She recognizes the con[illegible] of one of Mr. Burton's nephews, [illegible] is unable to understand why it should [illegible] be [illegible] to her.

"[illegible] 20, 1875."

"Toddie," I roared, as my younger nephew caressed his loathsome doll and murmured endearing words to it, "where did you get that box?"

"On the hat wack," replied the youth with perfect fearlessness. "I keeps it in ze book-case djawer, an' somebody took it 'way an' put nasty ole flowers in it."

"Where are those flowers?" I demanded.

Toddie looked up with considerable surprise, but promptly replied:

"I frowed 'em away—don't want no ole flowers in my dolly's k'adle. That's ze way she wocks—see!"

JOHN HABBERTON.

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY.

[illegible]

You Wiyum, come 'ere, suh, dis instance,
Wut dat you got under dat box?
I do' want no foolin'—you hear me?
Wut you say? Ain't nuffin' but rocks?
Peahs ter me you's owdashus p'ticler.
S'posin' dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks.
Hi yi! der you tink dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain watermillion,
You scamp; an' I knows whar it growed;
It cum fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel',
Dar on ter side er de road.
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it.
I watched you fum down in de lot,
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger,
You wont eb'n be a grease spot.

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy!
Go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase,
En cut me de toughes' en keenes'
You c'n fine anywhah on de place.
I'll larn you, Mr. Wiyum Joe Vetters
Ter lie en ter steal, you young sinner!
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy,
En makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now, ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur?
  I is. I's 'shamed youse my son!
En de holy accorgian angel
  He's 'shamed er wut youse done.
En he's tuk it down up yander,
  I coal black, blood-red letters—
"One watermillion stoled
  By Wiyum Josephus Vetters."

En whut you s'posen Br'er Bascom,
  You' teacher at Sunday-School,
'Ud say if he knowed how youse broke
  De good Lawd's Gol'n Rule?
Boy, whah's de raisin' I gib you?
  Is you boun fuh ter be a black villiun?
I's s 'prised dat a chile er you mammy
  'Ud steal any man's watermillion.

En I's now gwine ter cut it right open,
  En you shian't have nary bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillions—
  En dat in de day's broad light—
Ain't—Lawdy! it's green! Mirandy!
  Mirandy! come on wi' dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillion!
  Who ebber heered tell er sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y you thump um.
  En w'en they go *pank* dey is green;
But w'en dey go *punk*, now you mine me,
  Dey's ripe—en dats des' wut I mean.
En nex' time you hook watermillions—
  You heered me, you *ig-namp*, you *hunk*,
Ef you do' want a lickin' all over,
  Be sho' dat dey allers go "*punk!*"

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

The gentleman who [illegible] this piece should [illegible] The selection is very humorous when well [illegible]

WELL, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, cattycornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leedled a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the bass—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in the way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I, "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Hush!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it were sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it; but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other, I'd"—

But my neighbor says, "Hush!" very impatient.

I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy like to his mate; and looked up, and see that Ruby was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh; some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a little more, and it teched the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day. The sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor, "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things. I got lowspirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some

flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces; and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels; and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angle boy, like you see in pictures, that ran ahead of the music brook, and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the grave-yards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall; and between the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother; and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing; and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head, and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak, anyway. I didn't want anybody to be a gazin' at me a-snivelin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me, mad as blazes. Then all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he reared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged, like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright; and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus and a brass band and a big ball all a-goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin'; and, not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped, sprang onto my seat and jest holered,—

"*Go it, Rube!*"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, "Put him out!" "Put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly-gray-greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you just come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policeman run up, and I had to simmer down. But I could a fit any fool that laid hands on me; for I was bound to hear Ruby out, or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop light ladies and tip toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit one by one. I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweetheart sweetened with white sugar, mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he

scratched her cheeks, until she fairly yelled He knockt her down, and he stamped on her shameful. She bellowed, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox chased his right hand with his left, till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double-twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand doubledow knots

By jinks it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his center, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon,—siege guns down thar Napoleons here, twelve pounders yonder; big guns, little guns, middle sized guns, round shot, shell shrapnels, grape canister, mortar mines and magazines,—every livin' battery and bomb a-goin at the same time The house trembled, the lights danced the walls shuk the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt; heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten penny nails Samson in a 'simmon tree, Tump Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle oodle oodle - ruddle uddle uddle uddle -raddle addle-addle addle--riddle-iddle iddle iddle reedle-ee lle eedle eedle p r r r r rlang! Bang!!!! lang! per lang! p r-r r r!! Bang!!!

With that bang, he lifted himself bodily into the air; and he came down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows and his nose striking every single solitary key on the pianner at the same time The thing busted, and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi quavers; and I know'd no mo'

When I come to, I was under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, a treatin' a Yankee, that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to again Day was breakin' by the time I got to St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room; and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell, for two!"

WHEN WE GET THERE.

On the thirty-second day of thirteenth
    month, or the eighth day of the week,
On the twenty-fifth hour of the sixty-first
    minute we'll find all things that we
    seek,
They are there in the limbo of Lollipop
    land, a cloud island resting in air,
On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of
    Mist in the Valley of Overthere.

On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of
    Mist in the Valley of Overthere
On a solid vapor foundation of cloud are
    palaces grand and fair;
And there is where our dreams will come
    true and the seeds of our hope will grow
On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope
    in the hamlet of Hocus Po.

On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope,
    in the hamlet of Hocus Po,
We shall see all the things that we want to
    see, and know all we care to know,
For there the old men will never lament,
    the babies will never squeak,
In the Cross Road Corners of Cheosville
    in the County of Hideandgoseek

In the Cross Road Corners of Chrosville
    in the County of Hideandgoseek
On the thirty second day of the thirteenth
    month, or the eighth day of the week
We shall do all the things that we please to
    do, and accomplish all we try,
On the sunset shore of Sometimeorother by
    the beautiful Bay of Bimeby

YANKEE BLADE

THE OWL-CRITIC.

The manner of the know-all-braggart should be assumed and his part spoken in confident pedantic manner.

"WHO stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!

"I make no apology;
I've learned owl eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true;
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claw curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird laws
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes,
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down,
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES T. FIELD.

THE CASE OF GUNN vs. BARCLAY.

To be read or recited in a plain homespun manner.

A GOOD deal of interest was felt in the case of Gunn *vs.* Barclay, which was tried recently in the Odell County Court. It involved the question of the ownership of Gunn's right leg. Gunn related the facts of the case as follows:

You see, one day last winter, while I was shoveling snow off the roof of my house, I slipped and fell over on the pavement below. When they picked me up they found that my right leg was fractured. Dr. Barclay examined it and gave it as his opinion that mortification would be certain to set in unless that leg came off. So I told him he'd better chop it away. And he went round to his office, and presently he came back with a butcher knife and a cross-cut saw and a lot of rags. Then they chloroformed me, and while I was asleep they removed that leg. When I came to I felt pretty comfortable, and the doctor, after writing some prescriptions, began wrapping my leg up in an old newspaper; then he tucked the bundle under his arm and began to move towards the door. I was watching him all the time and I hallooed at him:

"Where in the mischief are you going with that leg of mine?"

"I'm not going anywhere with that leg of yours," he said. "But I am going home with my leg."

"Well, you'd better drop it", said I. "It belongs to me, and I want it for a keepsake."

And you know he faced me down about it,—said when a doctor sawed a man apart, he always took the amputated member as one of his perquisites; and he said that, as it was his legal right to take something on such occasions, it was merely optional with him whether he took the leg, or left the leg and took me; but he preferred the leg. And when I asked him what he wanted with it, anyway, he said he was going to put it in a glass jar, full of alcohol, and stand it in his office. Then I told him it shocked my modesty to think of a bare leg of mine being put on exhibition in that manner with no pantaloon on; but he said he thought he could stand it.

But I protested. I said I had had that leg a good many years, and I felt sort of attached to it. I knew all its little ways. I would feel lonely without it. Who would tend to the corns that I had cared for so long? Who would treat the bunion with the proper degree of delicacy? Who would rub the toes with liniment when they got frosted? And who would keep the shins from being kicked? No one could do it as well as I could, because I felt an interest in the leg; felt sociable and friendly, and acquainted with it. But Barclay said he thought he could attend to it, and it would do the corns good to be soaked in alcohol.

And I told him I'd heard that even after a man lost a limb, if any one hurt that limb the original owner felt it, and I told Barclay I would not trust him not to tread on my toes, and stick pins in my calf, and make me suffer every time he had a grudge against me; and he said he didn't know, maybe he would if I didn't use him right.

And I wanted to know what was to hinder him, if he felt like it, taking the bone out of the leg and making part of it up into knife handles and suspender buttons, and working the rest up into some kind of a clarionet with finger holes punched in the sides. I could stand a good deal, I said, even if I had only one leg; but I couldn't bear to think of a man going around the community serenading girls with tunes played on one of my bones—a bone, too, that I felt a good deal of affection for. If he couldn't touch a girl's heart without serenading her with one of my bones, why he better remain single.

We blathered away for about an hour, and at last he said he was disgusted with so much bosh about a ridiculous bit of meat and muscle, and he wrapped the paper around the leg again and rushed out of the door home.

When I sued him, and the case came up in court, the judge instructed the jury that the evidence that a leg belonged to a man was that he had it, and as Barclay had the leg the presumption was that it was his. But no man was ever known to have three legs, and as Barclay thus had three the second presumption was that it was not his. But as Gunn did not have it, the law could

not accept the theory that it was Gunn's leg, and consequently the law couldn't tell who under the sun the leg belonged to, and the jury would have to guess at it. So the jury brought in a verdict against both of us, and recommended that, in the uncertainty that existed, the leg should be buried. The leg was lying during the trial out in the vestibule of the court room, and we found afterward that during the trial Bill Wood's dog had run off with it and that settled the thing. Queer, wasn't it?

CASEY AT THE BAT.

This selection was made famous by De Wolf Hopper, ... called before ... [illegible]

THERE was ease in Casey's manner as he
 stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing,
 and a smile on Casey's face;
And when responding to the cheers he
 lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas
 Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he
 rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he
 wiped them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the
 ball into his hip,
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer
 curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came
 whirling thro' the air,
And Casey stood a-whatching it in haughty
 grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball
 unheeded sped.
"That ain't my style," said Casey, "Strike
 one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there
 went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern
 and distant shore;
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted
 some one on the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had
 not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great
 Casey's visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the
 game go on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more
 the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire
 said "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands,
 and the echo answered, "Fraud!"
But the scornful look from Casey, and the
 audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold,
 they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that
 ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his
 teeth are clenched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon
 the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and
 now he let's it go.
And now the air is shattered by the force
 of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the
 sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere and some-
 where hearts are light;
And somewhere men are laughing and
 somewhere children shout
But there's no joy in Mudville—mighty
 Casey has struck out.

"WHEN HULDY 'SPECTS HER BEAU."

I TELL you its mysterious
 At our house once a week—
We know there's somethin' in the wind,
 But we don't dare to speak,
For Sis just bosses ev'rything
 And says how it shall go.
Oh, we all have so stan' around
 When Huldy 'spects her beau!

She crimps her hair an awful lot,
 And lights the parlor fire,
And she's so 'fraid we'll spoil her dress
 She won't let us come nigh her.
Pa kinder chuckles to himself,
 And winks at me an' Joe;
But ma looks pretty serious
 When Huldy 'spects her beau

At supper she's "no appetite,"
  But fixes up a plate
Of apples, nuts and gingerbread
  (She must eat awful late!)
She does the dishes with a whew,
  And thinks the clock is slow.
Things always have to hustle some,
  When Huldy 'spects her beau.

She whisks us youngsters off to bed
  In strict big-sister style:
On other evenin's we sit up
  And play for quite a while.
And we ain't s'posed to see nor hear,
  Nor even want to know
A single thing that's goin' on,
  When Huldy 'spects her beau.

But on the mornin' after that,
  She's always good as pie:
She helps ma with the cleanin' up,
  She fastens gran'pa's tie,
She gives us lots of bread and jam,
  And sings so sweet and low,
That on the whole we're rather glad
  When Huldy 'spects her beau.

ANNIE PRESCOTT BULL.

DER DRUMMER.

(German Dialect.)

Who puts oup at der pest hotel
  Und dakes his oysders on der schell,
  Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
    Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on de vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
    Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt, und say,
  "Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes vor peesness righdt avay?
    Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice?"
Und says I gets "der bottom price"?
    Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goods vas bought
Mooch less as vot I gouldt imbort
But let dem go as he vas "short"?
    Der drummer

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine,—
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine,"—
Und sheats me den dimes oudt off nine?
    Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his *route*,
Und ven day gomes dey vas no goot?
    Der drummer.

Who comes aroundt ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup mine bier, and eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout'?
    Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes avay?
    Der drummer.

CHAS. F. ADAMS

PADDY'S REFLECTIONS ON CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

(Irish Dialect.)

So that's Cleopathera's Naadle, bedad,
  An' a quare lookin' naadle it is, I'll be bound;
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had
  That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it around!

Imagine her sittin' there stichin' like mad
  With a naadle like that in her hand! I declare
It's as big as the Round Tower of Slane, an', bedad,
  It would pass for a round tower, only it's square!

The taste of her, ordherin' a naadle of granite!
  Begorra, the sight of it shtrikes me quite dumb!
And look at the quare sort of figures upon it;
  I wondher can these be the thracks of her thumb?

I once was astonished to hear of the faste
  Cleopathera made upon pearls; but now
I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste

If ye told me the woman had swallowed a
cow!

It's easy to see why bould Cæsar should
quail
In her presence an' meekly submit to her
rule;
Wid a weapon like that in her fist I'll go bail
She could frighten the soul out of big Finn
MacCool!

But, Lord, what poor pigmies the women
are now,
Compared with the monsthers they must
have been then!
Whin the darlin's in those days would kick
up a row
Holy smoke, but it must have been hot
for the men.

Just think how a chap that goes courtin
would start
If his girl was to prod him with that in
the slims!
I have often seen naadles but bouldly
assart
That the naadle in front of me there
takes the pins!

O sweet Cleopathera! I'm sorry you're
dead;
An' whin lavin' this wonderful naadle
behind,
Had ye thought of bequeathin' a spool of
your thread
And yer thimble an' scissors, it would
have been kind.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague o' great
men,
Yer strength is departed, yer glory is past;
Ye'll never wield sceptre nor naadle again,
And a poor little asp did yer bizness at
last.

CORMAC O'LEARY.

BUCK FANSHAW'S FUNERAL.

THERE was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. On the inquest it was shown that, in the delirium of a wasting typhoid fever he had taken arsenic, shot himself through the body, cut his throat, and jumped out of a four story window and broken his neck, and, after due deliberation the jury, sad and tearful but with intelligence unblinded by its sorrow, brought in a verdict of "death by the visitation of Providence." What could the world do without juries!

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in town were hired, all the saloons were put in mourning, all the municipal fire company flags were hung at half mast and all the firemen ordered to muster in uniform, and bring their machines duly draped in black.

Regretful resolutions were passed and various committees appointed; among others, a committee of one was deputed to call on the minister—a fragile, gentle, spiritual new fledgling from an eastern theological seminary, and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines. The committeeman, "Scotty" Briggs, made his visit.

Being admitted to his presence he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow, and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness, explanatory of business. He choked and even shed tears, but with an effort he mastered his voice, and said, in lugubrious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"

"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand."

With another sigh and a half sob, Scotty rejoined:

"Why you see we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought maybe you'd give us a lift, if we'd tackle you, that is, if I've got the rights of it, and you're the head clerk of the doxology works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said:

"You ruther hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that card. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg your pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've ruther got the bulge on me. Or maybe we've both got the bulge, somehow. You don't smoke me and I don't smoke you. You see one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send off, and so the thing I'm on now is to roust out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us, and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Can you not simplify them some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but I grope now. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to the categorical statements of fact unincumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause and more reflection. Then Scotty said: "I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of your'n is too many for me—that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand, and gave himself up to reflection. Presently his face came up, sorrowful, but confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can savvy," said he, "What we wan't is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp. Parson."

"Oh! Why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind, and straddle it like a man. Put it there!"—extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Take him all round, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever know'd Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up, you know; it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him!"

"Scooped him?"

"Yes—death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes, indeed. It's a kind of a hard world after all, ain't it? But, pard, he was a rustler. You ought to see him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face, and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever draw'd breath. Pard, he was on it. He was on it bigger than an injun.

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight. Understand? *He* didn't give a continental—for *any*body. *Beg* your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss word—but you see I'm on an awful strain in this palaver, on account of having to cramp down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now if we can get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it; that's our little game. We are going to get up the thing regardless, you know. He was always nitty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slouch; solid silver door plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box, with a biled shirt and a plug hat on—how's that for high? And we'll take care of *you*, pard. We'll fix you all right. There will be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want you just 'scape out, and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that know'd him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong to do him justice. Here once when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodist Sunday school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up

his saloon, and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday school. Says he, 'No Irish need apply.' And they didn't. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard; he could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whiskey without spilling it than any man in seventeen counties.—Put that in, pard; it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it—any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why *should* he shake her?"

"That's what I say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute?"

"Well, some that averages pretty so-so."

"In my opinion a man that would offer personal violence to his mother, ought to—"

"Cheese it, pard; you've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was a-drivin' at was that he never *throwed off* on his mother—don't you see? No indeedy! He give her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox, I'm cuss'd if he didn't set up nights and nuss her himself! *Beg* your pardon for saying it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly. You've treated me like a gentleman, and I ain't the man to hurt your feelings intentional. I think you're white. I think you're a square man, pard. I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse. Put it there!"

[Another fraternal handshake—and exit.]

S. L. CLEMENS

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

German Dialect.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
  Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
  As efer you did see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
  In all barts off der house:
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
  Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
  Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
  Poots schnuff into mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
  Dot was der roughest chouse:
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
  But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
  Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
  Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
  He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
  Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions such as dese:
  Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cut dot schmoodth blace oudt
  Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
  Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
  To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
  Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
  Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
But ven he was ashleep in bed,
  So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
  But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHAS. F. ADAMS.

HANS AND FRITZ.

German Dialect.

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side by side,
  Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride:
With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And lacking a part of the *Geld*,—as they say—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking—his own simple language to quote—
"Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way,—
"I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day."
When the question arose, the note being made,
"Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geeps dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans, "Dot ish so:
Dot makes me rememper I hat dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies, "Yaw:
Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?"

"I geeps dot now, aind it?" says Fritz; "den you see,
I alvays remempers you paid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so: it vas now shust so blain,
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

CHARLES F. ADAMS

THE DYING CONFESSION OF PADDY McCABE.

Irish Dialect

Paddy McCabe was dying one day,
And Father Molloy he came to confess him;
Paddy prayed hard he would make no delay,
But forgive him his sins and make haste for to bless him.
"First tell me your sins," says Father Molloy,
"For I'm thinking you've not been a very good boy."

"Oh," says Paddy, "so late in the evenin' I fear
'Twould trouble you such a long story to hear,
For you've ten long miles o'er the mountain to go,
While the road *I've* to travel's much longer, you know.
So give us your blessin' and get in the saddle;
To tell all my sins my poor brain would addle;

And the docthor gave orthers to keep me so quiet—
'Twould disturb me to tell all my sins, if I'd thry it,—
And your Reverence has towld us unless we tell *all*,
'Tis worse than not making confession at all.
So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,
And therefore your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well, I'll read from a book," says Father Molloy,
"The manifold sins that humanity's heir to;
And when you hear those that your conscience annoy,
You'll just squeeze my hand, as acknowledging thereto."
Then the Father began the dark roll of iniquity,
And Paddy, thereat, felt his conscience grow rickety,

And he gave such a squeeze that the priest gave a roar—
"Oh, murther," says Paddy, "don't read any more,
For if you keep readin', by all that is thrue,

Your Reverence's fist will be soon black and blue:
Besides, to be troubled my conscience begins.
That your Reverence should have any hand in *my* sins

So you'd better suppose I committed them all—
For whether they're great ones, or whether they're small,
Or if they're a dozen, or if they're four-score,
'Tis your Reverence knows how to absolve them, asthore.
So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,
And therefore your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well," says Father Molloy, "your sins I forgive,
So you must forgive all your enemies truly,
And promise me also that, if you should live,
You'll leave off your old tricks, and begin to live newly."
"I forgive ev'rybody," says Pat, with a groan,
"Except that big vagabone, Micky Malone;

And him I will murdher if ever I can—
"Tut, tut!" says the priest, "you're a very bad man,
For without your forgiveness, and also repentance,
You'll ne'er go to heaven, and that is my sentence."
"Pooh!" says Paddy McCabe, "that's a very hard case,
With your Reverence in heaven I'm content to make peace;
But with heaven and your Reverence I wonder—*och hone*,
You would think of comparin' that blackguard Malone.
But since I'm hard pressed, and that I *must* forgive,
I forgive—if I die; but as sure as I live
That ugly blackguard I will surely desthroy!—
So *now* for your blessin', sweet Father Molloy!"

SAMUEL LOVER

MOLLIE'S LITTLE RAM.

Parody on "Mar[illegible]amb."

MOLLIE had a little ram as black as a rubber shoe and everywhere that Mollie went he emigrated too

He went with her to church one day—the folks hilarious grew, to see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew

The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passions rise, and gave it an un-Christian kick between the sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon followed fast and raised his foot again alas! that first kick was his last

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back, about a rod 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on his head

The congregation then arose, and went for that ere sheep. Several well directed butts just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they all straight for the door with curses long and loud, while rammy struck the hindmost man, and shoved him through the crowd

The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast "Aha!" he said, I'll try that game on you."

And so he gently, kindly called: "Come Rammy, Rammy, Ram; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry am!"

With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying, "Rammy, Rammy, Ram—best sheep in th[illegible]

The ram quite dropped his h[illegible] and rose from off his feet, and the [illegible] lit, he was beneath the hindmost seat

As he shot out the door, and closed it with a slam, he named a California town, I think 'twas Yuba-Dam

MANIFEST DESTINY.

MANIFEST destiny iz the science ov going tew bust, or enny other place before yu git thare. I may be rong in this centiment, but that iz the way it strikes me; and i am so put together that when enny thing strikes me i immejiately strike back Manifest destiny mite perhaps be blocked out agin as the condishun that man and things find themselfs in with a ring in their nozes and sumboddy hold ov the ring.

may be rong agin, but if i am, awl i have got tew sa iz, i don't kno it, and what a man don't kno ain't no damage tew enny boddy else. The tru way that manifess destiny had better be sot down iz the exact distance that a frog kan jump down hill with a striped snake after him; i don't kno but i may be rong onst more, but if the frog don't git ketched the destiny iz jist what he iz a looking for.

When a man falls into the bottom ov a well and makes up hiz minde tew stay thar, that ain't manifess destiny enny more than having yure hair cut short iz; but if he almoste gits out and then falls down in agin sixteen foot deeper and brakes off hiz neck twice in the same plase and dies and iz buried thare at low water, that iz manifess destiny on the square. Standing behind a cow in fly time and getting kicked twice at one time, must feel a good deal like manifess destiny. Being about ten seckunds tew late tew git an express train, and then chasing the train with yure wife, and an umbreller in yure hands, in a hot day, and not getting az near tew the train az you waz when started, looks a leetle like manifess destiny on a rale rode trak. Going into a tempranse house and calling for a little old Bourbon on ice, and being told in a mild way that "the Bourbon iz jist out, but they hav got sum gin that cost seventy-two cents a gallon in Paris," sounds tew me like the manifess destiny ov moste tempranse houses.

Mi dear hearers, don't beleave in manifess destiny until you see it. Thar is such a thing az manifess destiny, but when it occurs it iz like the number ov rings on the rakoon's tale, ov no great consequense only for ornament. Manifess destiny iz a disseaze, but it iz eazy tew heal; i have seen it in its wust stages cured bi sawing a cord ov dri hickory wood. I thought i had it onse; it broke out in the shape ov poetry; i sent a speciment ov the disseaze tew a magazine, the magazine man wrote me next day az follers.

"*Dear Sir*: Yu may be a phule, but you are no poeck. Yures, in haste,

the Edetur."

JOSH BILLINGS.

THE COMET.

Among professors of astronomy,
  Adepts in the celestial economy,
    The name of Herschel's very often
      cited;
And justly so, for he is hand in glove
With every bright intelligence above;
Indeed it was his custom so to stop,
Watching the stars, upon the house's top,
  That once upon a time he got benighted.

In his observatory thus coquetting,
  With Venus or with Juno gone astray,
All sublunary matters quite forgetting
In his flirtations with the winking stars,
Acting the spy, it might be, upon Mars—
  A new André;
Or, like a Tom of Coventry, sly peeping
At Dian sleeping;
Or ogling through his glass
Some heavenly lass,
Tripping with pails along the Milky way;
  Or looking at that wain of Charles, the
    Martyr's.

Thus was he sitting, watchman of the sky,
When lo, a something with a tail of flame
Made him exclaim,
  "*My* stars!"—he always puts that stress
    on *my*.—
  "*My* stars and garters!

"A comet, sure as I'm alive!
A noble one as I should wish to view;
  It can't be Halley's though, *that* is not
    due
Till eighteen thirty-five.
Magnificent! How fine his fiery trail!
  Zounds! 'tis a pity, though, he come
    unsought,
  Unasked, unreckoned,—in no human
    thought;
  He ought—he ought—he ought
  To have been caught
With scientific salt upon his tail.
I looked no more for it, I do declare,
Than the Great Bear!
  As sure as Tycho Brahe is dead,
  It really entered in my head
No more than Berenice's hair!"
Thus musing, heaven's grand inquisitor
Sat gazing on the uninvited visitor,
Till John, the serving-man, came to the
    upper

WILSON AND BRODERICK
in Erminie

CLARA LIPMAN AND LOUIS MANN

TOO MANY FOR HIM

Regions, with "Please your honor, come
to supper."

"Supper! good John, to-night I shall not
sup,
Except on that phenomenon—look up."
"Not sup!" cried John, thinking with
consternation
That supping on a *star* must be *star*-vation,
Or even to batten
On *ignes fatui* would never fatten.
His visage seemed to say, "that very odd is,
But still his master the same tune ran on,
"I can't come down; go to the parlor,
John,
And say I'm supping with the heavenly
bodies."

"The heavenly bodies!" echoed John,
"ahem!"
His mind still full of famishing alarms,
"Zounds! if your honor sups with *them*,
In helping, somebody must make long
arms."
He thought his master's stomach was in
danger,
But still in the same tone replied the
knight,
"Go down, John, go, I have no appetite;
Say I'm engaged with a celestial stranger."
Quoth John, not much *au fait* in such
affairs,
"Wouldn't the stranger take a bit down
stairs?"

"No," said the master, smiling, and no
wonder,
At such a blunder,
"The stranger is not quite the thing you
think;
He wants no meat or drink;
And one may doubt quite reasonably whether
He has a mouth,
Seeing his head and tail are joined together;
Behold him! there he is, John, in the
south."
John looked up with his portentous eyes
Each rolling like a marble in its socket
At last the fiery tadpole spies
And, full of Vauxhall reminiscence, cries
"A rare good rocket!"

"A what? A rocket, John! Far from it!
What you behold, John, is a comet;
One of those most eccentric things
That in all ages
Have puzzled sages
And frightened kings;
With fear of change, that flaming meteor
John,
Perplexes sovereigns throughout its
range."
"Do he?" cried John;
"Well, let him flare on,
I haven't got no sovereigns to change!"
THOMAS HOOD.

OL' PICKETT'S NELL.

This poem should be recited by a young man dressed in the [illegible] farmer's clothing. He should manage to convey [illegible] a very awkward exterior, an air of deep sincerity.

FEEL more 'an ever like a fool
Sence Pickett's Nell come back from
school,
She oncet wuz twelve 'nd me eighteen
'Nd better friends you never seen;
But now—oh, my!
She's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall,
'Nd l'arnin'—she jes knows it all,
She's eighteen now, but I'm so slow
I'm whar I wuz six year ago.

Six year! Waal, waal! doan't seem a
week
Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek,
'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night,
Her hangin' to my jacket tight.
But now—oh, my!
She rides in Pickett's new coopay
Jes like she'd be'n brung up thet way,
'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen
Th' mostest like *I* ever seen.

She uster tease 'nd tease 'nd tease
Me fer to take her on my knees;
Then tired me out 'ith Marge'y Daw,
'Nd laffin tell my throat wuz raw.
But now—oh, my!
She sets up this way—kinder proud,
'Nd never noways laughs out loud
You w'u'dn't hardly think thet she
Hed ever see-sawed on *my* knee.

'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I'd choose
To find a shady place 'nd snooze,
I'd wake with burdocks in my hair

'Nd elderberries in my ear.
But now—oh, my!
Somebody said ('twuz yesterday):
Let's hev some fun w'ile Ned's away;
Let's turn his jacket inside out!
But Nell—she'd jes turn red 'nd pout.

'Nd oncet when I wuz dreamin'-like
A throwin' akerns in th' dike,
She put her arms clean round my head,
'Nd whispered soft, "I like you, Ned."
But now—oh, my!
She curteseyed so stiff 'nd grand,
'Nd never oncet held out her hand,
'Nd called me "Mister Edward!" Laws!
Thet ain't my name 'nd never wuz.

'Nd them 'at knowed 'er years ago
Jes laughed to see 'er put on so;
Coz it wuz often talked, 'nd said
"Nell Pickett's jes cut out fer Ned."
But now—oh, my!
She held her purty hed so high,
'Nd skasely saw me goin' by—
I wu'd'nt dast (afore last night)
A-purposely come near her sight.

Last night! —Ez I wuz startin' out
To git th' cows, I heerd a shout;
'Nd sure ez ghostses, she wuz thar,
A-settin' on ol' Pickett's mar':
'Nd then—oh, my!
She said she'd cried fer all th' week
To take th' ol' ride to th' creek:
Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said,
"Them days wuz happy, wa'nt they, Ned?"

Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywhars
'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,
'Nd seemed t' me like they wuz right,
A-fore th' cows come home last night.
But now—oh, my!

MATHER DEAN KIMBALL.

ADMIRAL VON DIEDERICHS.

German Dialect.

During the Spanish-American war when Admiral, then Commodore, Dewey was blockading the city of Manila, the German Admiral, von Diederichs, on more than one occasion manifested [illegible] Dewey sent [illegible]

ACH, Admiral von Diederichs,
I van to sheak mit you:
Yust lisden fer a leedle und
I'll tell you vot to do;
Sail from dem Philypeanuts isles
A thousand miles aboud—
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you
Uf you doan'd vatch ouid!

Ach, Admiral von Diederichs,
Der Kaiser was a peach,
I'm villing to atmit id, bud
Dare's udders on der beach.
So, darefore, dot's der reason vy,
Doan'd let your head get stoud,
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you
Uf you doan'd vatch ouid!

Ach, Admiral von Diederichs,
Vot pitzness haf you got
In loafing py Manila ven
Der heat-vaves are so hot?
Vy doan'd you yust oxcoos yourself
Und durn your shibs aboud—
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you
Uf you doan'd vatch ouid!

Ach, Admiral von Diederichs,
Vy vill you be a clams?
Go ged some udder islands vich
Are not old Uncle Sam's,
Yust wrote to Kaiser Wilhelm, yet,
Und dell him dare's no douid,
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you
Uf you doan'd vatch ouid!

G. V. HOBART.

AN APOSTROPHE TO AGUINALDO.

The author of the following lines was one of the many who warned Aguinaldo of the futility of his resistance to the United States. This selection may easily be converted into an amusing scene by having the reciter dressed as a U. S. soldier to the [illegible] and another much smaller painted brown and dressed to represent Aguinaldo. The speaker should be very positive and [illegible] in his tone and Aguinaldo appear stolidly indifferent

SAY, Aguinaldo,
You little measly
Malay moke,
What's the matter with you?
Don't you know enough
To know
That when you don't see
Freedom,
Inalienable rights,
The American Eagle,
The Fourth of July,
The Star Spangled Banner,
And the Palladium of your Liberties,

All you've got to do is to ask for them?
Are you a natural born chump
Or did you catch it from the Spaniards?
You ain't bigger
Than a piece of soap
After a day's washing
But, by gravy, you
Seem to think
You're a bigger man
Than Uncle Sam.
You ought to be shrunk
Young fellow;
And if you don't
Demalayize yourself
At an early date,
And catch on
To your golden, glorious opportunities,
Something's going to happen to you
Like a Himalaya
Sitting down kerswot
On a gnat.
If you ain't
A yellow dog
You'll take in your sign
And scatter
Some Red, White and Blue
Disinfectant
Over yourself.
What you need, Aggie,
Is civilizing.
And goldarn
Your yaller percoon-skin,
We'll civilize you
Dead or alive.
You'd better
Fall into the
Procession of Progress
And go marching on to glory,
Before you fall
Into a hole in the ground.
Understand?
That's us—
U. S.

THE DRUMMER.

[illegible]

THE drummer inhabits railroad trains. He is always at home on the cars. He is usually swung to a satchel containing a comb and brush, another shirt, a clean celluloid collar and a pair of cuffs; also a railroad guide, and a newspaper wrapped around a suspicious-looking bottle. That is about all the personal baggage he carries, except a "Seaside Library" novel and a pocket-knife with a corkscrew at the back of it. He has a two-story, iron-bound trunk, containing "sambles of dem goots," which he checks through to the next town. He always travels for a first-class house—the largest firm in their line of business in the United States, a firm that sells more goods, and sells them cheaper, than any two houses in the country. He is very modest about stating these facts, and blushes when he makes the statement; but he makes it, nevertheless, probably as a matter of duty.

He can talk on any subject, although he may not know much about it, but what little he knows he knows, and he lets you know that he knows it. He may be giving his views on the financial policy of the British government, or he may only be telling you of what, in his opinion, is good for a boil, but he will do it with an air and a tone that leaves the matter beyond dispute.

When the drummer gets into a railroad train, if alone, he occupies only two seats. One he sits on, and on the other he piles up his baggage and overcoat and tries to look as if they didn't belong to him but to another man who has just stepped into the smoking-car and would be back directly.

Drummers are usually found in pairs or quartettes on the cars. They sit together in a double seat, with a valise on end between them, on which they play euchre and other sinful games. When they get tired of playing they go into the smoking-car, where the man who is traveling for a distillery "sets 'em up" out of his sample-case, and for an hour or two they swop lies about the big bills of goods they have sold in the last town they were in, tell highly-seasoned stories about their personal adventures and exhibit to each other the photograph of the last girl they made impressions on.

While the drummer is not ostentatiously bashful, neither does he assume any outward show of religion. His great love of truth is, however, one of his strong points, and he is never known to go beyond actual facts, except in the matter of excessive baggage.

The drummer always gets the best room in the hotel. He is the most popular man with the waiters in the dining room though he finds most fault with them. He flirts with the chamber maids, teases the boot blacks and shows an utterely sublime contempt for the regular boarders. He goes to bed at a late hour, and sleeps so soundly that the porter wakes up the people for two blocks around and shakes the plaster off the wall in trying to communicate to him the fact that the 'bus for the 4.20 A. M. train will start in ten minutes.

The drummer has much to worry and fret him. Traveling at night to save time, sleeping in a baggage-car or the caboose of a freight train, with nothing but his ear for a pillow, bumping over rough roads on stages and buck-boards, living on corn bread and coffee dinners in cross-road hotels, yet under all these vexatious circumstances he is usually good-humored and in the best of spirits, although he sometimes expresses his feelings regarding the discomforts of travel, and the toughness of a beefsteak, or the solidity of a biscuit, in language that one would never think of attributing to the author of Watts' hymns.

All kinds of improbable stories are told about drummers, some of them being almost as improbable as the stories they themselves tell. For instance, we once heard that a man saw a drummer in the piny woods of North Carolina camping out under an umbrella

"What are you doing here?"

"I am camping and living on spruce-gum to save expenses," replied the drummer

"What are you doing that for?"

To bring up the average."

It seems that the firm allowed him a certain sum per day for expenses, and by riotous living he had gone far beyond his daily allowance. By camping out under an umbrella and living on spruce-gum for a few days the expense would be so mall as to offset the previous excess he had been guilty of. This story is probably a fabrication

The chief end and aim of the drummer is to sell goods, tell anecdotes and circulate the latest fashionable slang phrase. If he understands his business, the country merchant may as well capitulate at once. There is no hope too forlorn, nor any country merchant too surly or taciturn for the drummer to tackle. A merchant not long ago loaded up a double-barreled shotgun with nails, with the intention of vaccinating the first drummer who entered his store. The commercial emissary has been talking to him only fifteen minutes. In that time he has told the old man four good jokes, paid him five compliments on his business and shrewdness, propounded two conundrums and came very near telling the truth once. As a result, the sanguinary old man is in excellent humor, and just about to make out an order for \$500 worth of goods that he doesn't actually need, and then will go out and take a drink with the drummer.

The drummer is the growth of this fast age. Without him the car of commerce would creak slowly along.

He is an energetic and genial cuss, and we hope that he will appreciate this notice and the fact that we have suppressed an almost uncontrollable impulse to say something about his cheek.

"TEXAS SIFTINGS."

THEN AG'IN.

Droll reflections. To be spoken in a countryman's philosophic, meditative way. The speaker might have a stick in his hand and whittle at with a knife, pausing as if in deep reflection before beginning the last four lines in each stanza.

JIM Bowker, he said ef he'd had a fair show,
And a big enough town for his talents to grow,
And the least bit of assistance in hoin' his row,
Jim Bowker, he said,
He'd fill the world full of the sound of his name,
An' clime the top round in the ladder of fame.
It may have been so.
I dunno:
Jest so, it might a-been!
Then ag'in——

But he had dreadful luck; everythin' went ag'in him.
The arrers ef fortune, they allus 'ud pin him;

So he didn't get a chance to show what was in him
Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef he d had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,
An the feats he'd a-done, and the heights he'd a—clumb.
It may have been so,
I dunno :
Jest so, it might a-been ;
Then ag'in——

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less,
Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
An' give fortune the blame for all our distress.
As Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef it hadn't been for luck and misfortune and sich,
We might a-been famous, and might a-been rich.
It might be jest so ;
I dunno .
Jest so, it might a-been ;
Then ag'in——

MARC ANTHONY'S ORIGINAL ORATION.

A burlesque parody on Shakespeare. The speaker should assume the solemn style of Marc Anthony in his funeral oration.

Friends, Romans, countrymen ! Lend me your ears ;—
I will return them next Saturday. I come
To bury Cæsar,—because the times are hard.
And his folks can't afford to hire an undertaker.
The evil that men do lives after them,—
In the shape of progeny who reap the
Benefit of their life insurance,—
So let it be with the deceased.
Brutus hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
What does Brutus know about it ?
It is none of his funeral. Would that it were !
Here under leave of you I come to
Make a speech at Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me,—
He loaned me $5 once when I was in a pinch.
And signed my petition for a post-office,—
But Brutus says he was ambitious
Brutus should wipe off his chin.
Cæsar hath brought many captives home to Rome,—
Who broke rocks on the streets until their ransoms
Did the general coffers fill.
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept—
Because it didn't cost anything and
Made him solid with the masses.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ;
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is a liar, and I can prove it.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse, because it did not fit him quite.
Was this ambition ? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is not only the biggest liar in the country,
But he is a horse thief of the deepest dye.
If you have any tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this ulster.
I remember the first time Cæsar put it on ;
It was on a summer evening in his tent,
With the thermometer registering 90 in the shade
But it was an ulster to be proud of,
And cost him $7 at Marcaius Swartzmeyer's
Corner of Broad and Ferry streets, sign of the red flag.
Old Swartz wanted $40 for it,
But finally came down to $7, because it was Cæsar.
Was this ambitious ? If Brutus says it was
He is a greater liar—than any one present.
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through,
Through this the son of a gun of a Brutus stabbed,
And when he plucked his cursed steel away,
Marc Anthony, how the blood of Cæsar followed it !
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no thief, as Brutus is.
Brutus has a monopoly on all that business,
And if he had his deserts he would be
In the penitentiary, and don't you forget it.

Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish
 to stir you up
To such a flood of mutiny
And as it looks like rain,
The pall bearers will please place the coffin
 in the hearse,
And we will proceed to bury Cæsar,
Not to praise him.

COUNTING EGGS.

Read or recite in a deliberate, conventional style, observing to imitate the voice and manner proper to the lady and the old negro in their respective part.

OLD Moses, who sells eggs and chickens on the streets of Austin for a living, is as honest an old negro as ever lived; but he has the habit of chatting familiarily with his customers, hence he frequently makes mistakes in counting out the eggs they buy. He carries his wares around in a small cart drawn by a diminutive donkey. He stopped in front of the residence of Mrs. Samuel Burton. The old lady herself came out to the gate to make the purchase, and the following conversation ensued:

"Have you any eggs this morning, Uncle Moses?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, I has. Jess got in ten dosen from de kentry."

"Are they fresh?"

"Fresh? Yas, indeed! I guarantees 'em, an'—an'—de hen guarantees 'm."

"I'll take nine dozen. You can count them into this basket."

"All right, mum;" he counts, "One, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight, nine, ten. You can rely on them bein' fresh. How's your son comin' on de school? He must be mos' grown."

"Yes, Uncle Moses; he is a clerk in a bank in Galveston."

"Why, how ole am de boy?

"He is eighteen."

"You don't tole me so! Eighteen, and getting a salary already! Eighteen (*counting.*) nineteen, twenty, twenty one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty foah, twenty five. And how's your gal comin' on? She was most growed up de last time I seed her."

"She is married and living in Dallas."

"Wall' I declar'; how time shoots away. And you say she has childruns? Why how ole am de gal? She must be jest about—

"Thirty three."

"Am dat so?" (*Counting.*) "Firty free, firty-foah, firty five, firty six, firty seben, firty eight, firty nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty free. Hit am singular dat you has such ole childruns. You don't look more den forty years old yerseff."

"Nonsense, old man; I see you want to flatter me. When a person gets to be fifty three years old—"

"Fifty free! I jess dun gwinter bleeve hit; fifty-free, fifty-foah, fifty five, fifty six I want you to pay 'tenshun when I count de eggs, so dar'll be no mistake—fifty-nine, sixty, sixty one, sixty two, sixty-free, sixty foah. Whew! Dis am a warm day. Dis am de time ob year when I feels I'se gettin' ole myself; I ain't long fur dis world. You comes from an ole family. When your fadder died he was sebenty years ole."

"Seventy-two."

"Dat's old, suah. Sebenty-two, sebenty free, sebenty-foah, sebenty-five, sebenty six, sebenty seben, sebendy eight, sebenty-nine And your mudder? she was one ob de noblest lookin' ladies I ebber see. You remind me ob her so much! She libed to mos' a hundred. I bleeves she was done past a centurion when she died."

"No, Uncle Moses; she was only ninety six when she died."

"Den she wan't no chicken when she died, I know dat. Ninety-six, ninety-seben ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, one, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight—dar one hundred and eight nice fresh eggs—jess nine dozen, and here am foah moah eggs in case I have discounted myself."

Old Moses went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward Mrs. Burton said to her husband:

"I am afraid we will have to discharge Matilda. I am satisfied that she steals the milk and eggs. I am positive about the eggs, for I bought them day before yesterday, and now about half of them are gone. I stood right there, and heard Moses count them myself, and there were nine dozen."

"TEXAS SIFTINGS."

THE BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

MR. AND MRS. JONES had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Jones had pushed back his chair and was

looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Jones sat at the table holding the infant Jones and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped "Ephraim!" Mr. Jones, who was yet on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as she did so, and, getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter. "O Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up. "Why, what is it, Aramathea?" said the astonished Mr. Jones, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge. "Baby!" she gasped. Mr. Jones turned pale and commenced to sweat. "Baby! O, O, O Ephraim! Baby has—baby has got—a little toothey, oh! oh!" "No!" screamed Mr. Jones, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin and staring at the struggling heir with all his might. "I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Jones, with a slight evidence of hysteria. "Oh, it can't be!" protested Mr. Jones, preparing to swear if it wasn't. "Come here and see for yourself," said Mrs. Jones. "Open its 'ittle mousy-wousy for its own muzzer; that's a toody-woody; that's a blessed 'ittle 'ump o' sugar." Thus conjured, the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the father to thrust in his finger, and that gentleman having convinced himself by the most unmistakable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling that he could lick the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth. Then he gave Mrs. Jones a hearty smack on the mouth and snatched up the heir, while that lady rushed tremblingly forth after Mrs. Simmons, who lived next door. In a moment Mrs. Simmons came tearing in as if she had been shot out of a gun, and right behind her came Miss Simmons at a speed that indicated that she had been ejected from two guns. Mrs. Simmons at once snatched the heir from the arms of Mr. Jones and hurried it to the window, where she made a careful and critical examination of its mouth, while Mrs. Jones held its head and Mr. Jones danced up and down the room, and snapped his fingers to show how calm he was. It having been ascertained by Mrs. Simmons that the tooth was a sound one, and also that the strongest hopes for its future could be entertained on account of its coming in the new of the moon, Mrs. Jones got out the necessary material and Mr. Jones at once proceeded to write seven different letters to as many persons, unfolding to them the event of the morning and inviting them to come on as soon as possible.—

"DANBURY NEWS MAN."

A SERENADE TO SPRING.

Negro Dialect.

Imitate the v[illegible] of the f[illegible] and cricket, and the swishing hiss [illegible], where [illegible] to speak

"De fus' spring frog blow de mud fum his eyes
En peep fum de daid leaf mol';
He stretch his legs en squat crosswise,
En croak: 'Fuh de lan', ain't it col'!
'Fuh de lan', ain't it col'!' croak de pea-green frog.
En he stahts, en sneeze, en sneeze;
En he hop two feet to de cypress log—
En croak: 'Ah'll hop or freeze!'

"De fus' spring cricket wuk his long-laig saw,
En saw fro de coocoon pill;
He sun hisself on a las' yea's straw,
En squeak: 'Fuh de lan', what a chill!'
'Fuh de lan', what a chill!' de brown cricket squeak
En he heah mistah frog's deep chune;
En togeddah dey squat on the moss log bleak,
En pine fuh de bref of June

"De fus' spring snake keek de roof fum his hole,
En up fum de erf he sneak;
He twine hisself 'roun' de swamp-fence pole,
En hiss: 'Fuh de lan', ain't it bleak!'
'Fuh de lan', ain't it bleak!' hiss de bald snake,
En he heah de cricket en de frog;

En he staht away wid a wriggle en a shake,
  En jine dem bofe on de log.

"So de cricket en de frog en de bal' haid snake,
  Staht up a sahanade wail;
De snake cudn't sing, so he start in to shake,
  En beat de time wid his tail,
En de frog cum in wid his bazoo deep
  En de cricket's sharp notes ring:
En dey wake up de meddah en vale fum sleep,
  Wid a sahanade to spring."

"THE CHICAGO NEWS."

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

Negro Dialect.

Now I's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,
  An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to de fac's;
'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night,
An' de water-milion question's gwine to bodder you a sight!
Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo',
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scrape dat happened long ago!
De angels on de picket line erlong de Milky Way
Keeps a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin' what you say;
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's gwine,
Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de line:
An' of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an' laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph;
Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de slate!
Den you better do your juty well an' keep your conscience clear,
An' keep a lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you steer;
'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de stan';
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an answer mighty straight,
Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!

J. A. MACON.

WHAT THE LITTLE GIRL SAID.

Very amusing when recited at a Church Entertainment.

"MA'S up stairs changing her dress," said the freckle faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her every-day clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"Oh, but she hasn't got on her every-day clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk dress, 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond to-day. Miss Dimmond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma doesn't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, 'the dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress, she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for money to buy hymn books to send 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn book leaves to do their hair up on and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen."

"Why, you wicked little girl! what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get

CHARLIE DAVIDSON
The Noted Boy Soprano

JESSIE MILLER
The Fair Young [illegible]

THE SONGS OF LONG AGO

I'll sing you a song of the olden days

Suggestion for Tableau?

material for a homily on worldly extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear, and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have her hair to frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Silderback's when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick, he's been out West and swears awful and smokes in the house—he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to.

Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a muff worse than the queen of the cannon ball islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you oughter get to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natives would be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, an' you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes ma and pa die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad, depraved wretch, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrid example for little girls like you."

"Oh I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the banisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't around. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckle faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma cannot understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Dimmond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip. The little girl understands it better than her ma does.

THE BELL-WETHER AND THE DEACON.

Humorous Reading, for Church Entertainment

"YOU see," said Sam Lawson, "there was old Dick Ike's bell-wether, he wuz the fightenest old critter that ever you see. Many a time he's chased me and Lem Ludoe on our way to see the Larkin gals; but, as I was a sayin', what I want to tell yer is about him and the Deacon. Ike let his sheep graze in the church yard—wrong of course, but then he done it; and that's what got the Deacon in trouble. The weather was sizzlin' hot and the Deacon was the tithin' man and used to keep himself awake in meetin' by runnin' around wakin' up everybody else, and crackin' the boys with his stick whenever he ketched one in mischief. Nothin' escaped him. He seemed like one of them beasts in Revelation that was full of eyes behind and before. Well, folks that is chipper and high steppin' has their come-downs, and the Deacon had to hev his.

Well, that Sunday the parson give us a great sermon, and the Deacon run around and keep everything straight till it was most through, and then he sot down right by the door, and the hot weather overcome him so he fell asleep just before the sermon closed.

"Wal, Parson Morrell had a way o' prayin' with his eyes open. Folks said it wa'n't the best way, but it was Parson Morrell's anyhow, and so as he was prayin' he couldn't help seein' that Deacon Titkins was a noddin' and a bobbin' out towards the place where old Dick was feedin' with the sheep, front o' the meetin' house door.

"Lem and me was sittin' where we could look out and we could jest see old Dick stop feedin' and look at the Deacon. The Deacon had a little round head as smooth as an apple, with a nice powdered wig on it, and he sot there makin' bobs and bows, and Dick begun to think it was suthin' sort o' pussonel. Lem and me was sittin' jest where we could look out and see the whole picter, and Lem was fit to split.

"'Good, now,' says he, 'that critur 'll pay the Deacon off lively, pretty soon.'

"The Deacon bobbed his head a spell, and old Dick he shook his horns and stamped at him sort o' thretnin'. Finally

the Deacon he gave a great bow and brought his head right down at him, and old Dick he sot out full tilt and come down on him ker chunk, and knocked him head over heels into the broad aisle, and his wig flew one way and he t'other, and Dick made a lunge at it as it flew, and carried it off on his horns.

"Wal, you may believe, that broke up the meetin' for one while, for Parson Morrell laughed out, and all the gals and boys they stamped and roared, and the old Deacon he got up and begun rubbing his shins 'cause he didn't see the joke on't.

"'You don't orter laugh,' says he, 'it's no laughin' matter—it's a solemn thing,' says he, 'I might have been sent into 'tarnity by that darned crittur,' says he. Then they all roared and haw hawed the more to see the Deacon dancin' round with his little shiny head, so smooth a fly would trip up on't. 'I believe, on my soul, you'd laugh to see me in my grave,' says he.

"Wal, the truth on't was, 't was just one of them bustin' up times that natur' has, when there ain't nothin' for it but to give in; 't was jest like the ice breakin' up in the Charles River—it all come at once and no whoa to 't. Sunday or no Sunday, sin or no sin, the most on 'em laughed till they cried, and couldn't help it.

"But the Deacon he went home feelin' pretty sore about it. Lem Ludoe he picked up his wig and handed it to him. Says he, 'Old Dick was playing tithing man, wa'n't he, Deacon? Teach you to make allowance for other folks that get sleepy.'

"Then Mrs. Titkins she went over to Aunt Jerushy Seran's and Aunt Polly Hokum's, and they had a pot o' tea over it and 'greed it was awful o' Parson Morrell to set sich an example, and suthin' had got to be done about it. Miss Hokum said she allers knew that Parson Morrell hadn't no sperrituality, and now it had broke out into open sin, and led all the rest of 'em into it; and Mrs. Titkins, she said such a man wa'n't fit to preach; and Miss Hokum said she could n't never hear him ag'in, and the next Sunday the Deacon and his wife they hitched up and driv eight miles over to Parson Lothrop's and took Aunt Polly on the back seat.

"Wal, the thing growed and growed till it seemed as if there war n't nothing else talked about, 'cause Aunt Polly and Mrs. Titkins and Jerushy Seran they didn't do nothin' but talk about it, and that sot everybody else a talkin.'

"Finally, it was 'greed they must hev a council to settle the hash. So all the wimmen they went to chopping mince, and making up punkin pies and cranberry tarts, and bilin' doughnuts, gettin' reddy for the ministers and delegates—'cause councils always eats powerful—and they had quite a stir, like a gineral trainin'. The hosses, they was hitched all up and down the stalls, a stompin' and switchin' their tails and all the wimmen was a-talkin', and they hed up everybody round for witnesses, and finally Parson Morrell he says, 'Brethren,' says he, 'jest let me tell you the story jest as it happened, and if you don't every one of you laugh as hard as I did, why, then I'll give up.'

"The parson, he was a master hand at setting off a story, and afore he'd done he got 'em all in sich a roar they didn't know where to leave off. Finally, they give sentence that there hadn't no temptation took him but such as is common to man; but they advised him afterward allers to pray with his eyes shut, and the parson he confessed he orter 'a done it, and meant to do better in future, and so they settled it.

"So, boys," said Sam, who always drew a moral, "ye see it larns you you must take care what ye look at, ef ye want to keep from laughin' in meetin'."

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

A MOST OBLIGING LITTLE SISTER.

Humorous Child Character Sketch.

[illegible] are and simple looking young [illegible] standing, looking foolishly and expectantly at the [illegible] should enter in a romping irrepressi[illegible] a girl of apparently about twelve years of age.

"MY sister'll be down in a minute, and
says you're to wait, if you please;
And says I might stay till she came,
if I'd promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But
that's nonsense; for how w'ld you know
What she told me to say, if I didn't.
Don't you really and trully think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone
And you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit:
We keep it to match with the sofa; but Jack says it would be like you,
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw

Suppose you try! I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album: that's pretty, if you're sure that you're fingers are clean.
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross
There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good looking, of course

This is *Me*. It's the best of 'em all
Now, tell me, you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought;
For that was the message to Pa from the photograph man where I sat,—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting
Why, often she's longer than this
There's all her back hair to do up, and all of her front curls to friz
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me!
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee—

"Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my goodness! he used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright
You won't run away then, as he did? For you're not a rich man, they say!
Pa says you're poor as a church-mouse. Now, are you? and how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know now your hair isn't red;
But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go: sister's coming! But I wish I could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you, and she kissed you in the way she used to kiss Lee."

BRET HARTE.

BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

The following selection can be made very humorous if the [illegible] the tones of a very little child, and to [illegible] the cry of a [illegible].

I AM here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands. I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth, sidewise like, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two days old baby.

Never mind; when I'm a man, I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would rather have catnip-tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush don't wake up Emeline's baby;" and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline.

No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby; and looked at me and said I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob. He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to! Yes, there's another one—that "Gamma." "It was Gamma's baby, so it was." I declare, I do not know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes snuffy with catnip-tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to!

A YANKEE IN LOVE.

A very funny farce. A good comedian has excellent opportunity to show his ability in this selection.

ONE day Sall fooled me; she heated the poker awful hot, then asked me to stir the fire. I seized hold of it mighty quick to oblige her and dropped it quicker to oblige myself. Well, after the poker scrape, me and Sall only got on middlin' well for some time, till I made up my mind to pop the question, for I loved her harder every day, and I had an idea she loved me or had a sneaking kindness for me. But how to do the thing up nice and right pestered me orful. I bought some love books, and read how the fellers get down onter their knees and talk like poets, and how the girls would gently like fall in love with them. But somehow or other that way didn't kinder suit my notion. I asked mam how she and dad courted, but she said it had had been so long she had forgotten all about it. Uncle Joe said mam did all the courting.

At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for this thing was fairly consumin' my mind; so I goes over to her dad's, and when I got there I sot like a fool, thinkin' how to begin. Sall seed somethin' was troublin' me, so she said, says she, "An't you sick, Peter?" She said this mighty soft-like. "Yes; No!" sez I; that is, I an't zackly well. I thought I'd come over to-night," sez I. I tho't that was a mighty purty beginnin'; so I tried again. "Sall," sez I—and by this time I felt kinder fainty about the stommuck and shaky about the knees—"Sall," sez I agin. "What?" sez she. I'll get to it arter awhile at this rate, thinks I. "Peter," says she, "there's suthin' troublin' you; 'tis mighty wrong for you to keep it from a body, for an inard sorrer is a consumin' fire." She said this, *she did*, the sly critter. She knowed what was the matter all the time mighty well, and was only trying to fish it out, but I was so far gone I couldn't see the point.

At last I sorter gulped down the big lump a-risin' in my throat, and sez I, sez I, "Sall, do you love anybody?" "Well," sez she, "there's dad and mam," and a-countin' of her fingers all the time with her eyes sorter shet like a feller shootin' off a gun, "and there's old Pide (that were their old cow), and I can't think of anybody else just now," says she. Now, this was orful for a feller dead in love; so arter awhile I tried another shute. Sez I, "Sall," sez I, "I'm powerful lonesome at home, and sometimes think if I only had a nice, pretty wife to love and talk to, move, and have my bein' with, I'd be a tremendous feller." Sez I, "Sall," do you know any gal would keer for me?"

With that she begins, and names over all the gals for five miles around, and never once came nigh naming herself, and sed I oughter get one of them. This sorter got my dander up, so I hitched my chair up close to her, and shet my eyes and sed, "SALL, you are the VERY gal I've been hankering arter for a long time. I love you all over, from the sole of your head to the crown of your foot, and I don't care who knows it, and if you say so we'll be jined together in the holy bonds of hemlock. Epluribus-unum, world without end, amen!" sez I; and then I felt like I'd throwed up an alligator; I felt so relieved.

With that she fetched a sorter a scream, and arter awhile sez, sez she, "PETER!" "What, Sally?" sez I. "YES!" sez she, a hidin' of her face behind her hands. You bet a heap, I felt good. "Glory! glory!" sez I, "I must holler, Sall, or I shall bust. Hurrah for hoorray! I can jump over a ten-rail fence!"

With that I sot right down by her and clinched the bargain with a kiss. Talk about your blackberry jam; talk about your sugar and merlasses; you wouldn't a got me nigh 'em—they would all a been sour arter that. Oh these gals! how good and bad, how high and low they make a feller feel. If Sall's daddy hadn't sung out 'twas time all honest folks was abed, I'd a sot there two hours longer.

You oughter seed me when I got home. I pulled dad out of bed and hugged him! I pulled mam out of bed and hugged her! I pulled aunt Jane out of bed and hugged her! I larfed and hollered and crowed like a rooster. I danced around there, and I cut up more capers than you ever heerd tell on, till dad thought I was crazy, and got a rope to tie me with.

"Dad," sez I, "I'm goin' to be married!" "Married!" bawled dad. "Married!" squalled mam. "Married!" screamed aunt Jane. "Yes, married," sez I; "married all over, married for sure, married like a flash—joined in wedlock, hooked on for life, for worser or for better, for life and for death—to SALLY [illegible] that very thing—me! Peter Sorghum, Esquire!"

With that I ups and tells 'em all about it, [illegible] to Ermeget'. They was all [illegible] well pleased, and I went to bed as proud as a young rooster with his first spurs.

ALI BURNETT.

—

MISS JANUARY JONES' LECTURE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A farce character. Young man dressed up as a [illegible] woman.

LADIES and gentlemen: Hear me for my cause, and be silent that I may have your years. I come to speak for my sufferin' sisters.

Man, my hearers, claims to be the sooperior uv woman! Is it so? and ef so, in what, and how much? Wuz he the fust creashun? He wuz, my hearers; but what does that prove? Man wuz made fust, but the experience gained in makin' man wuz applied to the makin' uv a betterer and more finer being, uv whom I am a sample. Nacher made man, but saw in a breef space uv time thet he coodent take keer of hisself alone, and so he made a woman to take keer uv him, and thet's why we wuz created, tho' seein' all the trubble we hev, I don't doubt thet it wood hev bin money in our pockets ef we hedn't bin med at all.

Imagine, my antiquated sisters, Adam afore Eve was med! Who sowed on his shirt buttins? Who cooked his beef steak? Who med his coffee in the mornin' and did his washin'? He wuz mizzable, he wuz—he must hev boarded out, and eat hash! But when Eve cum, the scene changed. Her gentle hand suthed his akin' brow wen he cum in from a hard day's work. She hed his house in order; she hed his slippers and dressin' gown reddy, and after tea he smooked his meershaum in peece.

Men, crooel, hard hearted men, assert thet Eve wuz the cause uv his expulshun from Eden—thet she plucked the apple and give him half; oh, my sisters, it's troo: it's too troo, but what uv it? It proves, fustly, her goodness. Hed Adam plucked the apple, ef it hed bin a good one, he'd never thought of his wife at home, but wood hev gobbled it all. Eve, angel that we all are, thought uv him, and went havers with him! Secondly, it wuz the meens uv good, anyhow. It interdoost deth inter the wurld, which separated 'em wile they still hed luv fur each uther. I appeal to the sterner sex present to-night. Wood yoo, oh, wood yoo, desire for immortality, onless, indede, you lived in Injeany, where you cood git divorces, and change your names wunst in ten or fifteen yeers? S'pos'n all uv yoo hed bin fortoonit enuff to win sich virgin soles ez me, cood yoo endoor charms like mine for a eternity? Methinks not. I know that ef I hed a husband he wood bless Eve for interdoosin' death inter the world.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

[illegible]

DIS [illegible] man [illegible] in Italia [illegible] longa time ago. He hada greata head ever since he was a kidda. Not a bigga head lika de politeecians nowaday—not a swella heada. His fadda kept a standa in Italia. Sella de peanutta and de lemon. Maka plenta de mon. Christopher Columbus he say, "Fadda, gimma de stamp. I go finda [illegible] world." His fadda he laugh. "Ha! [illegible] just so." Den Christopher he say, "Whata you maka fun! I betta you I finda new world." After a longa time his fadda say, "You go finda new world, and bringa it over here." Den de olda man he buy him a grip sack, an' giva him boodle, an' maka him a present of three ships to come over to de sa contra. Well, Christopher Colum he saila an' saila for a gooda many day. He don't see no land. An' he say, "I giva fiva dollar bill if I was back in Italia!" Well, he saila, an' he saila, an' vera soon he strika Coney Island. Den dat maka him glad! Vera soon he coma to Castle Garden, an' den he walka up Broadway an' he feel vera bada. He finda outa dat de Irish gang has gotta possession of New Yorka! He don't lika de Irish, an' de Shamrocka donta

lika him. He donta go veta far before a pleasanter mana speaks to him. He say, "How a-you do, Mista Jones? Howa de folks in Pittsburg?" Christopher Colum he say, "I notta Mista Jones; I reada the papers; I tinka you sella de green goods, ha? You go away, or I broka your jaw!" Den he shaka hees fista deesa way, and de man [illegible] skedaddle. Den he tries to crossa de Broad-a-way, but it fulla de mud an' he canta swim. Veta soon he sees a policeman cluba de mana, one, two, three times, an' he [illegible] seeka de stom'! Next he metta de politicians uppa Tammany Hall, an' dees [illegible] him to runna for Alderman. He getta plenty friend. He learna to "settom up" at de bar mana time. Next day he hava heada like deesa!

His [illegible] writa: "Why you notta bringa back de new world? I lika to hava de earth!" Christopher Colum he writa back: "New Yorka is already in de hands of the [illegible]." Den he goes to Ohio and buys a [illegible] an' calla it after himself Colum. [illegible] an' taka de nexta train [illegible] disgusta, because he reada in de [illegible] the Fair [illegible] was holda in Chicago!"

A GIRL'S CONVERSATION OVER THE TELEPHONE.

[illegible]

I CONSIDER [illegible] a conversation by telephone — when you are simply sitting by [illegible] not taking any part in that con[illegible] one of the solemnest curiosities of this modern life.

Yesterday I was writing a deep article [illegible] philosophical subject while [illegible] conversation was going on in the [illegible] room. I notice that one can always [illegible] talking [illegible] Well the [illegible] A member of [illegible] came in and asked me to [illegible] put into communication [illegible] down town. I have observed, in many cities, that the gentle [illegible] shrunk from calling up the [illegible] office themselves. I don't know why, but they do. So I rang the bell and this talk ensued

Central office — "What-number-do-you want?

I. — "Main 24-68.

C. O.—"Main 2 4-6-3?"

I.—"No, 2 4 6 8."

Then I heard a k-look, k-look, k-look klook klook klook look look! Then a horrible "gritting" of teeth, and finally a piping voice:

"Hello?" (rising inflection).

I.—"Hello, is this Mr. Bagley's?

"Yes, did you wish to speak to me?

Without answering, I handed the receiver to the applicant, and sat down. Then followed the queerest of all things in the world — a conversation with only one end to it. You hear questions asked; you don't hear the answer. You hear invitations given; you hear no thanks in return. You have listening pauses of dead silence, followed by apparently irrelevant and unjustifiable exclamations of glad surprise or sorrow or dismay. You can't make head or tail out of the talk, because you never hear anything that the person at the other end of the wire says. Well, I heard the following series of remarkable observations — all from the one tongue, and all shouted — for you can't ever persuade the gentle sex to speak gently into a telephone.

(Goes to imaginary telephone and holds hand to ear as if holding the receiver.)

"Hello, is that you, Daisy?" *(Pause.)*

"Yes. Why, how did that happen?" *(Pause.)*

"What did you say?" *(Pause.)*

"Oh, no, I don't think it was." *(Pause.)*

"No! Oh, no, I didn't mean that. I did think of getting it, but I don't believe it will stay in style, and — what? — and Charlie just hates that shade of blue, anyway." *(Pause.)*

"What's that?"

"You wouldn't let him dictate to you, at least before you were married?" *(Pause.)*

"Why, my dear, how childish! You don't suppose I'd let him afterwards, do you?" *(Pause.)*

"I turned it over with a back-stitch on the selvage edge." *(Pause.)*

"Yes, I like that way, too; but I think

it better to baste it on with [illegible], or something of that kind. It gives such an air." (*Pause.*)

"Yes, you know he did pay some attention to Celia." (*Pause.*)

"Why, she threw herself right at his head." (*Pause.*)

"And he told me he always admired me." (*Pause.*)

"Well, he said it seemed as if he never could get anybody to introduce him." (*Pause.*)

"Perhaps so; I generally use a hairpin."

"What did you say?" (*Aside.*) "Children, do be quiet!" (*Pause.*)

"Oh! B flat! Dear me, I thought you said it was the cat!" (*Pause.*)

"Since when?" (*Pause.*)

"Why, I never heard of it." (*Pause.*)

"You astound me! It seems utterly impossible!" (*Pause.*)

"Who did?" (*Pause.*)

"Goodness gracious!" (*Pause.*)

"Well, what is the world coming to? Was it right in church?" (*Pause.*)

"And was her mother there?" (*Pause.*)

"Why, Daisy, I should have died of humiliation! What did they do?" (*Long Pause.*)

"I can't be perfectly sure, because I haven't the notes by me; but I think it goes something like this: 'To-to-ly [illegible] [illegible] do!' And then repeat, you know." (*Pause.*)

"Yes, I think it is very sweet, and very solemn and impressive if you get the andantino and the pianissimo in it." (*Pause.*)

"Did he really say that?" (*Pause.*)

"Yes, I do care for him—what?—but mind you don't tell him. I don't want him to know it." (*Pause.*)

"What?" (*Pause.*)

"Oh, not in the least—go right on. Papa's here, writing,—it doesn't bother him." (*Pause.*)

"Very well, I'll come if I can." (*Aside.*) "Dear me, papa, how it does tire a person's arm to hold this thing up so long! I wish she'd—" (*Pause.*)

"Oh, no, not at all; I like to talk—but I'm afraid I'm keeping you from your affairs." (*Pause.*)

"Visitors?" (*Pause.*)

"No, we never use butter on them." (*Pause.*)

"Yes, that is a very good way; but all the cook-books say they are very unhealthy when they are out of season. And papa doesn't like them, anyway,—especially canned." (*Pause.*)

"Yes, I'm going to the concert with him to-night." (*Pause.*)

"Engaged? why, certainly not." (*Pause.*)

"You know, dear, you'd be the very first one I'd tell." (*Pause.*)

"No, we really are not engaged." (*Pause.*)

"Must you go? Well, good-bye." (*Pause.*)

"Yes, I think so. Good-bye." (*Pause.*)

"Four o'clock, then. I'll be ready. Can Charlie meet us then?" (*Pause.*)

"Oh, that's good. Good-bye." (*Pause.*)

"Thank you ever so much. Good-bye." (*Pause.*)

"Oh, not at all! Just as fresh—which?"

"Oh, I'm glad to hear that. Good-bye."

(Hangs up the receiver and says:) "Oh, it does tire a person's arm so." (*Stepping down to center of stage.*)

A man delivers a single brutal "good-bye," and that is the end of it. Not so with the gentle sex. I say it in their praise, they cannot abide abruptness.

A SERMON FOR THE SISTERS.

Negro Dialect.

I NEBBER breaks a colt afore he's old
  enough to trabble;
I nebber digs my taters till dey plenty
  big to grabble;
An' when you sees me risin' up to structify
  in meetin',
I's fust clumb up de knowledge-tree and
  done some apple-eatin'.

I sees some sistahs pruzint, mighty proud
  o' whut dey wearin';
It's well you isn't apples, now, you better
  be declarin'!
For when you heerd yo' markit price 't'd
  hurt yo' little feelin's;
You wouldn't fotch a dime a peck, for all
  yo' fancy peelin's.

O sistahs—leetle apples (for you're r'ally mighty like 'em)—
I lubs de ol'-time russets, dough it's suldom I kin strike 'em :
An' so I lubs you, sistahs, for yo' grace, an' not yo' graces—
I don't keer how my apple looks, but on'y how it tas'es.

Is dare a Sabbat-scholah heah? Den let him 'form his mudder
How Jacob-in de Bible's boys played off upon dey brudder!
Dey sol' him to a trader—an' at las' he struck de prison :
Dat comed of Joseph's struttin' in dat streaked coat ob his'n.

My Christian fren's, dis story proobes dat eben men is human—
He'd had a dozen fancy coats ef he'd a bin a 'ooman!
De cussidness ob showin' off, he foun' out all about it ;
An' yit he wuz a Christian man, as good as ebber shouted.

It turned him! An' I bet you when he come to git his riches,
Dey didn't go for stylish coats nor Philadelphy breeches ;
He didn't was'e his money when experience taught him better,
But he went aroun' a-lookin' like he's waitin' for a letter!

Now, sistahs, won't you copy him? Say, won't you take a lesson,
An' min' dis sollum wahnin' 'bout de sin ob fancy dressin'?
How much you spen' upon yo'se'f! I wish you might remember
Yo' preacher ain't bin paid a cent sence somewhar in November.

I better close. I sees some gals dis sahmon's kinder hittin'
A-whisperin', an' 'sturbin' all dat's near whar dey's a-sittin' :
To look at dem, an' lis'en at dey ourespec'ful jabber,
It turns de milk ob human kineness mighty nigh to clabber!
A-a-a-men!

IRWIN RUSSELL.

MARK TWAIN INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

LADIES—and—gentlemen. By—the request of the chairman of the—committee—I beg leave to—intro—duce to you the reader of the eve—ning—a gentleman whose great learning—whose historic [illegible] whose devotion to science and whose veneration for the truth are only equalled by his high moral character—his majestic presence. I allude in these vague general terms—to myself. I am a little opposed to the custom of ceremoniously introducing a reader to the audience because it seems unnecessary where the man has been properly advertised!

But as it is—the custom to have an introduction—I prefer to do the act myself in my own case and then I can rely on getting in—all the facts.

I never had but one introduction—that seemed to me just the thing. In that instance the gentleman was not acquainted with me and there was, consequently,—no nonsense.

Ladies and gentlemen, I shall waste no time in this introduction. I know of only two important facts about the man I am introducing—First: he has never been in a state prison; and, second: I can't—imagine why!

BILL NYE ON HORNETS.

LAST fall I desired to add to my rare collection a large hornet's nest. I have an embalmed tarantula and her porcelain lined nest and I desired to add to these the gray and airy home of the hornet. I procured one of the largest size, after cold weather, and hung it in my cabinet by a string. I forgot about it until spring. When warm weather came, something reminded me of it: I think it was a hornet. He jogged my memory in some way, and called my attention to it. Memory is not located where I thought it was. It seemed as though whenever he touched me he awakened a memory,—a warm memory, with a red place all around it.

Then some more hornets came, and began to rake up old personalities. I remember that one of them lit on my upper lip.

He thought it was a rosebud. When he went away it looked like a gladiolus bulb. I wrapped a wet sheet around it to take out the warmth and reduce the swelling, so that I could go through the folding doors, and tell my wife about it. Hornets lit all over me, and walked around on my person. I did not dare to scrape them off because they were so sensitive. You have to be very guarded in your conduct toward a hornet.

I remember once while I was watching the busy little hornet gathering honey and June bugs from the bosom of a rose, years ago, I stirred him up with a club, more as a practical joke than [illegible] and he came and lit on my sunny head [illegible] I wore my own hair [illegible] and he walked around through my gleaming [illegible] a while, making tracks as large as a watermelon all over my head. If he hadn't run out of tracks my head would have looked like a load of summer squashes. I remember I had to thump my head against the smoke house in order to smash him; and I had to comb him out with a fine comb, and wear a waste paper basket two weeks for a hat. Much has been said of the hornet; but he is an odd [illegible] yet new.

[illegible]

TERRY O'MILLIGAN, THE IRISH PHILOSOPHER.

[illegible]

I [illegible] that it would [illegible] taken [illegible] You [illegible] I'm thinkin' [illegible] more this. I'm a walkin' pedestrian, a traveling philosopher. Terry O'Milligan [illegible] me name. I'm from Dublin where many philosophers before me was raised and bred. Oh philosophy is a fine study! I don't know anything about it, but it's a foine study! Before I kem over I attended an important meetin' of philosophers in Dublin and the discussin' and talkin' [illegible] heat there about the world [illegible] warm [illegible] very heart of Socrates or Aristotle himself. Well, there was a great many imminent and learned min there at the meetin', and I was there too, and while we was in the very thickest of a heated argument, one comes up to me and says he: "Do you know what we're talkin' about?" "I do," says I, "but I don't understand yees." "Could ye explain the sun's motion around the earth?" says he. "I could," says I, "but I'd not k[illegible] could you understand or not." "Well," says he, "we'll see," says he. Sure'n I didn't know anything how to get out of it then, so I piled in. "for," says I, to myself, "never let on to any one that you don't know anything, but make them believe that you do know all about it." So I says to him, takin' up me shillalah this way (holding a very crooked stick perpendicular). "We'll take that for the straight line of the earth's equator" (how's that for gohography? to the audience). Ah, that was straight till the other day I bent it in an argument. "Wery good," says he. "Well," says I, "now the sun rises in the east" (placing the disengaged hand at the east end of the stick). Well, he couldn't deny that. "And when he gets up he

[illegible]

Do you moind the poetry there? (to the audience, with a smile). "And he keeps on risin' and risin' till he reaches his meridian." "What's that?" says he. "His dinner-toime," says I; "sure that's [illegible] say I, [illegible] dinner toime, and when he gets his dinner

[illegible]

[illegible] there's more poetry! I fail it [illegible] all over me. "There," says I, well [illegible] with myself, "will that do for ye?" "You haven't got done with him yet," says he. "Done with him," says I, kinder mad like, "what more do you want me to do with him? Didn't I bring him from the east to the west? What more do you want?" "Oh," says he, "you'll have to bring him back again to the east to rise next mornin'."

By Saint Patrick! and wasn't I near betrayin' me ignorance? Sure'n I thought there was a large family of suns, and they

rise one after the other. But I gathered meself quick, and, says I to him, "Well," says I, "I'm surprised you axed me that simple question. I thought any man 'ud know," says I, "when the sun sinks to rest in the west—when the sun —" says I. "You said that before," says he. "Well, I want to press it stronger upon you," says I. "When the sun sinks to rest in the east—no, west—why, he—why, he waits till it grows dark, and then he goes back in the noight toime!"

THE PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

A character sketch, given with best effect [illegible] an album being held in the hands and the leaves [illegible] as [illegible] proceeds.

GOOD AFTERNOON, Miss Robbins. Come to see the funer'l pass, I s'pose. It's been very lively in town these two weeks you've been away; there's been five funer'ls and three vandues, and two small-pox cases. I must remember and tell you all the partickelers. In the fust place, Sam Tunison and his wife's separated, for they didn't walk together at his mother's funer'l, and that's always a sure sign. And Billy Peters' wife was glad when the poor old soul died, for she didn't take it hard at all, didn't cry or go on a bit, as far as I could see. And 'Zekiel Acker rode in the fust carriage along with the minister, and his wife's folks in the second carriage. It don't seem to me that that was the proper thing to do.

Will you look at the paper, Miss Robbins? It ain't much good; I guess I'll stop it. Ain't never hardly any deaths in any more, nor no family troubles. Don't care for the paper, eh? Well! here's the photograph album. There's father and mother—beats all how old fashioned pictures do git to look in a few short years. And there's our old minister—sich excellent doctrinal sermons as he used to preach—and then to think he'd go and leave us and go all the way to Spring Hook, Nebraska, just for a raise of a hundred and fifty a year on to his salary! What a savin' woman his wife used to be! and she had to be, to be sure, sich an everlastin' family of children as they did have! There, that's the woman what was hung for killin' five husbands—two of 'em she pizened and two she choked and one she killed with the gridiron when she was fryin' flapjacks. I had to pay fifty cents for that picter; thought I must have it. There's William Henry's half-sister's son—little boy—just got on pants and feels very big, of course. There, that's me when I was fust married. Jemimy Day's step-daughter, she had the imperdence to say it flattered me. *She* was as homely as a brush fence. There, that's the man I was a tellin' you of—the man Sal Simpson led such a life finally left him, and, without even so much as a divorce, went and married his second cousin's wife's half brother, all the worse for bein' in the family. There's the Siamese Twins, and there's Tom Thumb and his wife. And there's Abe Linkum, and there's the fat woman—cost me twenty-five cents to see that onct in York. There, that's that poor Miss Smith what died with such a terrible cancer—how thankful we had all ought to be that we ain't got no cancers! Such a operation as she had to go through with—cost six hundred dollars—and then wa'n't no good after all. I'd a demanded the money back if I'd a been Sam; but for that matter, like as not he was glad she died, went and married that young thing I was a tellin' you of before she was cold. A high time she'll have with them step-children of hern! Poor Miss Smith! [illegible] likely though she's better off, though [illegible] do say she was most awful mean about givin' to missions in Chiny—thought the heathen wa'n't accountable as long as they hadn't heard nothin'. Amazin' queer what notions some people gits into their heads these [illegible]! And here's poor Mariar M[illegible]—beats all what amazin' nice pumpkin pies she used to make! She was [illegible] goin' to give me her receipt. Poor thing, now she's gone! There, that [illegible]. [illegible] What a satisfaction and comfort [illegible] [illegible] to be sure!

ELLA BEVIER.

ZEB WHITE'S UNLUCKY ARGUMENT.

(Backwoods Character Sketch.)

"ONE mawning at the breakfast table," said the old possum hunter as I asked him for a yarn, "me and

the old woman got into a jaw 'bout coons. I held to it that all coons orter hev ben bob tailed, an' she contended that the Lawd made 'em as he wanted 'em an' did a good job. We wasn't mad at fust, but the mo' we talked the meaner we felt, an' [illegible] we got downright ugly. It was Sunday mawnin', an' we was goin' off to preachin' that day, but when I got my mad up I said —

"As long as I'm fur bobtailed coons [illegible] the Lawd didn't make 'em that way, thar's no use fur me to hear preachin'. I'll [illegible] home, and yo' kin go alone."

I reckoned that would cool [illegible] but it didn't. She chawed [illegible] bacon fur awhile an' then said:

"Zeb White, thar's bound [illegible] around this cabin. Can't [illegible] fault the way yo' do without startin' hap[illegible] in'. I'm goin' right along to [illegible] an' if yo' want to fly in the [illegible] yo' must take the consequences."

"I'm contendin' fur bobtailed [illegible]" said I. "If all coons was bobtailed they'd look a heap purtier an' git along a heap better."

"But how kin they be when [illegible] fixed?"

"Dunno, but I'm contendin'."

"Then yo' keep on contendin' and see how yo'll come out. Thar's bobtailed [illegible] mints in the mountings, and [illegible] git 'nuff of them befo' [illegible] abusin' Providence."

"If she'd coaxed me a bit I'd hev gone with her," explained Zeb, "but [illegible] all she meant to. When she got ready she started off through the woods [illegible] even looked at me. My [illegible] was out of order, an' my old dawg had run away, an' so I couldn't go [illegible] through the woods. I sot down on the doahstep [illegible] pipe or two, an' as it was a warm day I begun to feel sleepy.

"I went over and stumbled on to the bed, an' it wasn't five minits befo' I was sound asleep. The doah was left wide open an' 'bout the last thing I heard befo' I dropped off was the old mewl brayin' in the stable. I'd been asleep an hour when sumthin' [illegible] I woke up. I opened my eyes to find a big bear on the bed with me. He [illegible] doah open an' walked in, an' seein' me asleep, he sot out to hev some fun. He didn't see me open my eyes, an' I took keer to shet 'em ag'in arter one look.

"Befo' the Lawd but I was skeered! I felt de cold chills creepin' [illegible] back, an' the sweat busted out on [illegible] I was choppin' at a log [illegible]

"I had found fault with the Lawd fur [illegible] making bobtailed coons, [illegible] even as he [illegible] his pipe [illegible] that had been sent in [illegible] It wasn't no use to think of jumpin' up or fightin' him. He had all the [illegible] an' if I made him mad he'd [illegible] My game was to [illegible] but I hope I shall never hev [illegible] other two hours while I [illegible]

"That bear was [illegible] He was [illegible] sorts of [illegible] He [illegible] cloth [illegible] of."

I was playin' [illegible] know what [illegible] an' jumped off [illegible] water pail on the [illegible] minits. [illegible] an' was anxious to git away. But I [illegible] of him. I couldn't fight him [illegible] an' start [illegible]

I jest laid thar till the varmint had quenched his thirst an' looked around, an' then he come back at [illegible] The circus was only half [illegible]

"He was so rough at times that I almost yelled out with the pain, an' between the [illegible] an' the skeer I wasn't much better than a dead man. The mewl smelt the b'ar an' kept up a tremendious brayin', an' the old woman heard the noise when she was yit a mile away. Bime-by, when the varmint had had a show with the price of admission, he settled down to a rest.

"I was then lyin' with my face to the wall, an' he planted all four feet ag'in my

back an' kept up a sort of purrin'. He had me crowded ag'in the cabin logs till I could hardly breathe, an' I had made up my mind that I'd never tree another coon when the old woman got back from preachin'.

"The old mewl was kickin' an' brayin', an' she seen the tracks of the b'ar leadin' into the cabin. She stood in the doah an' got sight of the varmint on the bed, an' she did a thing which no man on these yere Cumberland mountings would hev attempted.

"Thar was no gun at hand to shoot with, an' her only show was to take that b'ar by surprise. That's what she did. She tip-toed up to the bed an' fastened her fingers in his fur, an' though he was a hefty load, she carried him to the doah and dumped him out. I never knowed she was home till she pulled the b'ar away. As I riz up the astonished varmint was makin' fur the woods, while the old woman hadn't even turned pale.

"'Was—was it a b'ar?' I asked as she took off her sunbonnet an' began to clatter the stove.

"'Of co'se,' she keerlessly replied.

"'An' what did yo' do with him?'

"'Jest dumped him outdoahs. 'Pears to me yo've bin havin' heaps of fun. Most of yo'r clothes hev bin clawed off, the bed quilts chawed to rags, an' yo' ar' blood from head to heel. Mebbe yo' was learnin' that b'ar a lot of tricks?'"

"I tried to git out of bed to hug her an' praise her spunk," explained Zeb to me, "but I was so weak that I fell down. She never let on to mind me, an' I had to help myself up. Bimeby I got over to a cheer an' dropped into it an' asked:—

"'Did yo' find the preachin', an' was it good?'

"'Powerful good,' she answerd, 'but it wasn't 'bout coons or b'ars. Anything wantin' of me befo' I puts the kittle on?'

"'I'm wantin' yo' to help me doctor up 'bout fo' hundred scratches, an' I'm also wantin' to be forgiven for my remarks 'bout coons.'

"'How is it, Zeb?' she said, as she turned on me. 'When de Lawd dun put a long tail on a coon, was it fur the likes of pore human critters to kick about it?'

"'Reckon not—not skassly.'

"'An' how 'bout b'ars? Mebbe yo' find fault bekase the Lawd made 'em bob-tailed?'

"'I haven't a word to say a'gin it.'

"'Jest goin' to let the long tails an' the bobtails ramble around as the Lawd made 'em to ramble?'

"'That's it.'

"'An goin' to hear preachin' when thar is preachin' at the skulehouse?'

"'Fur suah.'

"'Then I'll warm up some coon's fat an' grease your hurts, and yo' jest let this be a powerful warnin' to yo' not to find any mo' fault with the Lawd's way of doin' things. It was fur Him to put long tails on coons an' foxes, an' bobtails on b'ars an' wildcats, an' yo' jest keep yo'r gab still 'bout it an' reckon' to consider that it was all fur the best.'"

"PHILADELPHIA PRESS."

THE INTERVIEWER.

Humorous reading. May be used as a dialogue by two properly dressed characters.

THE nervous, dapper, "peart" young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with the *Daily Thunderstorm* and added:

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"*Interview* you."

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes."

I was not feeling well that morning. Indeed, my powers seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the bookcase, and, when I had been looking six or seven minutes, found I was obliged to refer to the young man. I said: (If used as dialogue this part should be acted, not spoken, and the next question asked after an examination of the dictionary.)

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Interview."

"Oh, my goodness! What do you want to spell it for?"

"I don't want to spell it. I want to see what it means."

"Well, this is astonishing, I must say. I can tell you what it means, if you—if you—"

"Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you, too."

"In, *in*, ter, *ter*, inter—"

"Then you spell it with an *I*?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Oh, that is what took me so long."

"Why, my dear sir, what did you propose to spell it with?"

"Well, I—I—I—hardly know. I had the Unabridged; and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition."

"Why, my friend, they wouldn't have a *picture* of it even in the latest e—— My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world; but you do not look as—as—intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm—I mean no harm at all."

"Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes—yes—they always speak of it with rapture."

"I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious."

"Indeed! I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?"

"Ah, well—well—well—this is disheartening. It ought to be done with a club in some cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?"

"Oh, with pleasure—with pleasure. I have a very bad memory; but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory—singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes into a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me."

"Oh! it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can."

"I will. I will put my whole mind on it."

"Thanks! Are you ready to begin?"

"Ready."

Question. How old are you?

Answer. Nineteen in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does, indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you are only nineteen years—

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. Well, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day; and he asked me to make less noise, and—

Q. But, good heavens! If you were at his funeral he must have been dead; and, if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of a man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead?

A. I didn't say he was dead.

Q. But wasn't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q. What do you think?

A. Oh, it was none of my business! It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you—However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask you something else. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eight years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eight. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? (Shaking hands.) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy; but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I—I—I think so,—yes—but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this picture on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it, that was a brother of mine. That's William. Bill, we called him. Poor old Bill!

Q. Why, he is dead then?

A. Ah, well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. Buried him! Buried him without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead—

A. No, no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see! He came to life again.

A. I bet he didn't.

Q. Well, I never heard anything like this. Somebody was dead. Somebody was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. Ah, that's just it! That's it exactly! You see we were twins,—defunct and I,—and we got mixed in the bath tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill: Some think it was me.

Q. Well, that is remarkable. What do you think?

A. Goodness knows? I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark,—a large mole on the back of his left hand; that was me. That child was the one that was drowned!

Q. Very well, then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

A. You don't. Well I do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But 'sh! don't mention it where the family can hear it. Heaven knows they have heart breaking troubles enough without adding this.

Q. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present; and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?

A. Oh, it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over, and the procession all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the scenery; and so he *got up, and rode with the driver.*

The young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company; and I was sorry to see him go.

MARK TWAIN.

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Irish Dialect.

OCH! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke intirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands! To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Amerikey,—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry, to be bate by the likes

o them!' 'faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listenin' than drawin' your remarks; an' it's mysel', with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be burned alive soon 'n put up wid it a minute longer. Sure an' I was a gettin' on to be fixin' at once [illegible] ... into me kitchen wid her palaver about the new waiterman which was brought out from Californy. 'He'll be here the night,' says she, 'and Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner,' says she, a kind o' looking off. 'Sure an' it's little I'll hinder ner interfere wid him nor any other mum,' says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says [illegible] to shame:

'Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sense to mind his bein' a little strange.' Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, misthrustin' if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Holy fathers! may I never breathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yellow it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trowsers and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was upstairs afore you could turn about, givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taitch 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blessed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up and 'ike two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or a smitch o' whiskers on him, and his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dying you'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, and he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stuff, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' and copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin' wid drumsticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me sick. [illegible] I couldn't [illegible]. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a week ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder, squirrit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirty baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into the way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praties or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind, that haythen would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paalin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' didn't he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythin! You're aware yerself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper an' put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cuddent be bodderin' any one. Well, what should it be but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a-spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing

Wing, which I never would call him by that name nor any other but just haythin, she motions to him she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll believe me, Ann Ryan, what did that haythin Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar an' a handful o' tay an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spachless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blanket and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' [illegible] them in. Och! the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud curdle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you who ought to be arrested," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she; and so it went till she gave me such sass as I couldn't take from no lady, an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, and she a-pointin' to the door.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS TAKEN COLD.

I'M not going to contradict you, Caudle; you may say what you like, but I think I ought to know my own feelings better than you. I don't wish to upbraid you [illegible] but [illegible] getting wet in thin shoes; oh, no! it's my mind, Caudle, my mind that's killing [illegible] Oh yes! *gruel indeed!* you think [illegible] will cure a woman of anything; and you know, too, how I hate [illegible] can't reach what I suffer [illegible] nobody is ever ill but yourself. Well, I didn't mean to say that [illegible] in that way about [illegible] of [illegible] help it. You've always gone on [illegible] shoes when I think [illegible] of what becomes me best. [illegible] it would be all the same to you [illegible] ploughman's boots; but I'm not [illegible] make a figure of my feet. [illegible] I've never got cold with the [illegible] and 'tisn't likely I should [illegible]

No Caudle; I wouldn't wish to [illegible] thing to accuse you; no, goodness knows I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world; but the cold I've got I got ten years ago. I have never said anything about it, but it has never left me. Yes; ten years ago the day before yesterday. *How can I recollect it?* Oh, very well; women remember things you never think of: poor souls! They've good cause to do so. Ten years ago I was sitting up for you—there now, I'm not going to say anything to vex you, only do let me speak—ten years ago I was waiting for you, and I fell asleep, and the fire went out, and when I awoke I found I was sitting right in the draught of the keyhole. That was my death, Caudle, though don't let that make you uneasy, love; for I don't think that you meant to do it.

Ha! it's all very well for you to call it nonsense, and to lay your ill conduct upon my shoes. That's like a man, exactly! There never was a man yet that killed his wife who couldn't give a good reason for it. No, I don't mean to say that you've killed me; quite the reverse. Still, there's never been a day that I haven't felt that [illegible] What? *Why don't I have a doctor?* What's the use of a doctor? Why should I put you to the expense? Besides, I dare say you'll do very well without me, Caudle; yes, after a very little time you won't miss me much—no man ever does.

Peggy tells me Miss Prettyman called [illegible] *What [illegible]?* Nothing, of course. Yes, I know she heard I was ill, and that's why she came. A little indecent, I think, Mr. Caudle; she might wait; I shan't be in her way long; she may soon have the [illegible] [illegible] now.

How, Mr. Caudle, what's the use of [illegible] [illegible] your dearest soul now? W[illegible] [illegible] I believe you. I dare say you do [illegible] [illegible] Nevertheless [illegible] expect I can be quiet in this [illegible] [illegible] of that young woman; not [illegible] that she's near so young as she [illegible] [illegible] I bear no malice towards [illegible] [illegible] not the least. Still I don't [illegible] I could rest at peace in my grave if [illegible] [illegible] anything more about her [illegible] [illegible] what I mean.

I think [illegible] mother [illegible] keep [illegible] [illegible] for you when I'm gone. Well [illegible] I won't talk in that way, if you [illegible] Still, I know I've a dreadful cold

though I won't allow it for a minute to be the shoes; certainly not. I never would wear 'em thick, and you know it, and they *never* gave me a cold yet. No, dearest Caudle, it's ten years of treat—did it—not that I'll say a syllable of the matter to hurt you; I'd die first.

Mother, you see, knows all your little ways; and you wouldn't get another wife to study you and pet you up as I've done—a second wife never does; it isn't likely she should. And after all, we've been very *happy*. It hasn't been my fault if we've ever had a word or two, for you couldn't help now and then being aggravating; nobody can help their tempers always—especially men. Still, we've been very happy, *haven't we, Caudle?*

Good night. Yes, this cold does tear me to pieces; but for all that, it isn't the shoes. God bless you, Caudle; no—it's *not* the shoes. I won't say it's the [illegible], but never I say it's not the [illegible]. God [illegible] you once more. But *never* say it's the shoes.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

ELDER LAMB'S DONATION.

[illegible]

GOOD Elder Lamb [illegible]
[illegible] nights and days,
And had preached the blessed Bible in a multitude of ways;
Had received a message daily over Faith's celestial wire,
And had kept his little chapel full of flames of [illegible] fire;
He had raised a num'rous family, strict yet and sturdy as he could,
And his boys were all [illegible] as unnaturally good;
And his "slender sal'ry" kept him till went forth the proclamation,
"We will pay him up this season with a generous, large donation."

So they brought him hay and barley, and some corn upon the ear,
Straw enough to bed his pony for forever and a year;
And they strewed him with potatoes of inconsequential size,
And some onions whose completeness drew the moisture from his eyes;
And some cider—more like water, in an inoffensive [illegible];
And some apples, pears and peaches, that the autumn gales had picked;
And some strings of dried up apples—mummies of the fruit creation—
Came to swell the doleful census of old Elder Lamb's donation.

Also radishes and turnips pressed the pumpkin's cheerful cheek,
Likewise beans enough to furnish half of Boston for a week;
And some butter that was worthy to have Samson for a foe,
And some eggs whose inner nature held the legend, "Long ago!"
And some stove wood, green and crooked, on his cover bed was laid,
Fit to furnish ancient partments with the most [illegible]
All things unappreciated found this night their true vocation
In the Museum of Relics, known as Elder Lamb's donation.

There were biscuits whose material was their own secured defense;
[illegible] the [illegible] tense;
There were jellies undissected, there were mystery-laden pies;
There was bread that long had waited for the [illegible];
There were cookies tasting clearly of the [illegible];
There were doughnuts that in justice 'mongst the metals might be classed;
There were chickens, geese, and turkeys that had long been on probation,
Now received in full connection at old Elder Lamb's donation.

Then they gave his wife a wrapper made for some one not so tall,
And they brought him twenty slippers, every pair of which was small;
And they covered him with sackcloth, as it were, in various bits,
And they clothed his helpless children in a wardrobe of misfits;

And they trimmed his house with "Wel-
come," and some bric-a-bracish trash,
And one absent minded brother brought
five dollars all in cash!
Which the good old pastor handled with a
thrill of exultation,
Wishing that in filthy lucre might have
come his whole donation!

Morning came at last in splendor; but the
Elder, wrapped in gloom,
Knelt amid decaying produce and the ruins
of his home:
And his piety had never till that morning
been so bright,
For he prayed for those who brought him to
that unexpected plight.
But some worldly thoughts intruded, for he
wondered o'er and o'er,
If they'd buy that day at auction what they
gave the night before?
And his fervent prayer concluded with the
natural exclamation,
"Take me to Thyself in mercy, Lord, be-
fore my next donation."

WILL CARLETON.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Suitable for Recitation or Reading at Closing Exercises of School.

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the pupils of a school to dissolve the bands that connect them with their principal, and to assume, among the people of the earth, the free and equal station to which the laws of nature and nature's God entitle them, a decent respect for the opinions of said principal demands that they shall declare the causes that impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident; —that principals and girls are created equal; that the latter are endowed with certain inalienable rights; and among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of no lessons;—and whenever any form of school becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the girls to alter or abolish it, instituting a new school, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to secure their safety and happiness.

Prudence, indeed, would dictate that schools long established should not be altered for light and transient causes; and accordingly, all experience hath shown that girls are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of cramming and examinations pursues but one object, and that the establishment of an absolute "Blimberism," in these classes, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such forms of school, and to provide new guards for their future security.

Such has been the patient sufferance of these poor girls, and such is now the sad necessity that constrains them to alter the forms to which they are accustomed. The history of the present management of the Blimber school has been a history of repeated cramming and examinations, having, as an indirect object, the establishment of an absolute "blue stockingism" in these classes and, to prove this we have submitted these facts to a candid world.

We therefore, the representatives of the girls of the school, in general school room assembled, do, in the name and by the authority of the girls of these classes, state that these classes are, and of right ought to be, free and independent; that, in future they shall have full right to go to school stay at home, do their lessons or not, with other privileges which independent girls enjoy. And in support of this declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our lives our chances of honorable graduation and our sacred excellence in deportment.

EXPERIENCE WITH A REFRACTORY COW.

[illegible]

WE used to keep a cow when we lived in the country, and sich a cow! Law sakes! Why, she used to come to be milked as reg'lar as clock-work She'd knock at the gate with her horns, jest as sensible as any other human critter.

Her name was Rose. I never knowed how she got that name, for she was black as a kittle

Well, one day Rose got sick, and wouldn't eat nothing, poor thing! and a day or so arter she died. I raly do believe I cried when that poor critter was gone. Well, we went for a little spell without a cow, but I told Mr. Scruggins it wouldn't do, no way nor no how; and he gin in. Whenever I said *must* Mr. Scruggins knowed I meant it. Well, a few days arter, he come home with the finest cow and young calf you ever seed. He gin thirty dollars for her and the calf, and seventy-five cents to a man to help bring her home.

Well, they drove her into the back yard, and Mr. Scruggins told me to come out and see her, and I did; and I went up to her jest as I used to did to Rose, and when I said "Poor Sukey," would you believe it? the nasty brute kicked me right in the fore part of my back: her foot catched into my dress—bran-new dress, too—cost fifty cents a yard, and she took a dollar's worth right out as clean as the back of my hand.

I screeched right out and Mr. Scruggins kotched me jest as I was dropping, and he carried me to the door, and I went in and sot down. I felt kind o' faintish. I was so abominable skeered

Mr. Scruggins said he would larn her better manners, so he picked up the poker and went out, but I had hardly began to get a leetle strengthened up afore in rushed my dear husband a-flourishing the poker, and that vicious cow arter him like all mad. Mr. Scruggins jumped into the room, and, afore he had time to turn round and shut the door, that desperate brute was in, too

Mr. Scruggins got up on the dining room table, and I run into the parlor. I thought I'd be safe there, but I was skeered so bad that I forgot to shut the door, and, sakes alive! after hooking over the dining room table and rolling Mr. Scruggins off, in she walked into the parlor, shaking her head as much as to say: "I'll give you a touch now." I jumped on a chair, but thinking that warn't high enough, I got one foot on the brass knob of the Franklin stove, and put the other on the mantel piece. You ought to ha' seen that cow in our parlor; she looked all round as if she was 'mazed: at last she looked in the looking-glass, and thought she seed another cow exhibiting anger like herself; she shuck her head and pawed the carpet, and so did her reflection, and—would you believe it?—that awful brute went right into my looking glass.

Then I boo-hoo'd right out. All this while I was getting agonized; the brass knob on the stove got so hot that I had to sit on the narrer mantel piece and hold on to nothing. I dussent move for fear I'd slip off.

Mr. Scruggins came round to the front door, but it was locked, and then he come to the window and opened it. I jumped down and run for the window, and hadn't more'n got my head out afore I heard that critter a coming after me. Gracious! but I was in a hurry; more haste, less speed, always; for the more I tried to climb quick the longer it took, and just as I got ready to jump down, that brute of a cow kotched me in the back and turned me over and over out of the window.

Well, when I got right side up, I looked at the window and there stood that cow, with her head between the white and red curtains, and another piece of my dress dangling on her horns.

Well, my husband and me was jest starting for the little alley that runs alongside of the house, when the cow give a bawl, and out of the window she come, whisking her tail, which had kotched fire on the Franklin stove, and it served her right. Mr. Scruggins and me run into the alley in such haste we got wedged fast. Husband tried to get ahead, but I'd been in the rear long enough, and I wouldn't let him. That dreadful cow no sooner seen us in the alley, than she made a dash, but thank goodness! she stuck fast, too

Husband tried the gate, but that was fast, and there wasn't nobody inside the house to open it. Mr. Scruggins wanted to climb over and unbolt it, but I wouldn't let him. I wasn't going to be left alone again with that desperate cow, even if she was fast; so I made him help me over the gate. Oh, dear, climbing a high gate when you're skeered by a cow is a dreadful thing and I know it!

Well, I got over, let husband in, and then it took him and me and four other neighbors to get that dreadful critter out of the

alley. She bellowed and kicked, and her calf bellowed to her, and she bawled back again; but we got her out at last, and such a time! I'd had enough of her; husband sold her for twenty dollars next day. It cost him seventy-five cents to get her to market, and when he tried to pass off one of the five dollar bills he got, it turned out to be a counterfeit.

Mr. Scruggins said to his dying day that he believed the brother of the man that sold him the cow bought it back again. I believe it helped to worry my poor husband into his grave. Ah, my friends, you better believe I know what a cow is. I don't need an introduction to any female of the cow species.

REQUIEM ON THE AHKOOND OF SWAT.

[illegible] words was [illegible] Mr. Lanigan [illegible] Times: "The Ahkoond of Swat is Dead." [illegible] a city in India and the Ahkoond is a great [illegible]

"What, what, what, what, what,
what!
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

"For the Akoond I mourn;
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead
(Sorrow Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory
As the case might be!
Sorrow Swats!
Tears shed.
Shed tears like water,
Your great Ahkoond is dead,
That Swat's the matter.

"Mourn, city of Swat,
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But lain 'mid worms to rot,
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthy walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)
And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with l[illegible]rg[illegible]r, other eyes,
Athwart all e[illegible]rthly mysteries—
He know[illegible] what [illegible]s Swat.

"Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation!
Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength,
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!"

GEO. T. LANIGAN.

PART VII

RELIGIOUS MORAL AND DIDACTIC

THE selections in this department while chosen with reference to special adaptation to reading and recitation are calculated to teach and inculcate those practical, social, moral and religious sentiments and truths which are broad, wholesome and acceptable in general to parents and to all religious denominations.

MY CREED.

I HOLD that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense;
Where center is not, can there be
Circumference!

This I moreover hold, and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursling bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
Or by some cabin door, a bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fasts, nor stated prayers,
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

ALICE CARY.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all, in every age,
In every clime, adored,
By saint, by savage and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

Thou great First Cause, least understood.
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me in this dark estate
To see the good from ill,
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives—
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe

If I am right, Thy grace impart
  Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
  Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
  Or aught Thy goodness lent.

ALEXANDER POPE

"GOD IS CALLING ME."

On the Twenty-second day of December, [illegible], Dwight L. Moody, the world's greatest Evangelist, died at his home at Northfield, Mass. [illegible] of no other preacher of righteousness since the days of Jesus. His last words were "God is calling me."

"GOD is calling me," he murmured.
  Oh, what visions cheered his eyes
As his eager spirit hastened
  To his home beyond the skies!
God had called him, oh, how often
  Had he listened to the call,
Hastening to the field of action,
  Full of zeal and love for all!

How he preached and how he labored,
  Seeking souls for Christ to win,
Till his burning words have rescued
  Tens of thousands from their sin.
[illegible] no more his pleading,
  [illegible] power is turned to praise;
[illegible] gracious answers
  Through the swiftly passing days.

In his home, his church, his Northfield,
  Schools and missions grown world-wide
How they sorrowed for their leader
  On the blessed Christmas tide!
But the work must go straight forward!
  Never was there greater need.
Well we know he would not falter
  Though his inmost soul might bleed.

God is calling us, O Christians!
  Do we heed the call to-day?
Are we eager for his service?
  Do we labor, watch, and pray?
May our brother's life enthuse us,
  And the mantle he let fall
Rest not only on his workers,
  But on Christians, one and all.

MARY B. WINGATE

THE CRUCIFIXION.

I ASKED the heavens,—"What foe to God has done
  This unexampled deed?" The heavens exclaim,
"'Twas man; and we in horror snatched the sun
  From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."
I asked the sea;—the sea in fury boiled,
  And answered, with his voice of storms,—
  'Twas man
My waves in panic at his crime recoiled,
  Disclosed the abyss, and from the center ran."
I asked the earth;—the earth replied, aghast,
  "'Twas man; and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
That still I groan and shudder at the past."
  To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,
And asked him next,—*he* turned a scornful eye,
  Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

MONTGOMERY

CLIPPING THE BIBLE.

THERE is another class. It is quite fashionable for people to say, "Yes, I believe the Bible, but not the supernatural. I believe everything that corresponds with this reason of mine." They go on reading the Bible with a penknife, cutting out this and that. Now, if I have a right to cut out a certain portion of the Bible, I don't know why one of my friends has not a right to cut out another, and another friend to cut out another part, and so on. You would have a queer kind of Bible if everybody cut out what he wanted to. Every liar would cut out everything about lying; every drunkard would be cutting out what he didn't like. Once, a gentleman took his Bible around to his minister's and said, "That is your Bible." "Why do you call it *my* Bible?" said the minister. "Well," replied the gentleman, "I have been sitting under your preaching for five years, and when you said that a thing in the Bible was

not authentic, I cut it out." He had about a third of the Bible cut out; all of Job, all of Ecclesiastes and Revelation, and a good deal besides. The minister wanted him to leave the Bible with him; he didn't want the rest of his congregation to see it. But the man said, "Oh, no! I have the covers left, and I will hold on to them." And off he went holding on to the covers. If you believed what some men preach, you would have nothing but the covers left in a few months. I have often said, that, if I am going to throw away the Bible, I will throw it all into the fire at once. There is no need of waiting five years to do what you can do as well at once. I have yet to find a man who begins to pick at the Bible that does not pick it all to pieces in a little while. A minister whom I met awhile ago said to me, "Moody, I have given up preaching except out of the four Gospels. I have given up all the Epistles, and all the Old Testament; and I do not know why I cannot go to the fountain head and preach as Paul did. I believe the Gospels are all there is that is authentic." It was not long before he gave up the four Gospels, and finally gave up the ministry. He gave up the Bible, and God gave him up.

D. L. MOODY.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

THE eyes of thousands glanced on him, as mid the cirque he stood
Unheeding of the shout which broke from that vast multitude
The prison damps had paled his cheek and on his lofty brow
Corroding care had deeply traced the furrows of his plow

Amid the crowded cirque he stood, and raised to heaven his eye,
For well that feeble old man knew they brought him forth to die!
Yet joy was beaming in that eye, while from his lips a prayer
Passed up to Heaven, and faith secured his peaceful dwelling there.

Then calmly on his foes he looked; and, as he gazed, a tear
Stole o'er his cheeks; but 't was the birth of pity, not of fear.
He knelt down on the gory sand—once more he looked toward heaven;
And to the Christian's God he prayed that they might be forgiven.

But, hark! another shout, o'er which the hungry lion's roar
Is heard, like thunder, mid the swell on a tempestuous shore!
And forth the Libyan savage bursts—rolls his red eyes around;
Then on his helpless victim springs, and beats him to the ground.

Short pause was left for hope or fear; the instinctive love of life
One struggle made, but vainly made, in such unequal strife;
Then with the scanty stream of life his jaws the savage dyed;
While, one by one, the quivering limbs his bloody feast supplied

Rome's prince and senators partook the shouting crowd's delight;
And Beauty gazed unshrinkingly on that unhallowed sight.
But say, what evil had he done?—what sin of deepest hue?—
A blameless faith was all the crime that Christian martyr knew!

But where his precious blood was spilt, even from that barren sand,
There sprang a stem, whose vigorous boughs soon overspread the land:
O'er distant isles its shadow fell; nor knew its roots decay,
Even when the Roman Cæsar's throne and rule had passed away.

REV. HAMILTON BUCHANAN.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

AS the member of an infant empire, as a philanthropist by character, and, if I may be allowed the expression, as a citizen of the great republic of Humanity at large, I cannot help turning my attention sometimes to this subject, *how mankind may be connected, like one great family, in frater*

nal ties. I indulge a fond, perhaps an enthusiastic idea, that as the world is evidently much less barbarous than it has been, its melioration must still be progressive; that nations are becoming more humanized in their policy; that the subjects of ambition and causes for hostility are daily diminishing; and, in fine, that the period is not very remote when the benefits of a liberal and free commerce will pretty generally succeed to the devastations and horrors of war.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. NEVER put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

This poem was written by William Kno[illegible], a country [illegible] Burns, like him somewhat [illegible] [illegible] at the early age of [illegible] Scott and Professor Wilson thought [illegible] It was Abraham Lincoln's f[illegible]

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun
And run the same course our fathers have run

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing

THE MOTHER AND CHILD
Bodenhausen's Masterpiece

HENRY MILLER AND MAYANTE ANGLIN
In "The Only Way"

MAUD ADAMS AND ROBERT EDESON
In "The Little Minister"

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died; and we things that are now
That walk on the turf that lies on their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:
Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE GLORIES OF THE LIFE BEYOND.

I do not expect, the moment I drop this body, to mount up, glowing like a star, into the presence of God, with all the fullness of perfection that I am ever to attain. I expect that through period after period will go on unfolding, that spiritual germ which God has implanted in me. I expect by growth to become really and truly a son of God in those heavenly conditions. I cannot go further in affirming what my state shall be. But I know what happiness is. I know what love is. I know what the devotion of one soul to another is. I know how blessed it is for a person to be lost in one to whom he can look up. I know what it is to have in single hours glimpses of the presence of God. I have had them, that is, as a peasant has some sense of the ocean, who has only seen some inland lake, and cannot, even by a stretch of the imagination, magnify that lake so as to make it the ocean, world-encompassing, and sounding with all the music of its storms. I have had some sight of God; but I know it is like a little lake, as compared with a full vision of the infinite, shoreless, fathomless, measureless ocean of the divine nature. And I shall be amazed, when I see it, that I ever knew anything about it. Yet I shall see it, and not another for me. I shall see God himself. And I shall be satisfied then for the first time in all my life.

H. W. BEECHER.

THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The following rhymed list of the books of the Old Testament is said to have been made by Rev. Dr. William Staughton, pastor in Philadelphia, where he began the teaching of young men who felt their need of preparation before entering the ministry, and was afterwards at the founding of the Columbian University at Washington, of which he became the first president, in 1823:

THE great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers, see,
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand.
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.
Ezra and Nehemiah now,
Esther the beauteous mourner show:
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms;
Ecclesiastes then come on,
And the sweet songs of Solomon
Isaiah, Jeremiah, then
With Lamentations takes his pen;
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres,
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room;
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,
Rapt Zachariah builds his walls—
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the Ancient Testament.

BUILDING AND BEING.

THE King would build, so a legend says,
The finest of all fine palaces

He sent for St. Thomas, a builder rare,
And bade him to rear them a wonder fair.

The King's great treasure was placed at hand
And with it the sovereign's one command :

"Build well, O builder, so good and great !
And add to the glory of my estate.

"Build well, nor spare of my wealth to show
A prouder palace than mortals know."

The King took leave of his kingdom then,
And wandered far from the haunts of men.

St. Thomas the King's great treasure spent
In worthier way than his master meant.

He clad the naked, the hungry fed,
The oil of gladness around him shed.

He blessed them all with the ample store,
As never a King's wealth blessed before

The King came back from his journey long,
But found no grace in the happy throng

That greeted him now on his slow return,
To teach him the lesson he ought to learn

The King came back to his well-spent gold ;
But no new palace could he behold.

In terrible anger he swore, and said
That the builder's folly should cost his head.

St. Thomas in dungeon dark was cast,
Till the time for his punishment dire were passed

Then it chanced, or the good God willed it so,
That the King's own brother in death lay low

When four days dead, as the legend reads,
He rose to humanity's life and needs.

From sleep of the dust he strangely woke,
And thus to his brother, the King, he spoke :

"I have been to Paradise, O my King !
And have heard the heavenly angels sing.

"And there I saw, by the gates of gold,
A palace finer than tongue has told ;

"Its walls and towers were lifted high
In beautiful grace to the bending sky.

"Its glories there, in that radiant place
Shone forth like a smile from the dear Lord's face.

"An angel said it was builded there
By the good St. Thomas, with love and care

"For our fellow-men, and that it should be
Thy palace of peace through eternity."

The King this vison pondered well
Till he took St. Thomas from dungeon cell

And said, "O builder ! he most is wise
Who buildeth ever for Paradise !"

FROM "GERALDINE."

BROUGHT IN PA'S PRAYERS.

Once upon a time sickness came to the family of a poorly paid pastor of a rural church. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones, and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened, a stout farmer boy was seen wrapped up comfortably.

"What do you want, boy ?" asked one of the elders

"I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy.

"Brought pa's prayers ? What do you mean ?"

"Yep, brought pa's prayers ; an' they're out in the wagon. Just help me an' we'll get 'em in."

Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, corn-meal, turnips, apples, warm clothing, and a lot of jellies for the sick ones.

The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.

"MISSIONARY."

HOW PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

Suitable for Church Entertainment.

"MADAM, we miss the train at B——,"
"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped
"Impossible; it leaves at three,
And we are due a quarter past."
"Is there no way? Oh, tell me then,
Are you a Christian?" "I am not."
"And are there none among the men
Who run the train?" "No—I forgot-
I think this fellow over here,
Oiling the engine, claims to be."
She threw upon the engineer
A fair face white with agony

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"Then, O sir, won't you pray with me,
All the long way, that God will stay,
That God will hold the train at B——?"
"Twill do no good, it's due at three,
And"— "Yes, but God *can* hold the train;
My dying child is calling me,
And I *must* see her face again
Oh, *won't you* pray?" "I will," a nod
Emphatic, as he takes his place
When Christians grasp the arm of God
They grasp the power that rules the rod

Out from the station swept the train,
On time, swept on past wood and lea,
The engineer, with cheeks aflame,
Prayed, "O Lord hold the train at B——."
Then flung the throttle wide, and like
Some giant monster of the plain,
With panting sides and mighty strides,
Past hill and valley swept the train.

A half, a minute, two are gained;
Along those burnished lines of steel,
His glances leap, each nerve is strained,
And still he prays with fervent zeal
Heart, hand and brain, with one accord,
Work while his pray'r ascends to Heaven.
"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord
And I'll make up the other seven."

With rush and roar through meadow lands,
Past cottage homes, and green hillsides,
The panting thing obeys his hands,
And speeds along with giant strides.

They say an accident delayed
The train a little while, but He
Who listened while his children prayed,
In answer, held the train at B——.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

NO RELIGION WITHOUT MYSTERIES.

THERE is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity, modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy, because it as yet knows nothing; age miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence

If it is thus with the sentiments, it is assuredly not less so with the virtues; the most angelic are those which, emanating directly from the Deity, such as charity, love to withdraw themselves from all regards, as if fearful to betray their celestial origin.

If we turn to the understanding, we shall find that the pleasures of thought, also have a certain connection with the mysterious. To what sciences do we unceasingly return? To those which always leave something still to be discovered, and fix our regards on a perspective which is never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference of nature, to plunge into forests, those forests, the cradle of religion, whose shades, and solitudes, and silence are replete with recollections of prodigies, where the ravens and the doves nourished the prophets and fathers of the church. If we visit a modern monument, whose origin or destination is well known, it excites no attention; but, if we meet on a desert isle, in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing to the west, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the winds, what

a subject of meditation is presented to the traveler! Everything is concealed, everything is hidden in the universe. Man himself is the greatest mystery of the whole. Whence comes the spark which we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be extinguished? The Eternal has placed our birth, and our death, under the form of two veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour.

It is not surprising, then, considering the passion of the human mind for the mysterious, that the religions of every country should have had their impenetrable secrets. God forbid! that I should compare the mysteries of the true faith, or the unfathomable depths of the Sovereign in the heavens, to the changing obscurities of those gods which are the work of human hands. All that I observe is, that there is no religion without mysteries, and that it is they, with the *sacrifice*, which everywhere constitute the *essence* of the worship.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

RIZPAH.

By permission of the author.

One of the most pathetic and dramatic incidents [illegible] history is that of Rizpah, watching by the [illegible] who had been slain to satisfy the hatred of King Saul, [illegible] The story may be read in II Samuel, xxi.

NIGHT came at last. The noisy throng had gone,
And where the sun so late, like alchemist,
Turned spear and shield and chariot to gold
No sound was heard.
The awful deed was done,
And vengeance sated to the full had turned
Away. The Amorites had drunk the blood
Of Saul and were content. The last armed guard
Had gone, and stillness dwelt upon the scene.
The rocky mount slept fast in solitude;
The dry, dead shrubs stood weird and grim, and marked
The narrow, heated road that sloped and wound
To join the King's highway. No living thing
Was seen; nor insect, bird, nor beast was heard.
The very air came noiselessly across
The blighted barley fields below, yet stirred
No leaflet with its sultry breath.
Above
Clouds half hid the vaulted firmament
And stars shone dimly as though through a veil;
Still was their light full adequate to show
Those rigid shapes that seeming stood erect,
Yet bleeding hung, each from its upright cross,
A mute companion to its ghastly kin.
The middle watch was come, yet silence still
Oppressed the night: the twigs stood motionless
Like listening phantoms, when, from out
The shadow of a jutting rock there came
A moving thing of life, a wolf like form:
With slow and stealthy tread it came, then stopped
To sniff the air, then nearer moved to where
The seven gibbets stood.
Then came a shriek,
A cry of mortal fear that pierced the soul
Of night; then up from earth a figure sprang,
The frightened jackal leaped away, and once
More Rizpah crouched beneath her dead.
So night
And day she watched; beneath the burning sun
By day, beneath the stars and moon by night;
All through the long Passover Feast she watched.
Oft in the lonely vigil back through years
She went; in fancy she was young again,
The favored one of mighty Saul, the King;
Again she mingled with the courtly throng,
And led her laughing boys before her lord,
Their father.
Starting then, with upturned face,
And gazing from her hollow, tearless eyes,
Her blackened lips would move, but make no sound,
Then, sinking to the ground she caught once more

The thread of thought, and thought brought other scenes
She saw the stripling warrior David, son
Of Jesse, whom the populace adored
And Saul despised ; then Merab came and then
Her sweet faced sister, Michal, whose quick wit
And love saved David's life
Then Rizpah rose,
Yea, like a tigress sprang unto her feet
"Thou David, curst be thee and thine !" she shrieked,
"Thou ingrate murderer! Had Saul but lived
And hadst thou fallen upon thy sword instead,
My sons, my children still would live."
'Twas in
The morning watch, and Rizpah's last, that bright,
Clear glowed the Milky Way The Pleiades
Like molten gold shone forth ; e'en she who loved
The mortal Sisyphus peeped timidly
And so the Seven wond'ring sisters gazed
Upon the Seven crucified below
Such cause for woman's pity ne'er was seen,
And stars, e'en stones might weep for Rizpah's woe,
Whose mother-love was deathless as her soul.
The gray dawn came. The sky was overcast :
The wind had changed and sobbed a requiem.
Still Rizpah slept and dreamed. She heard the sound
Of harps and timbrels in her girlhood home—
When rush of wings awakened her. She rose,
Her chilled form shaking unto death. She looked,
And saw the loathsome vultures at their work.
With javelin staff in hand she beat them off.
But bolder were they as she weaker grew,
Till one huge bird swooped at her fierce,
And sunk its talons in her wasted arm.
She threw it off, the hideous monster fled,
And Rizpah fell. It then began to rain
The famine ceased, and Rizpah's watch was done

GEO. M. VICKERS

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

The following beautiful and comforting lines were recited at a [illegible] after the minister's remarks [illegible] It was a mark [illegible] upon the customs of [illegible] but the [illegible] members and friends profoundly.

WHEN we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome—
When sweet angels' voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care
In that land of life and glory—
Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In that glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel the dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angels' voices
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved ones long ago ;
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

Oh ye weary, sad, and tossed one,
Droop not, faint not by the way!
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In that land of perfect day.
Harp strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my rapturous ear ;—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
"We *shall* know each other there."

HOW THE ORGAN WAS PAID FOR.

Many churches have experienced difficulty in paying for an organ, and it is common to give entertainments for the raising of [illegible] for this purpose. The following recitation may be helpful [illegible] occasions.

LOUD the organ tones came swelling all the crowded aisles along :
Gladdest praise their music thrilling in a burst of worldless song.

Oft the clink of falling money sounded soft
the notes between.
But the plate seemed slow in filling—little
silver could be seen.

Hands in pockets lingered sadly, faces
looked unwilling, cold;
Gifts from slow, unwilling fingers o'er the
plate's rich velvet rolled.
"It's Thanksgiving, dear," a mother whis-
pered to her questioning son;
"We must give to the new organ, all our
pennies, every one.

"Then it will be ours, all paid for, and will
sweeter music send
In thanksgiving up to Heaven, with the
angels' praise to blend."
Slowly passed the plate of off'rings, while
a child voice whispered low:
"I put in my every penny; mamma, will
the organ know

"That I gave the yellow penny Uncle
Charlie sent to me?
"Yes dear," whispered soft the mother,
"God your gift will surely see,"
"Give, oh, give!" the music pleaded,
"Give, that loud I may rejoice!"
Then thro' all the waiting stillness, piped a
shrill indignant voice:

"Mamma, do you think the organ saw that
rich old Deacon Cox
Only gave one little penny when they passed
the music-box?"
Quick the little voice was quiet, but a flush
of honest shame
From awakened hearts uprising, over many
faces came

And the Deacon, slowly rising, as the organ
died away,
Said, "I humbly here acknowledge to a
wicked heart to-day,
Friends and brothers; but my sinning I will
alter as I live,
And the half of what is lacking here to-day,
I freely give;

"That our glorious new organ may give
praise to God on high
With no debt of earth upon it that our gold
can satisfy."

Then arose another brother, and another
still, and more,
Giving with a lavish spending as they never
gave before.

Till the plate was overflowing and the
organ debt secure;
Then they took a contribution for Thanks-
giving and the poor.
And as outward with the music a glad
stream of people flows,
Soft a childish voice cries, "Mamma, I am
sure the organ knows!"

KATE A. BRADLEY.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE MOUNTAINS.

MOUNTAINS! who was your builder! Who laid your awful foundations in the central fires, and piled your rocks and snow capped summits among the clouds? Who placed you in the gardens of the world, like noble altars, on which to offer the sacrificial gifts of many nations?

Who reared your rocky walls in the barren desert, like towering pyramids, like monumental mounds, like giants' graves like dismantled piles of royal ruins, telling a mournful tale of glory, once bright, but now fled forever, as flee the dreams of a midsummer's night? Who gave you a home in the islands of the sea,—those emeralds that gleam among the waves those stars of ocean that mock the beauty of the stars of night?

Mountains! I know who built you It was God! His name is written on your foreheads. He laid your cornerstones on that glorious morning when the orchestra of Heaven sounded the anthem of creation He clothed your high, imperial forms in royal robes

He gave you a snowy garment, and wove for you a cloudy veil of crimson and gold He crowned you with a diadem of icy jewels; pearls from the Arctic seas; gems from the frosty pole Mountains! ye are glorious. Ye stretch your granite arms away toward the vales of the undiscovered; ye have a longing for immortality.

But, mountains! ye long in vain I called you glorious, and truly ye are; but your glory is like that of the starry heavens,—

it shall pass away at the trumpet-blast of the angel of the Most High. Old Father Time—that sexton of earth—has dug for you a deep dark tomb; and in silence ye shall sleep after sea and shore shall have been pressed by the feet of the apocalyptic angel, through the long watches of an eternal night.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

The Love of Mother the same in any Language.

WE were at a railroad junction one night last week waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting room, in the only rocking-chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a good deal, when he wants to keep awake. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little woman came in, escorted by a great big German, and they talked in German, he giving her evidently, lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage check and occasionally patting her on the arm.

At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The great big man put his hand upon the old lady's cheek, and said something encouraging, and a great big tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen. The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said: "Papa, is it his mother?"

We knew it was, but how should a four-year old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and we asked him how he knew, and he said: "O, the big man was so kind to her." The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking chair to the little old mother, and presently the man came in with the baggageman, and to him he spoke English.

He said: "This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have got to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage, and see her on the right car, the rear car, with a good seat near the center, and tell the conductor she is my mother, and here's a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother sometime."

The baggageman grasped the dollar with one hand, grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German with an expression that showed that he had a mother too, and we almost knew the old lady was well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind reader on a bench and went out on the platform and got acquainted with the big German, and he talked of horse trading, buying and selling, and everything that showed he was a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley, and that his life was a very busy one and at times full of hard work, disappointment and hard roads, but with all his hurry and excitement, he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little, and when after a few minutes talk about business he said: "You must excuse me. I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like taking his fat red hand and kissing it. O, the love of a mother is the same in any language, and it is good in all languages. The world would be poor without it.

R. J. BURDETTE.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

For Church Entertainment.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream

And a "Churchman" down to the river came:
When I heard a strange voice call his name:
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book

"I'm bound for heaven; and when I'm
there,
Shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back;
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to the "church" or
not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made:
"My coat and hat must all be gray—
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his
chin,
And staidly, solemnly waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down
tight,
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat,
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing, away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of
psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing
That the people in heaven "all 'round"
might sing

But I thought that he heaved an anxious
sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and
high:
And looked rather surprised as one by one
The psalms and hymns in the wave went
down

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and
through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through
alone
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you,
friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow,"
"But *I* have been dipped as you see me
now."

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with
you.
You're bound, I know, to the realms of
bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go
this."

Then straightway plunging with all his
might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable
throng,
But the men I could count as they passed
along.

And concerning the road they never could
agree
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor never a moment stopped to think
That both would lead to the river's brink

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd;
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the
new;

THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA (2[illegible])

In [illegible] Bernhardt [illegible] Iphigenia [illegible]

[illegible]

NEVER TO MEET AGAIN

Suggestion for Tableau

That is the false, and this is the true"—
Or "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new;
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak:
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What trouble she met on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the holy men;
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

E. H. J. CLEVELAND.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed;

"But I's tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do!
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I wite a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty, now."
"No, no, mamma, me wite letter—
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away, and bear good news."
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee:
"Mamma's witing lots of letters;
I's a letter, Mary—see?"

No one heard the little prattler
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry chair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door.
"I's a letter, Mr. Postman,
Is there room for any more?

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa:
Papa lives with God, 'ou know.
Mamma sent me for a letter;
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anuzzer office,
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted
People fled to left and right

As a pair of maddened horses
  At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
  No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
  Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
  Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
  Covered o'er with golden hair

Reverently they raised my darling,
  Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
  Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
  Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
  "Papa's letter" was with God

THE CYNIC.

THE cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.

The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad, and secretly bad. All virtue, and generosity, and disinterestedness, are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose.

His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing like frost upon the flowers If Mr. A. is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: yes, on Sundays. Mr. B. has just joined the church: certainly; the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: it is his trade. Such a man is generous: of other men's money. This man is obliging: to lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright: because he is green.

Thus his eye strains out every good quality and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation or fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The livelong day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, transfixing every character that is presented.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

He who hunts for flowers will find flowers; and he who loves weeds may find weeds.

Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself morally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. Reject then the morbid ambition of the cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

H. W. BEECHER.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Short practical reading, suitable for any occasion when [illegible]

YOUNG men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self reliance, faith, honesty, and industry. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero." Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Don't practice too much humanity. Think well of yourself, Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in your cart, over a rough road, and small ones go to the bottom Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous

Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellowmen. Love truth and virtue. Love your country, and obey its laws. If this advice be implicitly followed by the young men of the country, the millennium is at hand.

NOAH PORTER.

THE LAST HYMN.

THE Sabbath day was ended in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

And they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there,
A fierce spirit moved above them—a wild spirit of the air,
And it lashed, and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on the rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawn of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise
Oh, it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be!
For no ship could ride in safety near the shore on such a sea

Then pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach
Oh for power to cross the water and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung with sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread:
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is Heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be

Near the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? here's a trumpet. Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon—firstly—secondly! Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus. Can you hear?"
And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the water loud and clear

Then they listened. He is singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul!"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll;"
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is passed,"
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge. "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not"—the singer dropped at last into the sea.
And then the watchers, looking homeward, through their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn"

M. FARMINGTON.

THE BRAVEST OF BATTLES.

THE bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen ;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo ! there is the battle-field.

No marshalling troup, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave !
But oh, these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

INFLUENCE OF SMALL THINGS.

Drop a pebble in th' water—jes a splash an' it is gone,
But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on an' on an' on,
Spreadin', spreadin' from the centre, flowin' on out to the sea,
An' th' ain't no way o' tellin' where th' end is goin' to be.
Drop a pebble in th' water – in a minute ye forget,
But th's little waves a' flowin' an' th's ripples circlin' yet.
All th ripples flowin', flowin' to a mighty wave has grown,
An' ye've disturbed a mighty river – jes' by droppin' in a stone.

Drop an unkind word or careless —in a minute it is gone,
But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on an' on an' on,
Th keep spreadin', spreadin', spreadin from the centre as th' go,
An' the' ain't no way to stop 'em, once ye've started 'em to flow.
Drop an unkind word or careless—in a minute ye forget,
But th's little waves a' flowin' and the's ripples circlin' yet,
An' perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears ye've stirred,
An' disturbed a life et's happy when ye dropped an unkind word.

Drop a word o' cheer an' kindness—jes' a flash and it is gone,
But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on an' on an' on.
Bearin' hope an' joy an' comfort on each splashin', dashin' wave,
Till ye wouldn't b'lieve th' volume o' th' one kind word ye gave.
Drop a word o' cheer and kindness—in a minute ye forget,
But th's gladness still a' swellin' an' th's joy a' circlin' yet,
An' ye've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music can be heard
Over miles an' miles o' water—jes' by droppin' a kind word.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY.

DON'T be in a hurry to answer yes or no ;
Nothing's lost by being reasonably slow.
In a hasty moment you may give consent,
And through years of torment leisurely repent.

If a lover seeks you to become his wife,
Happiness or misery may be yours for life
Don't be in a hurry your feelings to confess,
But think the matter over before you answer yes.

Should one ask forgiveness for a grave offence,
Honest tears betraying earnest penitence,
Pity and console him and his fears allay,
And don't be in a hurry to drive the child away.

Hurry brings us worry ; worry wears us out,
Easy going people know what they're about.
Heedless haste will bring us surely to the ditch,
And trouble overwhelm us if we hurry to be rich.

Don't be in a hurry to throw yourself away ;
By the side of wisdom for a wild delay,
Make your life worth living ; nobly act your part :
And don't be in a hurry to spoil it at the start.

Don't be in a hurry to speak an angry word;
Don't be in a hurry to spread the tale you've heard.
Don't be in a hurry with evil ones to go;
And don't be in a hurry to answer yes or no.

APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA.

MONARCH of floods! How shall I approach thee?—how speak of thy glory?—how extol thy beauty and grandeur? Ages have seen thy awful majesty; earth has paid tribute to thy greatness; the best and wisest among men have bent the knee at thy footstool! but none have described—none can describe thee! Alone thou standest among the wonders of Nature, unshaken by the shock of contending elements, flinging back the flash of the lightning, and outroaring the thunder of the tempest! Allied to the everlasting hills,—claiming kindred with the eternal flood, thou art pillared upon the one, the other supplies thy surge. Primeval rocks environ, clouds cover, and the rainbow crowns thee. A divine sublimity rests on thy fearful brow, an awful beauty is revealed in thy terrific countenance, the earth is shaken by thy tremendous voice.

Born in the dark past and alive to the distant future, what to thee are the paltry concerns of man's ambitions?—the rise and fall of empires and dynasties, the contests of kings or the crash of thrones? Thou art unmoved by the fate of nations, and the revolutions of the earth are to thee but the pulses of time. Kings before thee are but men, and man, a type of insignificance.

"Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty;
And while it rushes with delirious joy
To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its steps
And check its rapture, with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness.

GOOD OLD MOTHERS.

Suitable for a Family Reunion Where an Aged Mother is Present

SOMEBODY has said that "a mother's love is the only virtue that did not suffer by the fall of Adam." Whether Adam fell or not, it is quite clear that the unselfish love of a good mother is the crowning glory of the race. No matter how long and how sorely it may be tried, its arms are ever open to receive the returning prodigal. One faithful heart never loses its affection for the wanderer who has strayed from the fold. Adversity and sorrow may come with all their terrible force, but the motherly affection clings to its idol closely. We never see a good old mother sitting in the armchair that we do not think of the storms which have pelted into her cheerful face without souring it. Her smile is a solace, her presence a benediction. A man may stand more exertion of some kinds than a woman, but he is apt to lose much of his laughter, his cheerfulness, his gentleness, and his trust. Yet we rarely find a frail mother whose spirit has been worn threadbare and unlovely by trials that would have turned a dozen men into misanthropes and demons. A sweet old mother is common. A sweet old father is not so common. In exhaustless patience, hope, faith, and benevolence the mothers are sure to lead. Alas, that their worth too often is not fully known and properly appreciated until they pass beyond mortal reach! God bless the good old mothers!

THE FUNERAL.

I WAS walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim,
When there slowly through the window came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly grew,
Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.

Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild;
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.
I could picture him when living—curly hair, protruding lip—
And had seen, perhaps, a thousand, in my hurried Southern trip;

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of Death
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his little fluttering breath;

And no funeral ever glistened with more
sympathy profound
Than was in the chain of tear-drops that
enclasped those mourners round

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little
wooden desk—
With a manner grandly awkward with a
countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his
Ethiopian face;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed
undying race.

And he said: "Now don' be weepin' for
dis pretty bit o' clay—
For de little boy who lived dere, he done
gone an' run away!
He was doin' very finely, an' he 'preciate
your love;
But his sure 'nuff Father want him in de
large house up above.

"Now he didn't give you dat baby, by a
hundred thousan' mile!
He just think you need some sunshine, an'
he lent it for awhile!
An' he let you keep an' love it till your
hearts was bigger grown.
An' dese silver tears you'r sheddin's jes de
interest on de loan

"Here's yer oder pretty chilrun!—don' be
makin' it appear
Dat your love got sort o' 'nop'lized by dis
little fellow here;
Don' pile up too much your sorrow on deir
little mental shelves,
So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey're
no account demselves

"Just you think, you poor deah mounahs,
creepin' long o'er Sorrow's way
What a blessed little picnic dis yere baby's
got to day!
Your good faders and good moders crowd
de little fellow round
In de angel tented garden of de Big Plan
tation Ground.

"An' dey ask him, 'Was your feet sore?'
an' take off his little shoes.
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an'
dey say, 'Now, what's de news?'

An' de Lawd done cut his tongue loose
den de little fellow say,
'All our folks down in de valley tries to
keep de hebbenly way.'

"An' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de
pretty tings he view;
Den a tear come, an' 'e whisper, 'But I
want my pa'yents, too!
But de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy
a little song;
Says, 'If only dey be fait'ful dey will soon
be comin' long.'

"An' he'll get an education dat will prob
erbly be worth
Seberal times as much as any you could
buy for him on earth;
He'll be in de Lawd's big school house
widout no contempt or fear.
While dere's no end to de bad tings might
have happened to him here.

"So, my pooah dejected mounahs, let your
hearts wid Jesus rest,
An' don' go ter criticisin' dat ar One w'o
knows de best!
He have sent us many comforts—He ha'
right to take away
To de Lawd be praise an' glory, now and
ever!—Let us pray

WILL CARLETON

WANTED—A MINISTER'S WIFE.

Suitable to Church Entertainment.

At length we have settled a Pastor
I am sure I cannot tell why
The people should grow so restless,
Or candidates grow so shy
But after two yeares' searching
For the "smartest" man in the land,
In a fit of desperation
We took the nearest at hand

And really he answers nicely
To "fill up the gap," you know;
To "run the machine" and "bring up
arrears,"
And make things generally go
He has a few little failings:
His sermons are commonplace quite
But his manner is very charming,
And his teeth are perfectly white.

And so of all the "dear people,"
  Not one in a hundred complains,
For beauty and grace of manner
  Are so much better than *brains*;
But the parish have all concluded
  He needs a partner for life,
To shine a gem in the parlor:
  "Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

  Wanted—a perfect lady,
  Delicate, gentle, refined,
With every beauty of person,
  And every endowment of mind,
Fitted by early culture
  To move in a fashionable life—
Please notice our advertisement:
  "Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

Wanted—a thorough bred worker,
  Who well to her household looks,
(Shall we see our money wasted,
  By extravagant Irish cooks?)
Who cut the daily expenses
  With economy sharp as a knife,
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen:
  "Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

A "very domestic person,"
  To "callers" she must not be "out:"
It has such a bad appearance
  For her to be gadding about.—
Only to visit the parish
  Every year of her life,
And attend the funerals and weddings:
  "Wanted—a Minister's wife!"

To conduct the "ladies' meetings."
  The "sewing circle" attend,
And when we have "work for the soldiers,"
  Her ready assistance to lend;
To clothe the destitute children,
  Where sorrow and want are rife,
To hunt up Sunday School scholars:
  "Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

Careful to entertain strangers
  Traveling agents and "such;"
Of this kind of "angel visits"
  The deacons had so much,
As to prove a perfect nuisance,
  And "hopes these plagues of their life
Can soon be sent to their parsons:
  "Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

A perfect pattern of prudence
  To all others spending less,
But never disgracing the parish
  By looking shabby in dress;
Playing the organ on Sunday
  Would aid our laudable strife
To save the society's money:
  "Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

And when we have found the person,
  We hope, by working the two,
To lift our debt and build a new church—
  Then we shall know what to do;
For they will be worn and weary,
  Needing a change of life,
And we'll advertise—"Wanted—
  A Minister and his Wife!"

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was galled with bitter wrong
  Revengeful feelings fired my blood,
I brooded hate with passion strong
  While round my couch black demons stood.
Kind Morpheus wooed my eyes in vain,
  My burning brain conceived a plan:
Revenge! I cried, in bitter strain
  But conscience whispered, "be a man."

Forgive! a gentle spirit cried,
  I yielded to my nobler part,
Uprose and to my foe I hied
  Forgave him freely from my heart.
The big tears from their fountain rose,
  He melted, vowed my friend to be;
That night I sank in sweet repose
  And dreamed that angels smiled on me!

ANONYMOUS.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

REMEMBER, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the

sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 P.M. and don't go to bed until 2 A.M. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as "old So-and-so's boys." Nobody likes them; the great busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.

R. J. BURDETTE.

TACT AND TALENT.

[illegible]

[illegible] Mirror.

TALENT is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that tact has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment.

Place them in the Senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart, and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. Tact has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

LONDON "ATLAS."

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

THE coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. One flower on the top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no primped cap with the tie beneath the chin. The sufferer of cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top.

"You cannot; get out of my way, boy; why does not someone take the brat?"

"Only let me see one minute!" cried the orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, as he gazed upon the coffin, agonized tears streaming down the cheeks on which the childish bloom ever lingered. Oh! it was painful to hear him cry the words: "Only once; let me see my mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the heartless monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, fire glistened through his eyes as he raised his little arm with a most unchildish laugh, and screamed: "When I'm a man I'll be revenged for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument much stronger than granite, built in the boy's heart, the memory of the heartless deed.

The court house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with haughty reserve on his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and a kindly eye to plead for the friendless one. He was a stranger, but at the first sentence there was a silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir; I cannot!" he exclaimed.

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I—I—believe you are unknown to me."

"Sir, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago, this day, you struck a broken hearted little boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy."

The man turned pale.

"Have you rescued me then to take my life?"

"No; I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal conduct has rankled in my breast for the last twenty years. Go then, and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went from the presence of magnanimity as grand to him as it was incomprehensible.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

WHEN I was but a tiny boy,
 And went to a village school,
 I thought myself, as boys will think,
 That I was no man's fool.
But in the village there was one
 Who was the fool of all:
 Poor fellow, he was Crazy Ben,
 A man both lithe and tall.

But Ben was gaunt and gray, a fool,
 The village Solons cried:
He'd been so, thus they told the tale,
 E'er since his true love died.
But Ben was kind, I not afraid,
 And Ben became my chum;
E'en though at times poor Ben took freaks,
 His idiot tongue was dumb.

One day that tongue unloosed a truth
 That made me then to wince,
And though it came from idiot lips,
 Has never left me since.
That day we berrying had gone,
 And Ben had gone along,
And, boy-like, I from bush to bush
 Had wandered with the throng.

Ben stuck, in silence, to one spot,
 And whispered this to me:
"Stick to your bush if you of fruit

A basketful would see.
And so I did, and proved the fact;
While through the world we push,
There's nothing better to be learned
Than this—"Stick to your bush."
J. W. WATSON.

WE ARE NOT ALWAYS GLAD WHEN WE SMILE.

We are not always glad when we smile,
For the heart in a tempest of pain
May live in the guise of a laugh in the eyes,
As the rainbow may live in the rain;
And the stormless night of our woe
May hang out a radiant star,
Whose light in the sky of distress is a lie
As black as the thunder clouds are.

We are not always glad when we smile,
For the world is so fickle and gay,
That our doubts and our fears, and our griefs and our tears
Are laughingly hidden away;
And the touch of a frivolous hand
May oftener wound than caress,
And the kisses that drip from the reveller's lip
May oftener blister than bless.

We are not always glad when we smile,
But the conscience is quick to record
That the sorrow and the sin we are holding within
Is pain in the sight of the Lord;
Yet ever—O ever till pride
And pretence shall cease to revile
The inner recess of the heart must confess
We are not always glad when we smile.
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

PEGGING AWAY.

[illegible]

There was an old shoemaker sturdy as steel
Of great wealth and repute in his day,
Who if questioned his secret of luck to reveal
Would chirp like a bird on a spray,
"It isn't so much the vocation you're in,
Or your liking for it," he would say,
"As it is that forever, through thick and through thin,
You should keep up a-pegging away."

I have found it a maxim of value, whose truth
Observation has proved in the main;
And which well might be vaunted a watch word by youth
In the labor of hand and of brain;
For even if genius and talent are cast
Into work with the strongest display,
You can never be sure of achievement at last
Unless you keep pegging away.

There are shopmen who might into statesmen have grown,
Politicians for handiwork made,
Some poets who better in workshops had shone,
And mechanics best suited in trade;
But when once in harness, however it fit,
Buckle down to your work night and day,
Secure in the triumph of hand or of wit
If you only keep pegging away.

There are times in all tasks when the fiend Discontent
Advises a pause or a change,
And, on field far away and irrelevant bent
The purpose is tempted to range;
Never heed, but in sound recreation restore
Such traits as are slow to obey,
And then, more persistent and stanch than before,
Keep pegging and pegging away.

Leave fitful endeavors for such as would cast
Their spendthrift existence in vain
For the secret of wealth in the present and past
And of fame and of honor is plain;
It lies not in change, not in sentiment nice
Nor in wayward exploit and display
But just in the shoemaker's homely advice
To keep pegging and pegging away.
"NEW YORK PRESS."

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

LIFE is what we make it. To some, this may appear to be a very singular, if not extravagant statement. You look upon this life and upon this world, and you derive from them, it may be, a very different impression. You see the earth, perhaps, only as a collection of blind, obdurate, inexorable elements and powers. You look upon the mountains that stand fast forever; you look upon the seas that roll upon every shore their ceaseless tides; you walk through the annual round of the seasons; all things seem to be fixed,—summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, growth and decay,—and so they are.

But does not the mind spread its own hue over all these scenes? Does not the cheerful man make a cheerful world? Does not the sorrowing man make a gloomy world? Does not every mind make its own world? Does it not, as if indeed a portion of the Divinity were imparted to it, almost *create* the scene around it? Its power, in fact, scarcely falls short of the theory of those philosophers, who have supposed that the world had no existence at all, but in our own minds.

So again with regard to human life:—it seems to many, probably, unconscious as they are of the mental and moral powers which control it, as if it were made up of fixed conditions, and of immense and impassable distinctions. But upon all conditions presses down one impartial law. To all situations, to all fortunes, high or low, the *mind* gives their character. They are in effect, not what they are in themselves, but what they are to the feelings of their possessors.

The king upon his throne and amidst his court, may be a mean, degraded, miserable man; a slave to ambition, to voluptuousness, to fear, to *every low passion*. The peasant in his cottage, may be the real monarch,—the moral master of his fate,—the free and lofty being, more than a prince in his happiness more than a king in honor. And shall the mere names which these men bear, blind us to the actual position which they occupy amidst God's creation? No; beneath the all-powerful law of the heart, the master is often the slave; and the slave is the master.

It is the same creation, upon which the eyes of the cheerful and the melancholy man are fixed; yet how different are the aspects which it bears to them! To the one it is all beauty and gladness; "the waves of the ocean roll in light, and the mountains are covered with day." It seems to him as if life went forth, rejoicing upon every bright wave, and every shining bough, shaken in the breeze. It seems as if there were more than the eye seeth; a presence of deep joy among the hills and the valleys, and upon the bright waters.

But the gloomy man, stricken and sad at heart, stands idly or mournfully gazing at the same scene, and what is it to him? The very light,—

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate,"

yea, the very light seems to him as a leaden pall thrown over the face of nature. All things wear to his eye a dull, dim, and sickly aspect. The great train of the seasons is passing before him, but he sighs and turns away, as if it were the train of a funeral procession; and he wonders within himself at the poetic representations and sentimental rhapsodies that are lavished upon a world so utterly miserable.

Here then, are two different worlds, in which these two classes of beings live; and they are formed and made what they are, out of the very same scene, only by different states of mind in the beholders. The eye maketh that which it looks upon. The ear maketh its own melodies or discords. The world without reflects the world within.

ORVILLE DEWEY

GOOD-NATURE.

A [illegible] on any occasion when it is desirable to a[illegible]

GOOD NATURE what a blessing! Without it a man is like a wagon without springs, he has the full benefit of every stone and way-rut. Good-nature is the prime minister of a good conscience. It tells of the genial spirit within, and good nature never fails of a wholesome effect without.

Good-nature is not only the government of one's own spirit, but it goes far in its effects upon those of others. It manifests itself on every street; it humanizes man; it softens the friction of a business world. Good nature is the harmonious act of conscience. Good nature in practical affairs is better than any other; better than what men call justice; better than dignity; better than standing on one's rights, which is so often the narrowest and worst place to stand on one can find.

A man who knows how to hold on to his temper is the man who is respected by the community. And one who has a good nature, successfully travels about as does he who goes upon the principle—little of baggage, but plenty of money! A man who is armed with hopefulness, cheerfulness, and a genial spirit, is one who is going to be of practical and beneficent usefulness to his fellow-man. There are no things by which the troubles and difficulties of this life can be resisted better than with wit and humor. And let the happy person who possesses these—if he be brought into the folds of the church—not allow conversion to deprive him of them. God has constituted these in man, and especially when they are so salient in meeting good-naturedly the trials of this world, they should be used. Happiness, at last, is dependent upon a soul that has holy communion with its Creator—"for in Him we have life eternal." Men also fail in happiness because they refuse to read the great lessons found in the great book of nature. Happiness is to be sought in the possession of true manhood rather than in its internal conditions.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DON'T FRET

DON'T fret if your neighbor earns more than you do
 Don't frown if he gets the most trade;
Don't envy your friend if he rides in a coach,
 Don't mind if you're left in the shade.

Don't rail at the schoolboy who fails in his task,
 Nor envy the one who succeeds;
Don't laugh at the man who is Poverty's slave,
 Nor think the rich never have needs.

It's not wisdom to covet our neighbor's good gifts,
 We would seldom change places, I ween,
If we knew all our neighbor's affairs as our own,
 For things are not what they seem.

You see the rich merchant enjoying his ride,
 And think he exults over you;
You do not imagine that he feels the same,
 And thinks you more blest of the two.

You see people pass in and out of a store:
 But you must not judge business thereby.
You must look at the books, at the way they "foot up,"
 Ere you venture your judgment to try.

You don't know what you say when you envy a man
 Either fortune, or friends, or a home;
His fortune and friends may be only in name,
 And his home far less blest than your own.

You may know the old adage, which teaches [illegible]
 [illegible] skeleton must be somewhere;
[illegible] in library, kitchen, or hall
 It is hid in the closet with care.

So don't envy the blest, nor despise [illegible]
 Don't judge by the things which you [illegible]
Make the burdens of men as light as [illegible]
 And the lighter your burden will be.

Part VIII

TEMPERANCE READINGS

The following selections will be found helpful in arranging for entertainment at temperance meetings as well as for general occasions. Not only do we all need to be trained to think and speak on religious, and political themes—but also upon questions which affect social happiness—of these temperance is popular and important.

WATER AND RUM.

The following apostrophe to Water and execration of Rum [illegible]

Water! There is no poison in that cup; no fiendish spirit dwells beneath those crystal drops to lure you and me and all of us to ruin; no spectral shadows play upon its waveless surface; no widows' groans or orphans' tears rise to God from those placid fountains; misery, crime, wretchedness, woe, want and rags come not within the hallowed precincts where cold water reigns supreme. Pure now as when it left its native heaven, giving vigor to our youth, strength to our manhood, and solace to our old age. Cold water is beautiful and bright and pure everywhere. In the moonlight fountains and the sunny rills; in the warbling brook and the giant river; in the deep tangled wildwood and the cataract's spray; in the hand of beauty or on the lips of manhood—cold water is beautiful everywhere.

Rum! There is a poison in that cup. There is a serpent in that cup whose sting is madness and whose embrace is death. There dwells beneath that smiling surface a fiendish spirit which for centuries has been wandering over the earth, carrying on a war of desolation and destruction against man, blighting and mildewing the noblest affections of the heart, and corrupting with its foul breath the tide of human life and changing the glad, green earth into a lazar-house. Gaze on it! But shudder as you gaze! Those sparkling drops are murder in disguise; so quiet now, yet widows' groans and orphans' tears and maniacs' yells are in that cup. The worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched are in that cup.

Peace and hope and love and truth dwell not within that fiery circle where dwells that desolating monster which men call rum. Corrupt now as when it left its native hell, giving fire to the eye, madness to the brain, and ruin to the soul. Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere. The poet would liken it in its fiery glow to the flames that flicker around the abode of the damned. The theologian would point you to the drunkard's doom, while the historian would unfold the dark record of the past and point you to the fate of empires and kingdoms lured to ruin by the siren song of the tempter, and sleeping now in cold obscurity, the wrecks of what once were great, grand and glorious. Yes, rum is corrupt and vile and deadly, and accursed everywhere. Fit type and semblance of all earthly corruption!

Part II

Base art thou yet, oh, Rum, as when the wise man warned us of thy power and bade us flee thy enchantment. Vile art thou yet as when thou first went forth on thy unholy mission—filling earth with desolation and madness, woe and anguish. Deadly art thou yet as when thy envenomed tooth first took fast hold on human hearts, and thy serpent tongue first drank up the warm life-

blood of immortal souls. Accursed [illegible] yet as when the bones of [illegible] first victim rotted in a damp grave, and [illegible] echoed along the gloomy caverns of [illegible]. Yes thou infernal spirit of rum, through all past time hast thou been, as through all coming time thou shalt be accursed everywhere.

In the fiery fountains of the still [illegible] seething bubbles of the caldron [illegible] kingly palace and the drunkard's h[illegible] the rich man's cellar and the poor man's closet; in the pestilential vapors of foul dens and in the blaze of gilded saloons; in the hand of beauty and on the lip of manhood. Rum is vile and deadly and accursed everywhere.

Rum, we yield not to thy [illegible] influence, and together we have met to [illegible] thy destruction. And by what new name shall we call thee, and to what shall we liken thee when we speak of thy attributes? Others may call thee child of perdition, the base-born progeny of sin and Satan, the murderer of mankind and the destroyer of immortal souls; but I will give thee a new name among men and crown thee with a new horror; and that new name shall be the [illegible] the Rum Power, and I will say to all the sons and daughters of earth, "Dash it down!" And thou Rum, [illegible] text in my pilgrimage among men, and not alone shall my tongue utter it, but the groans of orphans in their agony and the cries of widows in their desolation shall proclaim it the enemy of home, the traducer of childhood and the destroyer of manhood, and whose only antidote is the [illegible] umental cup of temperance—cold water!

JOHN B. G[illegible]

THE COST OF THE FIRST DRINK.

[illegible] Temperance [illegible]

[illegible]

"MY friends, we behold in this tableau a young man with the first glass of intoxicating liquor in his hand. He is counting the cost of introducing into his system this 'slow poison of [illegible] He is about to take a step [illegible] fasten upon him, perhaps, a [illegible] that has been the ruin of ten [illegible]sand of the world's bright and promis[illegible] [illegible]. Well does he pause before drink[illegible] to count the cost. He is counting the [illegible] a burning brain; counting the cost [illegible] palsied hand; counting the cost of a [illegible]ering step; counting the cost of broken [illegible] tear-stained pillows; counting [illegible] cost of a blighted home; counting the [illegible] the self-respect which oozes out at [illegible] finger tips as they clasp the sparkling [illegible] counting the cost of the degradation [illegible] disgrace of a ruined body and a lost [illegible]. What should every young man do [illegible] ritted situation? This young man [illegible] counted the cost. Let him give us les[illegible]

THE FACE ON THE FLOOR.

'TWAS a balmy summer evening, and a [illegible] crowd was there,
That well nigh filled Joe's barro[illegible]
[illegible] corner of [illegible]

[illegible]

Here Toby [illegible] your stor[illegible]
equal [illegible]
I wouldn't touch him [illegible]
[illegible] Toby [illegible]

[illegible]

To [illegible] such go[illegible]
[illegible] proud.

"Give me a drink! [illegible]
out of funds, you know,

When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow.
What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held a sou;
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks, that braced me nicely. God bless you, one and all.
Next time I pass this good saloon I'll make another call;
Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing days are past
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out and my lungs are going fast.

"Say, give me another whiskey and I'll tell you what I'll do
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think.
But I was, some four or five years back. say, give us another drink.

"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame
Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserably tame;
Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whiskey, too
Well, boys, here's luck, and landlord, my best regards to you

"You've treated me pretty kindly and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now,
As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle frame and health
But for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good;
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the Chase of Fame;
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name:
And then, I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smile was freely given;
And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give,
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live,
With eyes that would beat the Kohinoor and a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait one afternoon in May,
Of a fair haired boy, a friend of mine who lived across the way
And Madeline admired it, and much to my surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown,
My friend had stole my darling, and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile,
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while
Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear drop in your eye,
Come, laugh like me, 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you'll give me another whiskey, I'll be glad,

And I'll draw right here, the picture of
the face that drove me mad ;
Give me that piece of chalk with which you
mark the base ball score—
And you shall see the lovely Madeline
upon the barroom floor

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the
vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the
soul of any man.
Then, as he placed another lock upon the
shapely head,
With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell
across the picture—*dead*.

H. ANTOINE D'ARCY.

APPEAL FOR TEMPERANCE.

In no cause in which his sympathies were enlisted was Mr. [illegible] following extract is from one of his speeches delivered during the [illegible]

MY friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back into Atlanta, now that it is shut out. Don't trust it. It is powerful, aggressive and universal in its attacks. To-night it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and to-morrow it challenges this Republic in the halls of Congress. To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and to-morrow levies tribute from the government itself. There is no cottage in this city humble enough to escape it—no palace strong enough to shut it out. It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage. It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory. It is the mortal enemy of peace and order. The despoiler of men, the terror of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho. O my countrymen! loving God and humanity, do not bring this grand old city again under the dominion of that power. It can profit no man by its return. It can uplift no industry, revive no interest, remedy no wrong. You know that it can not. It comes to turn, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine. It comes to mislead human souls and crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels. It comes to bring gray haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves. It comes to turn the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children. It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows that it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wreaks this work.

H. W. GRADY.

THE MEN BEHIND THE VOTE.

YOU have heard of the man behind the
gun,
Who guards the fort of the wave,
Whose unerring aim
Saves his land from shame,
And marks him a hero brave.

But behind the man behind the gun
Stands the country true and right;
And heroes brave
Both on land and wave
Are guarded by her great might

And we are the men behind the land
That enlists the best of her youth,
And through them we fight
For justice and right,
And stand in defense of the truth

You have heard of the man behind the bar
Who, by greed of gain beguiled,
Trails his victim's name
In the slime of shame,
And curses the wife and the child.

But behind the man behind the bar
Is the ballot pure and white,
Are the villains vile
Who with drink defile
Are shielded as though in the right.

And we are the men behind the vote
To license the man at the bar,
Making bold to proclaim
That we sanction the shame
Of rum's iniquitous war

REV NORMAN PLASS

THE POWER OF HABIT.

Adapted to the development of transition [illegible]

I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara river."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it *possible* that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed, there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! The rapids are below you!"

"Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming, over they go."

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through *the power of habit*, crying all the while, "*When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!*"

JOHN B. GOUGH.

A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

[illegible]

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a people to dissolve their connection with the Government to which they have hitherto owed allegiance, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind demands that the causes should be clearly set forth which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right and duty of the people to alter, or to abolish it; that it is the first law of self-preservation that any State or Nation may, and of right ought to do all those things which are necessary to perpetuate its own existence; and to abolish all those practices and to counteract all those influences which are calculated to ruin the body politic, and destroy society.

For many years the inhabitants of this country have suffered from the cruel acts and oppressive measures instituted by King Alcohol, with the evident design to reduce them under an absolute despotism, and after long and patient endurance of flagrant wrongs, and after having made many and

fruitless efforts to obtain redress, until it is plainly evident that nothing can be hoped from appeals to his justice or mercy, we, the people of these United States, having resolved to cast off the authority of this tyrant, do unite in this declaration of the causes and reasons which constrain us to take so important a step, and of the miseries and grievances which have been inflicted on us by him, until his government has become a burden too heavy to be borne. The history of his course toward us in the past is a history of repeated injuries and usurpation, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States, and the subjection of the people, through their depraved appetites and passions, to his complete control.

To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has caused the enactment of laws which have opened the sluiceways of destruction, pouring forth upon the people of this land a dreadful tide of intemperance, with all the attendant evils of drunkenness, diseases and death.

He has bribed, in various ways, and under various excuses, the legislators, the judges, and the citizens of the country to prevent the enactment and the execution of laws very necessary for the welfare of the public, which would interfere with his nefarious traffic in intoxicating liquors, or prevent the accumulation of wealth by himself at the expense of the comfort, the fortunes, the lives, and the future well being of his victims.

He has taken away our property, earned by patient, faithful labor, and reduced our families to beggary and want.

He has diverted the wealth of the Nation [illegible] to the support of the criminal, the pauper and the idiot [illegible]

He has lock[illegible] vast sums of money [illegible] trade and com[illegible] [illegible]entiaries and [illegible] made neces[illegible] [illegible] stimu[illegible]lated [illegible] among the people.

He has extorted many millions from the laborers of the Nation to be expended in maintaining the police forces, the courts of justice, and all the machinery of Government, devoted largely to a vain effort to remedy the evils he himself has inflicted upon society.

He has transformed the fruits of the earth, given for the sustenance of man and beast, into a death-dealing poison which changes men into demons.

He has diverted the labors of thousands from productive occupations to the preparation and distribution of the fiery flood which desolates our land. He has smitten the people with insanity and idiocy, and filled our asylums with maniacs and drivelling idiots, and our prisons with criminals.

He has enticed our boys from their homes, and sent them forth as tramps and vagabonds in the land, and, instead of good citizens, they have become the dangerous classes of society.

He has won our young men from lives of sobriety, industry and frugality, to a course of drunkenness, indolence, and wastefulness.

He has drawn away our young women from the paths of virtue to dens of infamy and frightful depths of degradation.

He is responsible, directly or indirectly, for three-fourths of all the crimes committed, and four-fifths of all the murders [illegible]

He has dragged down the gifted and noble of all classes from positions of honor, trust and usefulness, and with ruined reputations, and names disgraced, has consigned them to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's doom.

He has blighted [illegible] happy years of childhood, and caused the little ones to pass their lives in squalor, misery and want; and homes that might have been the abode of perennial happiness have been turned into habitations of infernal misery.

He has prostituted the public press to his purposes [illegible] so that too often, instead of nobly speaking out for justice and right and the good of the people at large, it [illegible] to his demands to be [illegible] his efforts to crush and ruin our race.

He has infatuated very many of the office seekers and office holders with the belief that it is far more important to promote his interests than to labor for the welfare of the people at large.

He has changed, in many places, the Holy Sabbath, with its hours of peaceful quiet, a day devoted to religious observances and the worship of Almighty God, to a day of revelry, drunkenness, and debauchery.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A ruler whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the sovereign of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in our attentions to those engaged in making and selling alcoholic drinks. We have implored them to have pity upon the suffering wife and the ragged, starving children; we have appealed to every sentiment of our common nature to induce them to withhold the deadly draught from our boys and young men and the habitual drinker [illegible]. They, too, [illegible] of justice and humanity, and have [illegible] scorn.

We have exhausted all our resources [illegible] endeavors to obtain relief from [illegible] liquors, and have utterly failed. The only course left us is to [illegible] completely our connection [illegible] so tyrannical, so oppressive [illegible].

We, therefore, appealing to the Supreme [illegible] of the Universe for the rectitude of [illegible], do solemnly publish and [illegible] that the people of this land are, [illegible] right ought to be, free and independent; that we are absolved from all allegiance to King Alcohol, and to all his [illegible]; that as free and independent citizens of these United States we have the [illegible] to break away from his control and [illegible] the tyrant from our land.

And for the support of this declaration, and the accomplishment of [illegible] undertaking, we earnestly invoke the aid and sympathy of the civilized world, the fervent prayers of all Christian people, and the help and guidance of Almighty God. And we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

REV. F. O. BLAIR.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient suffering of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments — to whom? — to the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were in the minority, that, through blood, and tears and bootings and scourgings, dyeing the waters with their blood and staining the heather with their [illegible], fought the glorious battle of religious freedom. Minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are there are always

[illegible]d round him and God Himself [illegible] in the dim future, and keeps [illegible] over His own! If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he

stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him, than all they that be against him.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

A BRAVE BOY.

A Temperance Reading.

"So this is our new cabin-boy;" was my inward exclamation, as I walked on deck and saw a dark-eyed, handsome youth, leaning against the railing and gazing with a sad, abstracted air into the foamy waves that were lustily dashing against the vessel. I had heard a good many remarks made about him by the crew, who did not like him because he seemed somewhat shy of them, and they were continually tormenting him with their rough jokes. He had refused to drink any intoxicating liquor since he came on board and I was curious to know more about him.

My interest and sympathy were aroused, and I resolved to watch over and protect him as far as possible from the ungovernable temper of the captain, and the rough jokes of the sailors.

A few days afterward I was standing beside the captain, when suddenly rough shouts and laughter broke upon our ears; we went to the forepart of the deck, and found a group of sailors trying to persuade Allen to partake of their grog.

"Laugh on," I heard Allen's firm voice reply, "but I'll never taste a drop. You ought to be ashamed to drink it yourselves, much more to offer it to another."

A second shout of laughter greeted the reply, and one of the sailors, emboldened by the captain's presence, who they all knew was a great drinker himself, approached the boy and said:

"Now, my hearty, get ready to keel roight over on your beam end whin ye've swallowed this."

He was just going to pour the liquor down his throat when, quick as a flash, Allen seized the bottle and flung it far overboard. While the sailors were looking regretfully after the sinking bottle, Allen looked pale but composed at Captain Harden, whose face was scarlet with suppressed rage. I trembled for the boy's fate. Suddenly Captain Harden seized him and cried out sternly:

"Hoist this fellow aloft into the main top-sail. I'll teach him better than to waste my property!"

Two sailors approached him to execute the order; but Allen quietly waved them back, and said in a low, respectful tone:

"I'll go myself, captain, and I hope you will pardon me: I meant no offence." I saw his hand tremble a little as he took hold of the rigging. For one unused to the sea it was extremely dangerous to climb that height. For a moment he hesitated, as he seemed to measure the distance, but he quietly recovered himself and proceeded slowly and carefully.

"Faster!" cried the captain, as he saw with what care he measured his steps, and faster Allen tried to go, but his foot slipped, and for a moment I stood horror-struck gazing up at the dangling form suspended by the arms in mid air. A coarse laugh from the captain, a jeer from the sailors, and Allen again caught hold of the rigging and soon he was in the watch basket.

"Now, stay there, you young scamp, and get some of the spirit frozen out of you," muttered the captain, as he went down into the cabin. Knowing the captain's temper I dared not interfere while he was in his present state of mind. By nightfall, however, I proceeded to the cabin, and found him seated before the table, with a half-empty bottle of his favorite champagne before him. I knew he had been drinking freely, and therefore had little hope that Allen would be released; still I ventured to say:

"Pardon my intrusion, Captain Harden, but I'm afraid our cabin-boy will be sick if he is compelled to stay up there much longer."

"Sick! bah, not a bit of it; he's got too much grit in him to yield to such nonsense; no person on board my ship ever gets sick; they know better than to play that game on me. But I'll go and see what he is doing anyhow."

Upon reaching the deck he shouted through his trumpet:

"Ho! my lad!"

"Aye, aye, sir," was the faint but prompt response from above, as Allen's face appeared, looking with eager hope for his release.

"How do you like your new berth?" was the captain's mocking question.

"Better than grog or whiskey, sir," came the quick reply from Allen.

"If I allow you to descend, will you drink the contents of this glass?" and he held up, as he spoke, a sparkling glass of his favorite wine.

"I have forsworn all intoxicating drinks, sir, and I will not break my pledge, even at the risk of my life."

"There, that settles it," said the captain, turning to me; "he's got to stay up there to-night; he'll be toned down before morning."

By early dawn Captain Harden ordered him to be taken down, for to his call, "Ho, my lad!" there was no reply, and he began to feel alarmed. A glass of warm wine and biscuit were standing ready for him beside the captain, who was sober now, and when he saw the limp form of Allen carried into his presence by two sailors his voice softened, as he said:

"Here, my lad, drink that, and I will trouble you no more."

With a painful gesture, the boy waved him back, and in a feeble voice, said:

"Captain Harden, will you allow me to tell you a little of my history?"

"Go on," said the captain, "but do not think it will change my mind; you have to drink this just to show you how I bend stiff necks on board my ship."

"Two weeks before I came on board this ship I stood beside my mother's coffin. I heard the dull thud of falling earth as the sexton filled the grave which held the last remains of my darling mother. I saw the people leave the spot; I was alone, yes, alone, for she who loved me and cared for me was gone. I knelt for a moment upon the fresh turf, and while the hot tears rolled down my cheeks I vowed never to taste the liquor which had broken my mother's heart and ruined my father's life.

"Two days later, I stretched my hand through the prison bars, behind which my father was confined. I told him of my intention of going to sea. Do with me what you will, captain, let me freeze to death in the mainmast; throw me into the sea below, anything, but do not for dear mother's sake, force me to drink that poison which has ruined my father, and killed my mother. Do not let it ruin a mother's only son!"

He sank back exhausted and burst into a fit of tears. The captain stepped forward, and laying his hand, which trembled a little, upon the boy's head, said to the crew who had collected round:

"For our mothers' sake, let us respect Allen Bancroft's pledge. And never," he continued, firing up, "let me catch any of you ill treating him."

He then hastily withdrew to his apartment. The sailors were scattered, and I was left alone with Allen.

"Lieutenant, what does this mean? Is it possible that—that—"

"That you are free," I added, "and that none will trouble you again."

"Lieutenant," he said, "if I was not so ill and cold just now I think I'd just toss my hat and give three hearty cheers for Captain Harden."

He served on our vessel three years, and was a universal favorite. When he left Captain Harden presented him with a handsome gold watch as a memento of his night in the mainmast, and the hearty sailor sent the youth away with a blessing on his head.

THE TWO GLASSES.

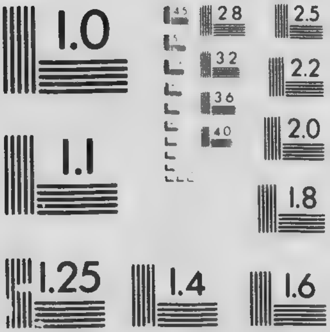
Temperance Recitation

THERE sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim:
One was ruddy, and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,
"Let us tell tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No 2



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
Which has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from its iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I can not boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that were sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirst I have quenched, and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled, and souls I've saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Slept in the sunshine, and dripped from the fountain;
I have burst my cloud fetters and drooped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour, and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I have uplifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told to each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE DRUNKARDS DAUGHTER,

A woman who became an earnest temperance advocate and worker for total abstinence, after having been ruined in fortune and having her happiness wrecked by drink in her own home, wa twitted by her former friend and called a fanatic. The followin lines were written by her as a reply.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way.
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt:
Implore beseech and pray.
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been
Had he the drunkard's fate forseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow

The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight,—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
  All that my soul hath felt and known
Then look within the wine cup's glow;
  See if its brightness can atone;
Think of its flavor would you try,
If all proclaimed,—*'Tis drink and die.*

Tell me how I hate the bowl,—
  Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
  By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or her; or tell
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

PLEDGE WITH WINE.

This selection may be easily converted into an effective dialogue by omitting the words and acting the parts between the remarks of the bride and her attendants. The company should be dressed in wedding attire.

"PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come,—she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of all wines and liquors

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette;—in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you I see," she added, slowly pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct: she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not, his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken: "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison." "Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child; in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wineglass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour foreswore the social glass.

MARIE BURROUGHS

"Go stand where I have stood and see the strong man bow
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood, and cold and livid brow."

HACKETT

In "Prince Rupert."

FAITH IN THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE
A Pose by Baby Lottie Morse

"I'M A LITTLE FLOWER GIRL
DRESSED UP LIKE A LADY"

PART IX

LITTLE FOLKS' SPEAKER

THE following selections, though arranged and adapted especially for children from 4 to 12 years of age, may be recited by grown up people with excellent effect in impersonating child character. Entertainers will find in this collection many pleasing pieces with which to answer *encores* especially after the rendering of lengthy or difficult numbers.

As a suggestion to those who train the little fellows we would say " the artlessness of a child is the highest art." Above all things therefore, *let the little reciters be natural.* See that they comprehend the real spirit of the pieces and are able to take, for the time, the characters upon themselves. That done your task will be to teach them to speak distinctly. Natural child nature will take care of the rest

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought of you, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD

HOW THE SERMON SOUNDED TO BABY.

I KNOW a little darling
With lovely golden curls,
With cheeks like apple blossoms,
And teeth like rows of pearls.

His ways are dear and winning,
And though he is not three,
He's very good at meeting—
As sweet as sweet can be.

But one day when the sermon
Seemed rather long (he thought.)
His eyes went straight to mamma's
And her attention sought

And then he softly whispered,
With just a little fret—
"Say, mamma, ain't dat preacher
Dot froo *hollerin* yet?"

MRS. J. M. HUNTER.

LAMENT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

My brother Will, he used to be
The nicest kind of girl,
He wore a little dress like me,
And had his hair in curl.
We played with dolls and tea sets then
And every kind of toy;
But all those good old times are gone,
Will turned into a boy.

Mamma made him little suits,
With pockets in his pants,
And cut off all his yellow curls
And sent them to my aunts:
And Will, he was so pleased, I believe
He almost jumped for joy,
And I must own I didn't like
Will turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops
I don't know how to spin,
And marbles that I try to shoot,
But never hit nor win,
And leapfrog—I can't give a "back"
Like Charlie, Frank or Roy:
Oh, no one knows how bad I feel
Since Will has turned a boy.

A LITTLE GIRL'S SPEECH ABOUT HERSELF.

I love my papa, that I do
And mamma says she loves him too;
And both of them love me, I know,
A thousand ways their love they show.
But papa says [illegible] some day
With some [illegible] I'll run away

A BOY'S MOTHER.

My mother, she's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be
I couldn't be as good—No, sir,
[illegible] boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad or mad;
She loves when I'm good or bad;
An' what's the funniest thing she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me;
That don't hurt, but it hurts to see
Her cryin'—nen I cry; an' nen
We both cry—an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little coat and Sunday clothes;
An' when my pa comes home to tea
She loves him 'most as much as me.

She laughs and tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug her an' hug my pa,
An' love him purt' nigh much as ma.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WHY I'D RATHER BE A BOY.

A Very Little Boy's Speech.

I am just a little fellow, and I can't say much. My speech is this: I am glad I am a boy! I had rather be a boy than a girl, or anything. Boys have good times. They can swim and skate and coast, ride horseback, climb trees, play hop-toad, make cartwheels of themselves and slide down the banisters; and most girls can't. I wouldn't be a girl—no—not if you'd give me the best jack-knife in the world!

GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

Grandmother sits in her old arm chair
Looking so placid and sweet;
Smiling so kindly all the while,
On the little ones at her feet
They love to be near grandmother's chair,
To feel her dear hand on their head,
For so well they know, it is grandmother's way
And they are never afraid

It was grandmother, too, to whom they would go,
With all of their troubles each day;
For grandmother knew just what to do,
In such a kind, loving way
If a cut, or a bruise, or a little sad heart,
Came to her chair for relief,

It was grandmother's way at once to respond,
To soothe every childish grief.

But grandmother sits no more in her chair,
'Tis vacant, and silent, and lone;
She left us one day—now long ago—
'Tis sad to know she is gone.
We love the old chair; 'tis bound to our hearts
With cords of the strongest love;
We touch it reverently as we pass,
As we think of the dear one above
We are sorry we ever were cross to her,
Or gave her a moment of pain;
We are sure we'd be very kind to her
Could she only be with us again

ALICE M. PAYNTER.

A GOOD COUNTRY.

For a very little Girl.

The speaker should wear the national colors, either combined in a dress or as decorations to a white dress.

I WEAR these three colors to [illegible]
The beautiful red, white and blue,
Because 'tis the Fourth of July,
And I thought I'd celebrate too.

I know that our country began
(Though I'm sure I cannot tell why,)
One morning so long, long ago,
And that was the Fourth of July.

But one thing for certain and sure
I've found out, although I'm so small,
'Tis a country good to be in
For little folks, big folks and all.

THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Recitation for a Boy.

THE American flag means, then, all that the fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; it means all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that the Constitution of a people, organizing for justice, for liberty and for happiness meant.

The American flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings.

Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: DIVINE RIGHT OF LIBERTY IN MAN.

Every color means liberty, every thread means liberty, every form of star and beam of light means liberty—*liberty through law and laws for liberty*. Accept it, then, in all its fullness of meaning. It it is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the emblem of the sovereignty of the people. It is the Nation.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

KATIE'S WANTS.

For a little [illegible] 4 [illegible] learn to speak naturally and [illegible].

ME want Christmas tree,
Yes, me do;
Want an orange on it,
Lots of candy, too.

Want some new dishes,
Want a red pail,
Want a rocking horse
With a very long tail.

Want a little watch
That says, "Tick, tick!"
Want a newer dolly,
'Cause Victoria's sick.

Want so many things
Don't know what to do;
Want a little sister,
Little brother, too.

Won't you buy 'em, mamma?
Tell me why you won't?
Want to go to bed?
No, me don't.

EVA M. TAPPAN.

WHY BETTY DIDN'T LAUGH.

"WHEN I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

" Why not ? " her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart !—
Had been so sweetly kind.
" Why didn't you laugh, darling ?
Or don't you like to tell ? "
" I didn't laugh," said Betty,
" 'Cause it was me that fell ! "

THAT'S BABY.

Repeat the words, " That's baby " slowly and with rising inflection, every time growing more emphatic.

ONE little row of ten little toes
To go along with a brand new nose,
Eight little fingers and two new thumbs
That are just as good as sugar plums—
That's baby.

One little pair of round, new eyes,
Like a little owl's, so big and wise,
One little place they call a mouth,
Without one tooth from north to south—
That's baby.

Two little cheeks to kiss all day,
Two little hands so in his way,
A brand new head, not very big,
That seems to need a brand new wig—
That's baby.

Dear little row of ten little toes !
How much we love them nobody knows ;
Ten little kisses on mouth and chin ;
What a shame he wasn't born a twin—
That's baby.

THE ONLY CHILD.

WHICH is my nicest plaything ?
I really cannot tell ;
I have a china dolly,
I have a silver bell.

I have a string of beads ;
My mother often tells me
I have all a baby needs.
But if I had a brother
As big as cousin Ben,
Or if I had a sister
Like little Lilly Fen,
We should have *such* times together.
'Twould drive the neighbors wild—
Oh ! it's very lonesome
To be an only child !

THE NEW BABY.

MUZZER'S bought a baby—
Ittle bits of zing ;
Zink I mos' could put him
Froo my rubber ring

Ain't he awful ugly ?
Ain't he awful pink ?
Just come dowd from heaven !—
Dat's a fib, I zink.

Doctor told annuzer
Great big awful lie ;
Nose ain't out of joyent—
Dat ain't why I cry.

Zink I ought to love him ?
No, I won't—so zere !
Nassy, crying baby—
Ain't got any hair.

Send me off wiz Biddy
Every single day ;
" Be a good boy, Charley—
Run away and play."

Dot all my nice kisses—
Dot my place in bed ;
Mean to take my drumstick
And hit him on ze head.

DOLL ROSY'S BATH.

Scene.—A toy wash tub, small girl comes on with doll.

'TIS time Doll Rosy had a bath,
And she'll be good I hope ;
She likes the water well enough,
But doesn't like the soap.

(Proceeds to undress the doll, which done, she continues.)

Now soft I'll rub her with a sponge,
Her eyes and nose and ears,
And splash her fingers in the bowl
And never mind the tears.

(Having finished she holds the doll up in surprise.)

There now—oh, my ! what have I done ?
I've washed the skin off—see !
Her pretty pink and white are gone
Entirely ! oh, dear me !
(Hugs doll up and runs off stage.)

LULU'S COMPLAINT.

I'SE a poor 'ittle sorrowful baby,
For B'idget is 'way down 'tairs;
My titten has scatched my fin'er,
And Dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I hain't seen my bootiful mamma
Since ever so long ado;
An' I ain't her tunninest baby
No londer, for B'idget says so.

Mamma dot anoder *new baby*,
Dod dived it—He did—yes'erday:
An' it kies, it kies—oh! so defful!
I wis' He would take it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'ittle sister;"
I want my dood mamma, I do;
I want her to tiss me and tiss me,
An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu.

I dess my dear papa will bin' me
A 'ittle dood titten some day;
Here's nurse wid my mamma's new baby;
I wis' she would tate it away.

Oh! oh! what tunnin' red fin'ers!
It sees me 'ite out of its eyes;
I dess we will teep it and dive it
Some can'y whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my dolly
To play wid 'mos' every day;
An' I dess, I dess—Say, B'idget,
Ask Dod not to tate it away.

LITTLE TOMMIE'S FIRST SMOKE.

I'VE been sick.

Mamma said 'mokin' was a nasty, dirty, disgraceful habit, and bad for the window curtains

Papa said it wasn't. He said all wise men 'moked, and that it was good for rheumatism, and that he didn't care for the window curtains, not a—that thing what busts and drowns people; I forgot its name. And he said women didn't know much anyway, and that they couldn't reason like men

So next day papa wasn't nice a bit—that day I frew over the acca warium, and papa 'panked me—and I felt as if I had the rheumatism ever' time I went to sit down, and so I just got papa's pipe and loaded it and 'moked it, to cure rheumatism where papa 'panked me

And they put mustard plaster on my tummick till they most burned a hole in it, I guess

I fink they fought I was going to die.

I fought so too.

Mamma said I was goin' to be a little cherub, but I fought I was goin' to be awful sick. Nurse said I was goin' to be a cherub, too—then she went to put a nuzzar mustard plaster on. I didn't want her to, and she called me somefing else. I guess that was 'cause I frew the mustard plaster in her face

I don't want to be a cherub, anyway; I ruther be little Tommie a while yet But I won't 'moke any more. I guess mamma was right. Maybe I'm sumfin' like a window curtain. 'Mokin' isn't good for me.

A LITTLE BOY'S WONDER.

For a Bright Little Fellow of Five Years—in Frock.

I WONDER, oh! I wonder what makes ve sun go wound.
I wonder what can make ve fowers tum popin' from ve gwound
I wonder if my mamma loves Billy morn'n me;
I wonder if I'd beat a bear a climbin' up a tree;
I wonder how ve angels 'member everybody's pwayers
I wonder if I didn't leave my sandwich on ve stairs,
I wonder what my teacher meant about "a twuthful heart."
I guess 'tis finkin' untul Jack will surely bring my cart
I wonder what I'd do if I should hear a lion woar;
I bet I'd knock 'im on ve head, and lay him on ve floor.
I wonder if our Farver knew how awful I did feel
When Tom's pie was in my pottet, and I wead, "You shall not steal."
I wonder if, when boys get big, it's dreadful in ve dark.
I wonder what my doggie thinks when he begins to bark.

I wonder what that birdie says who hollers so and sings
I wonder, oh! I wonder lots and lots of other things

CHRISTMAS HAS COME.

[illegible]

Christmas day has come at last
And I am glad 'tis here
For, don't you think, for *this one day*,
I've waited just a year
I'm sure it should have come before,
As sure as I'm alive.
Fifty two Sundays make a year,
And I've counted *every one*
There's one thing makes me very glad,
As glad as I can be,
The years grow *short* as we grow *old*,
And that will just suit me
I wish 'twas Christmas every month—
That's long enough to wait—
For all the presents that I want,
A year is very late
We'd have a tree, then, every month,
And presents nice and new:
(A voice in the audience says: "Where would the money come from?")
Do Christmas trees cost anything?
Voice, "I guess they do!"
Then one a year will do
And now I'll take my seat, dear friends,
And wait to hear my call,
For I've a present on the tree,
And I hope it is a doll

LITTLE KITTY.

[illegible]

Once there was a little kitty
Whiter than snow:
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro:
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a sloe,
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago

Nine pearl teeth had little kitty,
All in a row,
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mousie cried "Oh!"
But she got away from kitty
Long time ago

Kitty White so shyly comes
To catch the mousie Gray,
But mousie hears her softly step,
And quickly runs away

AMONG THE ANIMALS.

[illegible]

One rainy morning, just for a lark,
I jumped and stamped on my new Noah's ark:
I crushed an elephant, smashed a gnu,
And snapped a camel clean in two;

I finished the wolf without half tryin',
The wild hyena and roaring lion;
I knocked down Ham, and Japheth, too,
And cracked the legs of the kangaroo.

I finished, besides, two pigs and a donkey,
A polar bear, opossum and monkey,
Also the lions, tigers and cats,
And dromedaries and tiny rats

There wasn't a thing that didn't feel,
Sooner or later, the weight o' my heel;
I felt as grand, as grand could be,
But oh, the whipping my mammy gave me!

MARY AND THE SWALLOW.

A Dialogue for Two Little Girls

[illegible]

M. The lilacs are in blossom, the cherry flowers are white,
I hear a sound above me, a twitter of delight
It's my friend the swallow, as sure as I'm alive!

I'm very glad to see you! Pray, when did you arrive?

S. I'm very glad to get here; I only came to day:
I was this very morning a hundred miles away.

M. It was a weary journey; how tired you must be!

S. Oh no! I'm used to traveling and it agrees with me.

M. You left us last September, and pray where did you go?

S. I went South for the winter, I always do, you know.

M. The South? How do you like it?

S. I like its sunny skies;
And round the orange blossoms I caught the nicest flies.
But when the spring had opened, I wanted to come back.

M. You're still the same old swallow! Your wings are just as black.

S. I always wear dark colors; I'm ever on the wing;
A sober suit for traveling I think the proper thing.

M. Your little last year's nestlings do tell me how they grow.

S. My nestlings are great swallows and mated long ago.

M. And shall you build this summer among the flowers and leaves?

S. No I have taken lodgings beneath the stable eaves.
You'll hear each night and morning my twitter in the sky.

M. That sound is always welcome. And now good bye!

Good bye.

MALVINA DOUGLAS.

THEY SAY.

THE subject of my speech is one
We hear of every day
'Tis simply all about the fear
We have of what "*they say*."

How happy all of us could be,
If, as we go our way,
We did not stop to think and care
So much for what "*they say*."

We never dress to go outside,
To church, to ball or play,
But everything we wear or do
Is ruled by what "*they say*."

Half of the struggles we each make
To keep up a display,
Might be avoided, were it not
For dread of what "*they say*."

The half of those who leave their homes
For Long Branch and Cape may
Would never go, if it were not
For fear of what "*they say*."

One reason why I'm now so scared
(Pardon the weakness, pray!)
Is that I'm thinking all the while,
"Oh *me* what will "*they say*."

But so 'twill be, I judge, as long
As on the earth folks stay
There'll always be, with wise and fools,
That dread of what "*they say*."

TIME ENOUGH.

Appropriate for Thanksgiving or Harvest Entertainment.

TWO little squirrels, out in the sun
One gathered nuts, the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain
"Summer is still just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate,
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud

Two little boys in a school-room were placed,
One always perfect, the other disgraced,
"Time enough yet for learning," he said
"I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen my friends; their locks are turned gray;
One, is a governor, sitteth to day,
The other a pauper, looks out at the door

Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of
    yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown,
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Decoration Day Entertainment

THEY sat together, side by side,
    In the shade of an orange tree;
  One had followed the flag of Grant,
  The other had fought with Lee.

The boy in blue had an empty sleeve,
  A crutch had the boy in gray;
They talked of the long and weary march,
  They talked of the bloody fray.

"My chief is dead," the Johnny said,
  "A leader brave was he;
And sheathed fore'er at Lexington,
  Doth hang the sword of Lee."

"My leader dead," the boy in blue
  Spoke low and with a sigh,
  "And all the country mourning lay
  The day that Grant did die."

"God bless both our Lee and Grant!"
  The vet'ran said, and then
In heartfelt tones the answer came
  From the Southern heart—"*Amen.*"

A LITTLE BOY'S LECTURE

The Boy Should Speak in a Loud, Oratorical [illegible]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Nearly four hundred years ago the mighty mind of Columbus, traversing unknown seas, clasped this new continent in its embrace.

A few centuries later arose one here who now lives in all our hearts as the Father of his Country. An able warrior, a sagacious statesman, a noble gentleman. Yes, Christopher Columbus was *great*. George Washington was *great*. But here, my friends, in this glorious twentieth century is—a *grater*!

[illegible] radish could be most easily distinguished by the audience.

DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

Jack Frost and Tom Ruddy.

A large boy, dressed in white, looking very cold, may represent Jack Frost. A small boy, with ruddy cheeks, warm coat and gloves, and a pair of skates slung over his arms, should represent Tom Ruddy.

Jack Frost

WHO are you, little boy, on your way to
    the meadow,
This cold winter day with your skates and
    your sled—O?

Tom Ruddy

My name is Tom Ruddy; and though it is
    snowing
To the meadow, to skate and to coast, I am
    going.

Jack Frost

You had better turn back now, my little
    friend Tommy,
For the ground it is stiff, and the day it is
    stormy.

Tom Ruddy

No, sir, if you please. I do love this cold
    weather,
And my coat is of wool, and my shoes are
    of leather.

Jack Frost.

To nip you and pinch you and chill you I
    study
Unless you turn back and run home, Thomas
    Ruddy.

Tom Ruddy

And who may you be, sir, to talk to me thus,
    sir,
And what have I done, you should make
    such a fuss, sir?

Jack Frost

My name and my calling I will not dissemble;
JACK FROST is my name, Tom! so hear this
    and tremble!

Tom Ruddy

Oh, you are that Frost, then, whose touch
    is so bitter:

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY
A Pose by Little Lottie Briscoe

CHILD OF THE NORTH
A Pose by a Little Eskimo Boy

(Suggestions for Tableaux)

STRICTLY C NFIDENTIAL

[illegible]

[illegible]

Who makes all our window-panes sparkle and glitter!

Jack Frost.

Yes, I am Jack Frost, and now, Tom, I'm coming
To chill you all over, your finger tips numbing.

Tom Ruddy:

My fingers lie snug in my gay little mittens,
And the fur on my cap is as warm as a kitten's.

Jack Frost.

I will breathe on your ears till they tingle so fear me,
And scamper, Tom, scamper! Boo hoo! Do you hear me?

Tom Ruddy.

I hear you, I know you and if you can match me
In sliding and coasting, come catch me Jack, catch me! *Runs.*

Jack Frost.

Stop! stop! He is gone, all my terrors defying;
To scare boys like Tom I had better stop trying.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S PRESENTATION SPEECH.

DEAR TEACHER: I have been requested by the girls of this school (or institution) to offer you a slight token of our affection and regard. I cannot tell you how delighted I am to be the means of conveying to you the expression of our united love. What we offer you is a poor symbol of our feelings, but we know you will receive it kindly, as a simple indication of the attachment which each one of us cherishes for you in her heart of hearts. You have made our lessons pleasant to us—so pleasant that it would be ungrateful to call them tasks. We know that we have often tried your temper and forbearance, but you have dealt gently with us in our waywardness, teaching us, by example as well as precept, the advantages of kindness and self control. We will never forget you We shall look back to this school (or institution) in after life, not as a place of penance, but as a scene of mental enjoyment, where the paths of learning were strewn with flowers; and whenever memory recalls our school-days, our hearts will warm toward you as they do to day. I have been requested by my school-mates not to address you formally, but as a beloved and respected friend. In that light, dear teacher, we all regard you. Please accept, with our little present, our earnest good wishes May you always be as happy as you have endeavored to make your pupils and may they—nothing better could be wished for them—be always as faithful to their duties to others as you have been in your duties to them

CHILDREN'S DAY.

[illegible]

DEAR friends and teachers, kind and true,
You're welcome—one and all;
We think it very kind that you
Have heard the children's call

Some little songs we have to sing
Some little words to say—
We pray you listen patiently,
For this is *Children's Day.*

Great things have we to tell to you,
Of children far away,
Who have no parents, good like ours—
No happy homes have they

They never heard of God's dear Son,
Who left His home above,
And suffered on the cruel cross,
That all might know His love.

We want to bear the news to them,
But we are weak and small;
Unless encouragement we have
Naught can we do at all

And so, dear friends, we welcome you,
Your presence courage brings;
We hope to prove, before you leave,
The strength in *little* things.

WORDS ON WELCOME.

An Opening Address for School or Sunday School Entertainment.

KIND friends and dear parents, we welcome you here
To our nice pleasant school-room, and teacher so dear;
We wish but to show how much we have learned,
And how to our lessons our hearts have been turned.

But hope you'll remember we all are quite young,
And when we have spoken, recited and sung,
You will pardon our blunders, which, as all are aware,
May even extend to the President's chair.

Our life is a school-time, and till that shall end,
With our Father in heaven for teacher and friend,
Oh, let us perform well each task that is given,
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.

THE FIRST PAIR OF BREECHES.

For a Bright Little Boy of 5 Years

I'VE got a pair of breeches now,
And I'll have to be a man;
I know I can if just I try,
My mamma says I can!

I'm going to school now very soon,
And learn my A, B, C;
My mamma says I'm too young yet,
But I am 'way past three.

And I've got pockets in my pants,
To put my pencil in;
For mamma says that I must write
In school when I begin.

I'll soon be tall as papa—now
I'll grow as fast as I can,
And don't you think that very soon
I'll be a full-grown man?

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

For a Girl of 7 or 8 Years with a Saucy Air

WHEN mamma was a little girl
(Or so they say to me)
She never used to romp and run,
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,
Nor climb an apple tree.
She always kept her hair in curl,—
When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl
(It seems to her you see)
She never used to tumble down,
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,
Nor drink her papa's tea.
She learned to knit, "plain," "seam," and "purl,"
When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says—it must be true—
"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!
Your mamma, dear, was just like you,
When she was grandma's little girl."

THE WATERMILLION.

THERE were a watermillion
Growing on a vine,
And there were a pickaninny
A-watching it all the time.

And when that watermillion
Were a ripening in the sun,
And the stripes along its jacket
Were coming one by one,

That pickaninny hooked it,
And toting it away,
He ate that entire million
Within a single day.

He ate the rind and pieces
And finished it with vim,
And then that watermillion
Just up and finished him.

AN OPENING ADDRESS.

Speak in a Half-Embarrassed and Conversational Tone.

I AM a very little boy (or girl), and I suppose that is why the teacher puts me first to-day. But I am big enough to tell you that we are very glad to see you.

I hope you will like this school very much. We will sing our best songs, and say our prettiest verses, and be just as good as we can all the time you stay, for we want you to come again.

(*Straighten up with dignity and speak loud and strong.*)

And now I'll say my speech. This is it:

Kind friends, we welcome you to day
With songs of merry glee;
Your loving smiles we strive to win
Each face we love to see.

Sweet welcomes then to one and all,
And may your smiles approve,
And may we never miss the light
Of faces that we love.

CLOSING ADDRESS.

Kind friends who have listened to our efforts to-day, I thank you in the name of the whole school for your presence and your attention. We hope we have not disappointed you. With many of us it has been our first attempt at public speaking. Long ago, a boy declaimed—before much such an audience, I dare say, as this—who said: "Tall oaks from little acorns grow;" and it is just as true to-day as then. We are fitting ourselves, little by little, to fill the places of the men and women of to-day. Years hence, you may hear from us mingling with the great world, helping forward, in one way and another, life's good work.

Teacher, we thank you for all your kind endeavors to do us good. May your good wishes for us be all fulfilled in years to come.

Schoolmates, we part companionship to-day to go to our several homes, our various amusements, and our separate work. We part friends, and carry with us pleasant memories of the happy faces here. May our future lives be as useful as our term has been pleasant. And may the world, the great school in which we are all scholars, find us faithful in all the good lessons we have to learn;—in short, may we make our lives a grand success, and be admitted to a higher school in the life to come.

And now, friends all, with thanks for the past, and good wishes for the future, it is mine to say good bye.

AN ADDRESS TO A TEACHER.

(Choose a manly boy who will look the teacher in the eye and speak distinctly.)

Dear Teacher: The pleasant duty has been assigned me by my schoolmates of presenting you this token as an evidence of our lasting esteem, friendship, and love. We could not consent to part with you without leaving in your hands some memorial, however trifling, of deep and abiding gratitude for your unceasing efforts to benefit us. When in future days you look upon this memento, let it be a pleasant token of the deepest love and reverence of our young hearts.

VALEDICTORY.

It now, kind friends, devolves on me
To speak our Val-e-dic-to-ry:
You've seen our exhibition through,
We've tried to please each one of you—
And if we've failed in any part,
Lay it to *head* and not to *heart*:

We thank you for your presence here,
With kindly smiles our work to cheer
Our youthful zeal you do inspire
To set our mark a little higer—
But there's much more than words can tell.—
So thanking you we'll say—*farewell.*

THE BEST OF MENAGERIES.

My pa's the best menagerie
That ever any one did see;
I need no pets when he is by
To make the days and hours fly,
For any bird or beast or fish
I want, he'll be whene'er I wish.

For instance, if I chance to want
A safe and gentle elephant,
He'll fasten on his own big nose
One of my long black woolen hose,
And on his hands and bended knees
Is elephantine as you please,

And truly seems to like the sport
Of eating peanuts by the quart.

Then, when I want the lion's roar,
He'll go behind my bedroom door,
And growl until I sometimes fear
The king of beasts is really near;
But when he finds my courage dim
He peeps out, and I know it's him.

And he can "meow" just like a cat—
No Tom can beat my pa at that—
And when he yowls, and dabs, and spits,
It sends us all off into fits,
So like it seems that every mouse
Packs up his things and leaves the house.

Then, when he barks, the passers-by
Look all about with fearsome eye,
And hurry off with scurrying feet
To walk upon some other street,
Because they think some dog is there,
To rush out at 'em from his lair.

And, oh, 'twould make you children laugh
When papa plays the big giraffe.
He'll take his collar off, you know,
And stretch his neck an inch or so,
And look down on you from above,
His eyes so soft and full of love,
That, as you watched them, you would think
From a giraffe he'd learned to blink.

'Tis as a dolphin, though, that he
Is strongest, as it seems to me,
And I don't know much finer fun
Than sitting in the noonday sun
Upon the beach and watching pop,
As in the ocean he goes flop,
And makes us children think that he's
A porpoise from across the seas.
And when he takes a tin tube out,
And blows up water through the spout,
The stupidest can hardly fail
To think they see a great big whale!

And that is why I say to you
My Pa's a perfect dandy zoo,
The very best menagerie
That ever you or I did see.
And what is finest let me say,
There never is a cent to pay!

G. V. DRAKE.

VACATION TIME.

Droll Speech for a Boy of 10 Years at Closing Exercises of School.

VACATION time at last is here,
The jolliest time in all the year;
Away with books, pencil and pens,
Now is the time to visit our friends.
We always to the country go—
Me and my youngest brother Joe—
We jump the fences, climb the trees,
Run through the medders chasin' bees,
Eat peaches and apples, plums and grapes,
And get in an orful lot of scrapes!
But then it's vacation time, you know,
I don't think folks ought to mind things so

One day last summer Joe and me
Went down to the medder the bull to see
We couldn't git a very good look at him
So we let down the bars and walked right in
Oh, you oughter seen his shiny eyes—
Joe said "he's takin in our size!"
And he frightened us so,—Oh, good stars!
We clean forgot to put up the bars
And that mean old bull, as shore's you're born,
Walked right through them bars into grandpa's corn,
And Joe and me didn't know what to do,
As ear after ear we seen him chew.
Grandpa made an awful fuss,
And 'lowed it happened all through us;
But then 'twas vacation time, you know,
I don't think he ought to minded it so.

I tell you my grandma knows how to bake—
You never tasted such pies and cake.
One day we wuz hungry and wanted a bite
But grandma she wuz nowhere in sight.
So we thought we'd just help ourself.
The things were on a high up shelf,
So we got a chair and had to tip-toe:
And that clumsy feller—my brother Joe-
I just give him a little bit of a tilt,
An' he set down flat in a pan of milk.
Grandma had an orful time makin' his clothes clean,
And said we spoiled every bit of her cream -
But then, 'twas vacation time, you know
I don't think grandma got mad at Joe

Grandma's dog Rover's a nice old chap,
But he likes to take his afternoon nap.
Joe and me spied him asleep one day,
And thought we'd make him git up and play,
So we slipped in the milk house and got a tin pail,
And tied it fast to old Rover's tail,
And then we skeered him, and he runn'd like sin,
And he rattled and banged and spoiled the tin
Grandma came out, and all the rest,
And she said, "*You boys must be persessed!*"
And, if we didn't leave the animals and things alone,
She'd pack our clothes and send us home
But then at vacation time, you know—
I don't think folks ought to mind things so.

MARY B. RHEINFELDT.

THE BLUEBELL'S REWARD.

Two little bluebells, growing side by side,
Talked to a sunbeam, out for a ride;
One thought the sunbeam rude in his way,
While the other one listened, but little to say.

The floweret complained that the sunbeam did wrong
In making his calls so exceptionally long,
Declared: 'If he dared stay as long next day,
She would close up her house, and go far, far away.'

The dear little floweret which silently stood,
And quietly fastened her quaint dainty hood,
Was wooed by the sunbeam and changed to a flower
Of exquisite beauty high up on a bower.

So children beware of the bluebell's complaint,
And let your retorts to your elders be faint;
Thus gain by your silence the bower so bright,
And thank the dear Father who leads you aright.

He'll bid every cloud from your sky to depart
And smiles in good pleasure at each kind, patient heart;
Thro' sunshine and showers be brave and be strong,
Remembering ever, right conquers all wrong

ANNA T. HACKMAN.

THE BOY WHO DID NOT PASS.

This selection may be made more attractive by introducing an elderly gentleman to represent the boy's father. Let the father recite the first stanza, and John, a manly boy, reply with the remainder. At the close, the father, clasping John's hand, says: "I believe you will, my boy," and they leave the stage arm in-arm.

"So, John, I hear you did not pass;
You were the lowest in your class—
Got not a prize of merit.
But grumbling now is no avail;
Just tell me how you came to fail,
With all your sense and spirit?"

"Well, sir, I missed 'mong other things,
The list of Egypt's shepherd kings
(I wonder who does know it).
An error of three years I made
In dating England's first crusade;
And, as I am no poet,

"I got Euripides all wrong,
And could not write a Latin song;
And as for Roman history,
With Hun and Vandal, Goth and Gaul,
And Gibbon's weary 'Rise and Fall,'
'Twas all a hopeless mystery.

"But, father, do not fear or sigh
If 'Cram' does proudly pass me by,
And pedagogues ignore me;
I've common sense, I've will and health,
I'll win my way to honest wealth;
The world is all before me.

"And though I'll never be a Grecian,
Know Roman laws or art Phœnician,
Or sing of love and beauty,
I'll plow, or build, or sail, or trade,
And you need never be afraid
But that I'll do my duty."

THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

Suitable for a bright little girl to recite. She should be taught proper modulation and expression of face

There's a queer little house,
And it stands in the sun.
When the good mother calls.

The children all run.
While under her roof,
They are cozy and warm,
Though the cold wind may whistle
And bluster and storm.

In the daytime, this queer
Little house moves away,
And the children run after it,
Happy and gay;
But it comes back at night,
And the children are fed,
And tucked up to sleep
In a soft feather-bed.

This queer little house
Has no windows nor doors—
The roof has no shingles,
The rooms have no floors—
No fire place, chimney,
Nor stove can you see,
Yet the children are cozy
And warm as can be.

The story of this
Funny house is all true,
I have seen it myself,
And I think you have, too,
You can see it to-day,
If you watch the old hen,
When her downy wings cover
Her chickens again.

A BOY'S LECTURE ON "KNIVES."

This lecture will be most effective, delivered in a boy's natural style. Try to imitate the boy's actions. The real art of rendering this selection is in being artlessly natural.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: My subject is knives. There are two kinds of knives. I will mention them—eating-knives and jack-knives. You must not put eating-knives in your mouth, you can a jack-knife, because then you do not have any fork—I mean when you are eating raw sweet potatoes or raw turnips, or any raw things out of doors. You can do nineteen things with a jack-knife. I will mention them—whittle, sharpen pencils, clip off finger-nails and thumb ones, play mum'l-ti-peg, cut knots, punch holes, shock out clams and oysters, clean fishes, cut your name on anything, eat apples and pumpkin pi'—seeds and other things, make whistles, whet it on a whet-stone, cut your fingers with it, break it, swap it, lose it, find it, give it away. Every fellow that borrows a jack-knife ought to give it right back again. I don't mean before he is done with it.

A jack-knife is made of two parts. I will mention them—the handle and the blade. You can have a knife with six blades, if anybody will give you one. Your father and mother hardly ever give you a six blader. They do not think it is best. Some little fellows have numb jack knives. Numb jack knives are made not to cut, my little brother has a numb jack-knife. Jack knives are very easy to lose. A fellow almost always loses his knife. He feels very sorry when he first finds out he cannot find his knife. He does not believe that knife is lost. He keeps feeling in his pocket, for he believes it is there somewhere under his ball or his jews-harp, or his pocket-handkerchief, or amongst the crumbles. Then he begins and empties out all these things, and turns his pocket inside out, and shakes it, and stands up, and shakes his trousers leg, and looks down on the floor, and puts them all in again, and then he begins to hunt.

One day I lost my knife, and I hunted for it in ninety-seven different places. I will mention them—in my mother's work-basket, in her other work-basket, in her darn stocking bag, in eight of her bureau drawers, in six cracks of the floor, up garret, in the ash-pail, all over eight floors crawling, in the cookie-pot, in my mother's pocket, in the baby's cradle, in the apple barrel, on four top shelves, on seventeen other shelves, in the spoon-holder, in ten of my father's pockets, in fourteen of my big brother's pockets, in four of my pockets, on six mantelpieces, in the waste-basket, in my sister's doll-house, in her bureau drawer, in the bed-clothes chest, in my mother's trunk, in four of my sister's pockets, and all the time my knife was in my trousers-leg inside of the outside part of the trousers leg, back of the lining of it.

Ladies and gentlemen: Many thanks for your kind attention. My next lecture will be on "Swapping."

MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ
in Wide Awake

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

For Washington's birthday entertainment. Select five small boys. Let each boy hold a card with date in view of audience during his recitation.

1732.—In seventeen hundred thirty two
George Washington was born;
Truth, goodness, skill, and glory high,
His whole life did adorn.

1775.—In seventeen hundred seventy five
The chief command he took
Of all the army in the State,
And ne'er his flag forsook.

1783.—In seventeen hundred eighty-three,
Retired to private life,
He saw his much loved country free
From battle and from strife.

1789.—In seventeen hundred eighty-nine
The country with one voice,
Proclaimed him President to shine,
Blessed by the peoples choice.

1799.—In seventeen hundred ninety-nine
The Nation's thears were shed,
To see the Patriot life resign,
And sleep among the dead.

All.—As "first in war, and first in peace,"
As patriot, father, friend,
He will be blessed till time shall cease,
And earthly life shall end.

BOYS WANTED.

"Wanted, a boy." How often we
These very common words may see,
Wanted—a boy to errands run,
Wanted for everything under the sun.
All that the men to-day can do
To morrow the boys will be doing too,
For the time is ever coming when
The boys must stand in place of men.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day,
And she offers them all she has for pay.
Honor, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life and a deathless name.
Boys to shape the paths for men,
Boys to guide the plow and pen,
Boys to forward the tasks begun.

The world is axious to employ
Not Just one, but every boy
Whose heart and brain will e'er be true
To work his hands shall find to do,
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind;
To good awake, to evil blind;
Heart of gold without alloy.
Wanted: The world wants such a boy.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

These are some of the things that a boy can do:
He can whistle so loud the air turns blue;
He can make all the sounds of beast and bird,
And a thousand noises never heard.

He can crow or cackle, or he can cluck
As well as a rooster, hen, or duck;
He can bark like a dog, he can low like a cow,
And a cat itself can't beat his "me ow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped and plain;
He can thunder by as a railway train,
Stop at the stations a breath, and then
Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all his powers in such command
He can turn right into a full brass band,
With all of the instruments ever played,
As he makes of himself a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill
If he's wide awake and keeping still.
But earth would be—God bless their noise!—
A dull old place if there were no boys.

BABY'S LOGIC.

Catchy Encore Selection.

She was ironing her dolly's new gown
Maid Marian, four years old,
With her brows puckered down
In a painstaking frown
Under her tresses of gold.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in
Exclaimed in a tone of surprise:
"Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then, lifting her face like a rose,
Thus answered this wise little tot:
"Now, don't you suppose
The good Lord he knows
This little iron ain't hot?"
ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

A SCHOOL IDYL.

RAM it in, cram it in;
Children's heads are hollow,
Slam it in, jam it in;
Still there's more to follow—
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry.
Ram it in, cram it in;
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in,
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in:
What are children made for;
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, clinictology
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics
Hoax it in, coax it in;
Children's head's are hollow

Scold it in, mould it in;
All that they can swallow.
Fold it in, mould it in:
Still there's more to follow.
Faces pinched, and sad, and pale,
Tell the same undying tale—
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep.
Those who've passed the furnace through,
With aching brow, will tell to you
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in—
When their heads were hollow.
"REHOBOTH SUNDAY HERALD."

A FOURTH OF JULY RECORD

Suitable to Fourth of July Entertainment.

I was a wide awake little boy
Who rose with the break of day;

2 were the minutes he took to dress,
Then he was off and away

3 were his leaps when he cleared the stairs,
Although they were steep and high;

4 was the number which caused his haste,
Because it was Fourth of July!

5 were his pennies which went to buy
A package of crackers red;

6 were the matches which touched them off
And then—he was back in bed.

7 big plasters he had to wear
To cure his fractures sore,

8 were the visits the doctor made,
Before he was whole once more

9 were the dolorous days he spent
In sorrow and pain; but then

10 are seconds he'll stop to think
Before he does it again.
LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

For Seven Little Boys and Girls. Teacher or some Large Boy or Girl Should Speak.

THE days of the week once talking together
About their housekeeping, their friends and the weather,
Agreed in their talk it would be a nice thing
For all to march, and dance, and sing;
So they all stood up in a very straight row
And this is the way they decided to go:

(Let seven children stand up, and as day of week is called, take places, each one equipped with the things the speaker mentions.)

First came little Sunday, so sweet and good,
With a book in her hand, at the head she
stood.
Monday skipped in with soap and a tub,
rubbing away with a rub a dub dub.
With board and iron came Tuesday bright,
Talking to Monday in great delight
Then Wednesday—the dear little cook—
came in,
Riding cock horse on his rolling-pin.
Thursday followed, with broom and brush,
Her hair in a towel and she in a rush.
Friday appeared, gayly tripping along;
He scoured the knives, and then he was gone
Saturday last, with a great big tub,
Into which we all jump for a very good rub.

(The children march and sing to the tune of "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine.")

Children of the week are we,
Happy, busy, full of glee.
Often do we come this way,
And you meet us every day.
Hand in hand we trip along,
Singing as we go, a song.
Each one may a duty bring,
Though it be a little thing.

(All bow, and taking up the articles retire from the stage in order, Sunday, Monday, etc.

MARY ELY PAGE.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, and went to school
I'd never break the smallest rule,
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say she had no better boy.
And 'twould be true,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell;
For two things only I despise,
A coward heart and telling lies;
And you would, too,
If I were you.

WHAT TO DRINK.

I think that every mother's son
And every father's daughter,
Should drink at least till twenty-one
Just nothing but cold water.
And after that, they might drink tea,
But nothing any stronger;
If all folks would agree with me,
They'd live a great deal longer.

THE BLESSED ONES.

Sunday School Entertainment. Select nine Children, stand them in line, and one by one step forward and speak.

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed [illegible] when men shall revile you, and [illegible]secute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

(All stand in line and repeat together:)

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

FROM MATTHEW, 5. 2–12.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

Suited for church or Sunday school. Arranged for five little boys or [illegible]. May be rendered at entertainment or before Sunday school. [illegible] should stand in line and recite one after the other.

FIRST SPEAKER.

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

SECOND SPEAKER.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters;

THIRD SPEAKER

He restoreth my soul;
He leadeth me in the path of righteousness
for His name's sake.

FOURTH SPEAKER.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death,
I fear no evil: for Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

FIFTH SPEAKER.

Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

ALLTOGETHER.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow (me)
us all the days of (my) *our* (life)
lives:
And (I) *we* will dwell in the house of the
Lord for ever.

REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare red feet;
Pass not by the child unheeding,
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown he'll not forget it
For, remember, boys make men

When the buoyant youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents,
Do not in your anger speak;
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercies; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage,
When the erring boys are men

Have you never seen a grandsire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness
Something said to him a boy?
Or relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He said they were too thoughtless
To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasures
To the life of every boy,
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrows and its joys;
Call your boys home by your brightness
They'll avoid a gloomy den,
And seek for comfort elsewhere—
And remember, boys make men.

TALE OF A DOG AND A BEE.

Great big dog
Head upon his toes,
Tiny little bee
Settles on his nose.

Great big dog
Thinks it is a fly,
Never says a word,
Winks mighty sly.

Tiny little bee
Tickles doggie's nose—
Thinks like as not
'Tis a blooming rose.

Dog smiles a smile,
Winks his other eye,
Chuckles to himself
How he'll catch a fly.

Then he makes a snap
Mighty quick and spry,
Gets the little bug
But doesn't catch the fly

Tiny little bee
Alive and looking well,
Great big dog,
Mostly gone to swell

Moral:

Dear friends and brothers all,
Don't be too fast and free,
And when you catch a fly,
Be sure it ain't a bee.

WHEN FATHER CARVES THE DUCK.

We all look on with anxious eyes
When father carves the duck,
And mother almost always sighs
When father carves the duck;
Then all of us prepare to rise,

And hold our bibs before our eyes
And be prepared for some surprise,
When father carves the duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork
Whene'er he carves a duck,
And won't allow a soul to talk
Until he's carved the duck.
The fork is jabbed into the sides,
Across the breast the knife he slides
While every careful person hides
From flying chips of duck.

The platter's always sure to slip
When father carves a duck,
And how it makes the dishes skip!
Potatoes fly amuck!
The squash and cabbage leap in space
We get some gravy in our face,
And father mutters Hindoo grace
Whene'er he carves a duck.

We then have learned to walk around
The dining room and pluck
From off the window sills and walls
Our share of father's duck
While father growls and blows and jaws
And swears the knife was full of flaws,
And mother laughs at him because
He couldn't carve a duck.

E. V. WRIGHT

QUESTIONS ABOUT WOMEN.

For Sunday School Entertainment [illegible] reference in answer [illegible]

WHAT two men were hidden in a well by a woman? 2 Sam. xvii. 18, 19.

2. What man asked his servant to slay him after he had been mortally wounded by a woman? Judges ix. 53, 54.

3. What man owed his own life and that of his countrymen to a woman? Esther v. 15, 16.

4. What king caused a good man to be slain because he loved the man's wife? 2 Sam. xi. 14, 15.

5. What man made a vow which involved the life of his own daughter? Judges xi. 30, 31, 34.

6. What man once received most hospitable treatment from a woman whom he sought, though she knew him not? Gen. xxiv. 17-19.

7. What man was deceived by a woman, and then treacherously slain by her? Judges iv. 18, 21.

8. What man once refused to go to battle unless the woman he was addressing would conduct it? Judges iv. 8, 9.

9. What man was saved from death by his wife's pretending he was sick? 1 Sam. xix. 12-14.

10. What man was twice betrayed by his wife through avowal of love? Judges xiv. 16, 17, and xv. 15-17.

11. What woman judged Israel? Judges iv. 4, 5.

12. What woman reigned over Israel six years? 2 Chron. xxii. 10, 12.

AN EASTER BONNET.

LITTLE Miss Violet, blooming and sweet,
Has her new Easter bonnet all trimmed and complete;
The brim is rich purple with hair-lines of black
It flares at the front and fits close at the back,
There's a bow-knot of yellow and strings of pea green—
A prettier bonnet has never been seen.

But Miss Violet's careful, and keeps it well hid
In her underground bandbox, and holds fast the lid;
If Easter is early, and March winds are cold,
You'll not have a glimpse of the purple and gold,
But when Easter comes late, you will see the whole place
Grow bright with Miss Violet's beauty and grace.

THE MISSIONARY HEN.

Good for Church or Sunday School Entertainment.

I KNOW a funny little lad—
We call him careful Ben—
Who has among his many pets
A missionary hen.

"A missionary hen!" you say,
"What sort of fowl is that?"

Just listen, and you'll all agree
That she is called just right.

Now Benny went to Sunday school,
And there he heard them tell
About the children far away
Who hear no Sabbath bell;

Who never heard of Jesus' name
Nor how He came to earth,
And gave His life upon the cross
To save their souls from death.

He knew they had no pleasant homes,
No teachers kind and true
To tell them of a Saviour's love,
Or what they ought to do.

Ben's pocketbook was very lean,
The pennies there were few;
But Bennie's mother helped him out—
She gave him work to do.

He climbed the mow to hunt the eggs,
He crawled beneath the barn;
And his reward was one old hen
That he might call his own.

Dear me! the way that old hen laid
Was wonderful to view!
She seemed to know her business well,
And sought to mind it too.

She was a missionary hen,
For all her eggs he sold
For pennies for the mission box—
They were as good as gold.

Ben's pennies now were never scarce
He did not have to beg:
For this old hen was like the goose
That laid the golden egg.

She raised a brood of ten fine chicks,
Ben drafted them all in
To swell the ranks and revenue,
Of his missionary hen.

SONG OF THE RYE.

At a Temperance or Thanksgiving entertainment, a shock of rye may be placed on the stage near a door or curtain, and the teacher [illegible] walks [illegible], "What is this rye, which we see here, good for? [illegible] the choicest grain for making whiskey, which destroys so many thousand lives and ruins so many homes each year. Why is it here on such an occasion as this?"

Then the boy or girl, with a clear strong voice, [illegible] behind the scene, so near the shock that it seems [illegible] came from the rye itself: "I come here, friends, [illegible] self. Man has made me his destroyer, when I [illegible] friend."

I was made to be eaten
And not to be drank,
To be thrashed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.
I come as a blessing
When put through a mill,
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,
And the children are fed;
But if into drink,
I'll starve them instead.
In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.

A ROUGH RIDER AT HOME.

My pa's a great Rough Rider,
He was one of Teddy's men,
And he fought before
El Caney
In the trenches and the fen
He came home sore and wounded,
And I wish you'd see him eat;
He's got an appetite, I guess,
Is pretty hard to beat:

It's eat, and eat, and eat,
And it's sleep, and sleep, and sleep;
For ma won't let us make no noise,
And so we creep, and creep.
O, we bade him welcome home
And we're glad, he wasn't killed—
But gee! he's got an appetite
That never will be filled.

He says he caught the fever,
And he had the ague, too;
And he kind o'got the homesicks,
And the waitin' made him blue.
But when he reached the station,
And we saw him from the gate,
We were the happiest little kids
You could find in any state

HER PAPA.

My papa's all dressed up to-day;
He never looked so fine;
I thought when first I looked at him,
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It's blue, with buttons, oh, so bright
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why;
And ev'ry time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry.
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why?

ARMY DIET.

My father says 'at sojers is
The braves' mens 'at ever was,
'At when they hears the shots go "Whiz!"
They don't mind it a bit bekuz
The whiz means 'at you ain't got hit,
An' so they ist don't keer a bit.

Pa says 'at sojers knows a lot,
An' they can walk "ist like one man,'
An' aim so well 'at every shot
Will hit a sneakin' Spaniard, an'
He says they have to eat "hard tacks
An' carry "raccoons" on their backs

But when I ast him why they do
He ist busts out a laughin', then
He says, "You know a thing or two
My son!" an' laughs an' laughs again.
An' says, "'At's ist the very thing—
The sojers eats the tax, b'jing!"

THE SPANISH WAR ALPHABET

The following alphabetical arrangement of facts, persons and places connected with the Spanish American war may be used as a recitation for one, or it may be pleasingly presented by twenty-six youngsters each holding the large letter which he represents cut out of pasteboard fastened on a staff for carrying. Let each speaker step out of line to recite the verse relating to the letter in hand. When standing in line the letters should be held plainly in view of the audience forming a complete alphabet.

A is for Admiral, impassionate, cold,
Who waits for instructions, and does as he's told.
B stands for Brooklyn, commanded by Schley;
The hottest of liners he takes on the fly.
C is for Cuba, a tight little isle;
To get which we may have to fight quite a while.
D is yes, Dewey, a teacher of Spanish;
The first lesson caused all his pupils to vanish.
E stands for Evans, who's never so happy
As when there's a chance to get in something "scrappy."
F is for Freedom, which means a great deal
When your neck has been under a vile Spanish heel.
G is for Germany, whose rude employees
Should learn better manners; be taught to say please.
H stands for Heroes, on land and on sea,
Who laid down their lives for their friends' liberty.
I's for Insurgents, who holler for aid;
Then eat up the rations and loaf in the shade
J is for Jones, Davy Jones, if you will,
Whose lockers we've twice had occasion to fill.
K stands for King, the young King of Spain,
Who's been led to regret what happened the "Maine"
L is for Long, who has great common-sense,
And in whom the people place all confidence
M's for McKinley, we welcome the fact
That he's handling this matter with very great tact
N is for Nelson, Nelson A. Miles,
On whom we depend to o'ercome Spanish wiles.
O's the Oquendo, a powerful cruiser;
But on a long pig hunt they managed to lose her.

P's Porto Rico, the place had some forts,
But, no doubt, ere this they've been knocked out of sorts.
Q is for Queen, most unhappy of ladies,
Who fears, perhaps rightly, our visit to Cadiz.
R's for Reporters; they're well to the fore,
But they mustn't imagine they're running this war.
S is for Shafter, a man of great girth,
In spite of which fact he is proving his worth.
T stands for Toral, whose acted campaign
Was played for the gallery over in Spain.
U is for Union, the only cement
To strengthen a State and disruptions prevent.
V's for Vizcaya; she made a great show,
But proving a nuisance, we sent her below.
W is for Wainwright, whose motto must be
"The greater the odds, the better for me."
X is the cross that is put against Spain,
And means that she's out of the Blue Book again.
Y's for the youngsters that sneaked to the front,
And gave their poor mammas no end of a hunt.
Z's for the zeal that has hall marked this fight;
This quality wins when stamped upon right.

A. C. NEEDHAM

THE PRICE HE PAID.

TEDDY came to tell his playmate
Of a most successful trade.
"I've got just the best knife this time-
Corkscrew, big and little blade,
Real pearl handle—cost a dollar
At the store a week ago;
But," and here he winked at Tommy,
"Didn't cost me that, you know.

"No, sir; what I traded for it
Wasn't worth a dime, I guess.
You have seen the chain Bob gave me—
Brass all through and nothing less
Well, he took a fancy to it,
When I hinted it was gold,
And he swapped his jack knife for it
My, but didn't he get sold?"

"Yes, perhaps," was Tommy's answer
In a grave and thoughtful way;
"But I think the knife has cost you
More than I would like to pay."
"You don't think that I got cheated?"
"Yes," was Tommy's quick reply,
"You could not afford to do it,
For you had to tell a lie."

"BROOKLYN EAGLE."

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS

A speech for a droll boy, should be spoken in a deliberate and thoughtful tone as if reflecting.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation,
They let a chap do as he likes
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all,
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to ma's,
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true
T'other way when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row, in the cellar.
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken-pies for a feller.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs
And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys.

"Life is only so short at the best;
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what must come at the last,
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night.
Some boys more than others, I s'pose;
Such fellers as me need a sight.

THE FAIRY PEOPLE'S SPINNING.

For little men and little maids,
When night is just beginning,
Oh, then, on quiet hills and glades
The fairies start their spinning.

And fast each silver shuttle goes,
In summer darkness chilly,
To weave the redness of the rose,
The whiteness of the lily.

To count the cunning little elves
Would surely make you dizzy,
They do not know their host themselves,
These wee folk quaint and busy.

By brook and creek, by isle and shoal,
By velvet field and valley,
Dame Nature keeps their muster roll,
So often as they rally.

[illegible] when the little children wake
[illegible] many mornings early,
[illegible] see the lace the fairies make,
[illegible] tissue pearly.

[illegible] tly folds o'er branch and stem,
[illegible] with dews a twinkle,
And flings its cloth of gold and gem
[illegible] many a filmy wrinkle.

[illegible] men and maids may dream
While trolls and elves are playing
[illegible] looms beneath the starlight's gleam,
And silent hours are flying.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

TRUE BRAVERY.

[illegible] for Boy and Girl of 10 and 12 Years.

RALPH. Good-morning, Cousin Laura! I have a word to say to you.

Laura. Only a word! It is yet half an hour to school-time, and I can listen.

R. I saw you yesterday speaking to that fellow Sterling—Frank Sterling.

L. Of course I spoke to Frank. What then? Is he too good to be spoken to?

R. Far from it. You must give up his acquaintance.

L. Indeed, Cousin Ralph! I must give up his acquaintance? On what compulsion *must* I?

R. If you do not wish to be cut by all the boys of the academy, you must cut Frank.

L. Cut! What do you mean by *cut*?

R. By cutting, I mean not recognizing an individual. When a boy who knows you passes you without speaking or bowing, he cuts you.

L. I thank you for the explanation. And I am to understand that I must either give up the acquaintance of my friend Frank, or submit to the terrible mortification of being "cut" by Mr. Ralph Burton and his companions!

R. Certainly. Frank is a boy of no spirit—in short, a coward.

L. How has he shown it?

R. Why, a dozen boys have dared him to fight, and he refuses to do it.

L. And is your test of courage a willingness to fight? If so, a bull dog is the most courageous of gentlemen.

R. I am serious, Laura; you must give him up. Why, the other day Tom Harding put a chip on a fellow's hat, and dared Frank Sterling to knock it off. But Sterling folded his arms and walked off, while we all groaned and hissed.

L. You did? You groaned and hissed? Oh, Ralph, I did not believe you had so little of the true gentlemen about you!

R. What do you mean? Come, now, I do not like that.

L. Were you at the great fire last night?

R. Yes; Tom Harding and I helped work one of the engines.

L. Did you see that boy go up the ladder?

R. Yes; wouldn't I like to be in his shoes! They say the Humane Society are going to give him a medal; for he saved a baby's life and no mistake—at the risk of his own, too; everybody said so; for the ladder he went up was all charred and

weakened, and it broke short off before he got to the ground.

L. What boy was it?

R. Nobody could find out, but I suppose the morning paper will tell us all about it

L. I have a copy. Here's the account: "Great fire; house tenanted by poor families; baby left in one of the upper rooms; ladder much charred; fireman too heavy to go up; boy came forward, ran up; seized an infant; descended safely; gave it into arms of frantic mother."

R. Is the boys name mentioned?

L. Ay! Here it is! Here it is! And who do you think he is?

R. Do not keep me in suspense.

L. Well, then, he's the boy who was so afraid of knocking a chip off your hat—Frank Sterling—the coward, as *you* called him.

R. No! Let me see the paper for myself. There's the name, sure enough, printed in capital letters.

L. But, cousin, how much more illustrious an achievement it would have been for him to have knocked a chip off your hat! Risking his life to save a chip of a baby was a small matter compared with that. Can the gratitude of a mother for saving her baby make amends for the ignominy of being cut by Mr. Tom Harding and Mr. Ralph Burton?

R. Don't laugh at me any more, Cousin Laura. I see I've been stupidly in the wrong. Frank Sterling is no coward. I'll ask his pardon this very day.

L. Will you? My dear Ralph, you will in that case show that you are not without courage.

GRANDPA'S AVERSION TO SLANG.

It wasn't so when I was young—
  We used plain language then:
We didn't speak of "them galoots,"
  Meanin' boys or men.

When speaking of the nice hand-write
  Of Joe, or Tom, or Bill,
We did it plain—we didn't say,
  "He slings a nasty quill.'

An' when we saw a girl we liked,
  Who never failed to please,
We called her pretty, neat and good,
  But not "about the cheese."

Well, when we met a good old friend
  We hadn't lately seen,
We greeted him, but didn't say,
  "Hello, you old sardine!"

The boys sometimes got mad an' fit;
  We spoke of kicks and blows:
But now they "whack him on the snoot"
  Or "paste him on the nose."

Once when a youth was turned away
  By her he held most dear,
He walked upon his feet—but now
  He "walks off on his ear."

We used to dance when I was young,
  And used to call it so;
But now they don't—they only "sling
  The light fantastic toe."

Of death we spoke in language plain
  That no one did perplex;
But in these days one dosen't die—
  He "passes in his checks."

We praised the man of common sense
  "His judgment's good," we said
But now they say: "Well, that old p[illegible]
  Has he got a level head."

It's rather sad the children now
  Are learnin' all such talk;
They've learned to "chin" instead of [illegible]
  An' "waltz" instead of walk.

To little Harry yesterday—
  My grandchild, aged two—
I said, "You love grandpa?" said he,
  "You bet your boots I do."

The children bowed to a stranger once;
  It is no longer so—
The little girl, as well as boys,
  Now greets you with "Helloa!"

Oh, give me back the good old days,
  When both the old and young
Conversed in plain, old fashioned words
  And slang was never "slung."

B. TAY[illegible]

Part X

ENCORES

EVERY popular reciter is frequently called upon to respond to the applause of a well pleased audience. It is a critical undertaking, and yet one is thought selfish or incapable who refuses. Experienced elocutionists avoid responding to an encore with a long or serious piece. Something short and pithy, different in character from the leading number, is more desirable. It is believed the following selections will meet the general popular taste. Other numbers in this volume (especially in the Little Folks' Department when a child character is desired) will be found available.

THE POOR INDIAN.

[illegible] in an exalted tone until the last line is reached. Observe [illegible] the humor caused by the transition from the [illegible] to the ridiculous.

I know him by his falcon eye,
  His raven tress and mien of pride;
Those dingy draperies, as they fly,
  Tell that a great soul throbs inside!

No eagle-feathered crown he wears,
  Capping in pride his kingly brow;
But his crownless hat in grief declares,
  "I am an unthroned monarch now!"

"O noble son of a royal line!"
  I exclaim, as I gaze into his face,
How shall I knit my soul to thine?
  How right the wrongs of thine injured race?

"What shall I do for thee, glorious one?
  To soothe thy sorrows my soul aspires.
Speak! and say how the Saxon's son
  May atone for the wrongs of his ruthless sires?"

He speaks, he speaks!—that noble chief!
  From his marble lips deep accents come,
And I catch the sound of his mighty grief—
  "*Ple' gi' me tree cent for git some rum!*"

JUST MY LUCK.

"NEVER had no luck
  Any way," he sighed;
  Fate has kep' me down,
Or, at least, has tried;
Never found a cent,
  All I've got I earned;
No such word as luck,
  Fur as I'm concerned.

"Never had no help
  Anywhere," he said;
"Always had to work
  For each bite o' bread!
Never took a chance
  That I wasn't caught;
Never won a bet,
  But I've lost a lot!

"Never had no fun
  All my life," he cried;
"Wish when I was born
  I could just of died!
Bet you when I'm gone
  They'll invent some way
Folks can live right on
  Till the judgment day,
'Cause that there 'ud be
  Jist my luck!" said he.

S. E. KISER.

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

If you want to please the men,
Daughter mine;
Learn a little bit of art,
Some good poetry by heart,
Languages to wit impart,
Music fine.
Know the proper way to dress,
How to comfort and caress,
Dance a little, gossip less,
Daughter mine.

If you want to please the men,
Daughter mine;
Study how to mix a cake,
Learn to sew and boil and bake,
Say you cook for cooking's sake,
How divine!
Be a housewife, all the rest
Counts but little; truth confessed,
Such girls always marry best,
Daughter mine.

LALIA MITCHELL.

INDIAN MIXED ORATORY.

A NATIVE Indian barrister of Bengal recently made the following unique address in court: "My learned friend, with mere wind from a teapot, thinks to browbeat me from my legs; but this is a guerilla warfare. I stand under the shoes of my client and only seek to place my bone of contention clearly in your honor's eye. My learned friend merely, and vainly, runs amok upon the sheet anchors of my case. My client is a widow, your honor; a poor chap, with one post-mortem son; a widow not able to eat more than one meal a day; so my poor client has not such physique or mind as to be able to assault the lusty complainant. Yet she has been deprived of some of her more valuable leather—that is, the leather of her nose. My learned friend has said that there is on the side of his client a respectable witness—namely a pleader; and since this witness is independent, therefore he should be believed. But your honor, with your honor's vast experience, is pleased enough to observe that truthfulness is not so plentiful as blackberries in this country and I am sorry to say—though this witness is a man of my own feathers—that there are in my profession black sheep of every complexion, and some of them do not always speak gospel truth. Until the witness explains what has become of my client's nose leather he cannot be believed. He cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon a bush. So, trusting in that administration of British justice on which the sun never sets, I close my case."

AVAST THERE, GEORGE.

If you can make the office, George,
You have the right of every man
To be the nation's President—
Provided he's American.
But somehow, when we think of it,
We're bound in sorrow to aver
We wish that you had held your peace
And left things stand just as they were.

At your age politics, dear George,
Cannot be taken up with glee,
Particularly by a man
Who all his life has roamed the sea
The job you seem to hold a cinch
Is fraught with trials and troubles s[illegible]
You'd wish within a month that you'[illegible]
Been blown up at Corregidor.

Your slate is clean; the people have
Been proud to honor you, dear Geo[illegible]
We hold it a misfortune that
The office bee begins to buzz
We feel the idea that you hold
Is really one that's demon sent;
We want you for our hero, George
And not, sir, for our President

Be warned in time—dismiss the thou[illegible]
Your friends who wish you well [illegible]
That you jack up your courage and
Put this ambition out of reach
But if you mean to see it through—
If you won't see you're being tricke[illegible] —
Then, meaning well to you, we say
Here's hoping, George, that [illegible]
licked!

WILLIAM HOST[illegible]

UNFINISHED STILL.

Encore—Suitable to follow a humorous piece

A BABY'S boot and a skein of wool
Faded, and soiled and soft;
Odd things, you say, and no doubt
you're right,
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly; but, mate, look here
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on the far off strand,
With a wedding ring on the small, soft
hand
Which clung so close to me.

My wife—God bless her! The day before,
She sat beside my foot;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over, I came ashore;
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white
A cottage empty and dark as night,
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;
The tangled skein lay near;
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the church-yard drear.

SARAH K. BOLTON

AUNT JEMIMA'S COURTSHIP.

Excellent selection to follow a serious recitation

WAAL, girls—if you must know—reckon I must tell ye. Waal, t'was in the winter time, and father and I were sitting alone in the kitchen. We wur sitting thar sort o' quiet like, when father sez, sez he to me, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Wa'n't that a rap at the door?" and I sez, sez I, "No, sir." Bimeby, father sez to me again, sez he, "Are you sure?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir." So I went to the door, and opened it, and sure enough there stood a man. Waal, he came in and sat down by father, and father and he talked about almost everything you could think of; they talked about the farm, they talked about the crops, and they talked about poli*tics*, and they talked about all other ticks.

Bimeby father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, "Can't we have some cider?", And I sez, sez I, "I suppose so." So I went down cellar and brought up a pitcher of cider, and I handed some cider to father, and then I handed some to the man; and father he drinks, and then the man he drinks, till they drink it all up. After a while father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Ain't it most time for me to be thinking about going to bed?" And I sez, sez I, "Indeed, you are the best judge of that yourself, sir." "Waal," he sez, sez he, "Jemima, bring me my dressing-gown and slippers." And he put them on and arter a while he went to bed.

And there sat that man; and bimeby he began a hitching his chair up toward mine—oh, my! I was all in a flutter. And then he sez, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir!" for I was 'most scared to death. Waal, there we sat, and arter a while, will you believe me, he began hacking his chair closer and closer to mine, and sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No sir!" Waal, by this time he had his arm around my waist, and I hadn't the heart to take it away, 'cause the tears was a rollin' down his cheeks, and he sez, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "For the third and last time, I sha'n't ask ye again, will ye have me?" And I sez, sez I, "Yes, sir,"—fur I didn't know what else to say.

SOLA WOOD RUSK.

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

MRS. LOFTY keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple grays to draw it,
None have I
She's no prouder with her coachman
Than am I

With my blue eyed laughing baby
Trundling by;
I hide his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not:
He could give his bride a palace,
Mine a cot;
Her's comes beneath the star light,
Ne'er cares she
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me.
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold his lov'd ones in His hands

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I.
She wears her's upon her bosom,
Inside I;
She will leave her's at death's portals,
By and by:
I shall bear the treasure with me,
When I die,
For I have love, and she has gold;
She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.

She has those that love her station,
None have I
But I've one true heart beside me
Glad am I,
I'd not change it for a kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weigh it in His balance
By and by;
And then the diff'rence He will define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine

HE CAME.

THERE was a Don up in a tree,
And a Yankee down below;
"Come down," said the Yankee to the Don,
But the Don was rather slow.
"What terms," he asked, "will you make with me
If I come down to you?
No terms? Oh, Mr. Yankee man,
That ll never, never do."

The Yankee took aim with his gun
At the Don up in the tree;
"I'll shoot," he said, "if you don't come down
Before I've counted 'three.'"
Athwart the Don's dark visage spread
A terrifying frown
But the Yankee counted "one" and "two,"
And the little old Don came down.

THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

A Parody on The Charge of the Light Brigade.

HALF a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward,
Into an awful ditch,
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
They led the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, that precentor's look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook
From the Old Hundred.

Screeched all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
While his mind wandered;
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they rang, nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell
While all the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding the fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack,
Himself he sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,

Discords behind him
  Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.

"ANDRES JOURNAL.'

BONAPARTE TO THE BOER.

In March, 18[illegible], General Piet Cronje, commanding an army of 5,000 Boers, was surrounded by the British under General [illegible]rts, on the Modder River, South Africa, and, after desperate fighting, was forced to surrender. Cronje and his army were [illegible]ted to St. Helena—the exile home and death-place of [illegible] Bonaparte—for safe keeping.

WHERE St. Helena's surf-dashed crags
  Jut from Atlantic's waves,
  And winds shriek on from dawn to dawn,
O'er countless sailor graves
  We hear a shout—well-nigh a wail:
  "Hail, Afric's Lion! Hail, Cronje, hail!

A superhuman, piercing call,
  Hurled eastward to the land,
Which, rent by war and stained with gore,
  Shrinks from the conqueror's hand,
  Comes from a wraith on that lone shore—
  Wraith of a conquered conqueror

Short-statured, booted, cloaked he stands,
  His grim gaze turned aside
From Europe's plight, to note the fight
  That nigh broke England's pride.
  Gloom-visaged ghost, he hails the Boer,
  Who, beaten, yet showed Britain war.

Come, uncouth farmer, fighting man,
  To my sea-jailored tomb.
Although for naught alike we fought,
  Ours is a common doom.
  You strove for freedom for your kin,
  While I great empires sought to win.

"I boded bondage to the world—
  My fall relieved all lands,
While Justice groans and Freedom moans
  O'er your defeated bands.
  But each was crushed by Albion's might;
  Steer hither: anchor in my bight

'Dwell here upon this lonely isle,
  Where armies never tread;
And, man and ghost, we'll drink a toast
  To both the quick and dead—
  A gloomy, ghoulish, long wassail
  For blasted hopes. Hail, Cronje, hail!"

THE NEW "LEST WE FORGET."

WHEN we've finished praising Cronje;
  Likewise sympathised with Paul;
  When we think we've wiped Old England off the map;
Let us stop for just a minute and listen, one and all
  To what occurred before our recent "scrap."

We are absent minded beggars,
  If the truth we must be told;
Though we ought not want too much for to remind us.
  That when the whole of Europe tried our hands to make us hold,
John Bull said, "No, you don't!" and stood behind us

Yes, we're absent-minded beggars,
  Or we'd drop a hint to John
That we don't forget the friendly hand he held us
  When the Germans, French and Russians, with their warships hanging on,
Tried their utmost to uphold the falling "Dagoes."

John can do without our help,
  And if we wait awhile
We will find his arm is just as strong to-day
  To beat down wrong and tyranny in his old familiar style;
And see that right and liberty hold sway

J. L. [illegible].

LITTLE ORPHANT ROBERTS.

Announcement with Profuse Apologies to J. W. [illegible]

W[illegible] poets in profuse abundance [illegible] at in the South African War [illegible] to take [illegible] Riley's "Lit[illegible]," [illegible] the Boers, in anticipation of [illegible]

LITTLE Orphant Roberts goes to Africa, they say,
To ride a horse, an' take the land, an shoo the Boers away.

To strategize an' turrorize, an' show 'em
what is what,
To bring his Tommy Atkinses an' make the
battles hot;
An' the papers say he'll do it, when he hits
upon a plan,
Fur he's cool an' ka'm an' reticent, a British
soldier man;
But he's got to git up early fer to put the
Boers to rout,
And the Gobbelins'll get him
ef he don't
watch out.

Little Orphant Methuen he went there once,
you know,
An' he swing'd his sword an' cannons, an'
he struck a mighty blow;
But he hit so hard an' spiteful that he some
how lost the hang,
An' his bleedin', bloomin' effort was a
hawful boomerang;
For the Burghers riz up powerful among
the rocky hills
An' they knocked 'em an' they socked 'em
with their little Mauser pills,
Till he had to up an' quit 'em with some
cannon up the spout.
For the Gobbelins they got 'im
ef he did
watch out.

Little Orphant Gatacre he also tried it on;
He had a lot of soldiers, an' where have
they all gone?
The Fusiliers an' Carbineers, the Lancers
an' the like,
Oom Paul he went an' captured 'em, an'
marched 'em down the pike.
Oom Paul he's some on strategy, an' orful
on the fight;
Though of course to lick the English to the
English don't seem right,
But he lammed 'em, an' he slammed 'em'
an' he rammed 'em round about,
An' the Gobbelins got Gatacre
ef he did
watch out.

Little Orphant Buller was the last the Brit-
ish sent,
An' with drums, an' guns an' baggernets
away the army went.
But in diggin' out the Dutchmen they didn't
have the knack,
An' a lot of Buller's soldiers ain't a neve
comin' back:
For them tarnal Boers they peppered 'em,
an' some of 'em they reeled
An' a heap of 'em was scattered, dead an
dyin' on the field,
An' the Dutch took 'leven cannon, an
they proved beyond a doubt
That the Gobbelins got Buller
ef he did
watch out

So little Orphant Roberts wants to corrugat
his brow;
He's up against it good an' hard again
the real thing now;
He ain't a fightin' feathers nur top knot
an' long spears
They're as tough as rhinosceruses, the
stubborn old Mynheers;
They have bought a grist of rifles that
a man a mile,
An' chawin' of 'em up is jis' like bitin'
a file.
An' Roberts he ain't bullet-proof, no matt
how they shout
An' the Gobbelins'll git HIM
EF HE DON'T
WATCH OU

PETER PIPI

ONLY A BABY'S HAND

"BIG time to-night," the drumm
said.
As to supper they sat them d
"To-morrow's Sunday, and now's
chance
To illuminate the town."

"Good!" cries Bill Barnes, the jollies
The favorite of all;
"Yes; let's forget our troubles now
And hold high carnival"

The supper done, the mail arrives;
Each man his letters scanning,
With fresh quotations—up or down—
His busy brain is cramming.

But Bill —"why, what's come over him-
Why turn so quick about?"

He says—just as his pards start forth,
"I guess I won't go out."

His letter bore no written word,
No prayer from vice to flee;
Only a tracing of a hand—
A baby's hand—of three.

What a picture comes before his mind!
What does his memory paint?
A baby at her mother's knee—
His little white-robed saint.

What cares a man for ridicule
Who wins a victory grand?
Bill slept in peace—his brow was smoothed
By a shadowy little hand.

Naught like the weak things of the world
The power of sin withstand;
No shield between man's soul and wrong
Like a little baby hand.

—"CHICAGO JOURNAL."

TROUBLE BORROWERS.

THERE'S many a trouble
Would break like a bubble
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor!
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolve to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

THE OLD CANE POLE.

OH, the old cane pole—how my heart beat high
When I used to swing it in the days gone by,
Where the bending rushes and the long lake grass
Furnished hiding places for the hungry bass!
When a great big lunker that was tempting fate
Telegraphed a message that he had the bait,
'Twas a sweet sensation that'd stir the soul—
Spattin' in the rushes with an old cane pole.

My whole anatomy with laughter thrills
To see a rod and reel and the other frills
The highfalutin' artist brings into play
To snake out bass in a scientific way.
He'll look around with a pitying smile
At the fellow fishing in the good old style;
But in every case I will bet my roll
That he won't be in it with the old cane pole.

Oh, the old cane pole—there's nothing so fine
As to feel a bass tug on a good stout line;
For if you've got your nerve and you work it right
You are sure to land him in a good square fight;
And when you're going home you won't have to guess
Where your fish are coming from—you'll have a mess.
So let the fancy fishermen cast the trolls,
But I'll spat the rushes with an old cane pole.

—"CHICAGO RECORD."

THE LOST PENNY.

IN little Daisy's dimpled hand
Two bright new pennies shone;
(One was for Rob at school just then)
The other Daisy's own.

While waiting Rob's return she rolled
Both treasures round the floor,
When suddenly they disappeared
And one was seen no more.
"Poor Daisy! Is your penny lost?"
Was asked in accents kind.
"Why, no, *mine's* here!" she quickly said,
"It's Rob's I cannot find."

DID YOU EVER SEE ?

Ladies and gentlemen, while thanking you for your courteous recall I really do not feel like inflicting another selection upon you. It's better to change the subject (laughing with hand to chin). Let us think on sober things. Let us reflect. Did you ever think how little we have really seen of the common things in every day life around us? For instance, did any of you ever see (pause after each of the following questions, looking meditatively at the audience):

A hat to cap the climax?
The hammer for nailing a lie?
Powder on the face of the waters?
The lock that the key to the situation fits?
A higher forehead than the brow of the mountain?
The hod that is used for carrying coals to Newcastle?
The ladder that would reach to the top of the morning?
A tailor who had the pattern to the cloak of friendship?
The brush that a man uses when he paints the town red?
The dentist who would undertake to treat the teeth of the storm?

Leaving you to the calculation of such timely and important problems, I bid you good night.

TOTAL ANNIHILATION.

In response to your kindly recall I'll recite a characteristic little poem entitled Total Annihilation.

Oh, he was a Bowery bootblack bold,
And his years they numbered nine;
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box he sat
Munching an apple red,
While the boys of his set looked wistfully
[illegible]
And "Give us a bite" [illegible].

But the bootblack smiled a lordly smile
[illegible]
Then the boys [illegible] away
[illegible] who [illegible]

"Bill, give us the core," he whispered low.
That bootblack smiled once more
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek,
"There *ain't goin' to be no core*."

A MAIDEN'S IDEAL OF A HUSBAND

Genteel in personage,
Conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free;
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

HENRY CAREY

AIN'T HE CUTE.

Arrayed in snow white pants and vest
And other raiment fair to view,
I stood before my sweetheart Sue,
The charming creature I love best.
"Tell me, and does my costume suit?"
I asked that apple of my eye,
And then the charmer made reply—
"Oh, yes, you do look awful cute!"

Although I frequently had heard
My sweetheart vent her pleasure so,
I must confess I did not know
The meaning of that favorite word

[illegible] window side
W[illegible] watched the passing throng.
And [illegible] donkey passed along
With [illegible] wide.
And gazing at the [illegible] brute
My sweetheart gave a merry cry,
[illegible] with a [illegible]
"Oh Charlie [illegible]"

MARCHIN' WID DE BAN'.

[illegible]

O, [illegible] monstrous happy,
[illegible]
[illegible] brightly
[illegible]
[illegible] marchin' wid de ban'.

[illegible]

DAD'S SWORE OFF.

He's fussin' now from morn till night,
Ain't nuthin' ever goin' right,
He thes looks mad enough to fight
Fer dad's swore off!

He kicks the dog an' throws the cat
Over the palin's [illegible]
Ain't nuthin' he can't storm at,
Fer dad's swore off!

[illegible]

FROM SUBLIME TO RIDICULOUS.

A [illegible]

[illegible] softly and [illegible]

FAREWELL, OLD SHOE.

This selection is more effective if the speaker will hold an old shoe in his hand and address it in a familiar way, as if talking to an old friend.

ADIEU! adieu,
My poor old shoe!
What comfort I have had with you!
My *sole* companion day by day,
You've cheered and soothed my weary way!

A fond adieu,
My dear old shoe!
Most faithful friend I've found in you!
Alike, midst fair or wintry weather
We've shared life's pilgrimage together

Now rent and torn,
And sadly worn,
Of every trace of beauty shorn
'Tis with an honest, heart-felt sigh
I feel that I must throw you by.

A sad adieu,
Poor worn out shoe!
What sorry plights you've borne me through!
And, oh! it tears my tender heart
To think that you and I must part.

Once more, adieu,
My faithful shoe!
I ne'er shall find the likes of you,
And I will bless your memory
For all the good you've been to me.

No other boot
Can ever suit
As you have done my crippled foot!
No other shoe can ever be
The tried, true friend you've been to me.

A last adieu,
Dear cast off shoe!
Whatever may become of you,
Accept, dear, easiest, best of shoes,
This farewell offering of my muse.

GRANDPAPA'S SPECTACLES.

GRANDPAPA'S spectacles cannot be found;
He has searched all the rooms, high and low, 'round and 'round;
Now he calls to the young ones, and what does he say?
"Ten cents for the child who will find them to-day."

Then Henry and Nelly and Edward all ran,
And a most thorough hunt for the glasses began,
And dear little Nell, in her generous way,
Said: "I'll look for them, grandpa, without any pay."

All through the big Bible she searches with care
That lies on the table by grandpapa's chair,
They feel in his pockets, they peep in his hat,
They pull out the sofa, they shake out the mat
Then down on all fours, like two good-natured bears,
Go Harry and Ned under tables and chairs,
Till, quite out of breath, Ned is heard to declare,
He believes that those glasses are *not anywhere*.

But Nelly, who, leaning on grandpapa's knee
Was thinking most earnestly where they *could* be,
Looked suddenly up in the kind, faded eyes
And her own shining brown ones grew big with surprise

She clapped both her hands—all her dimples came out—
She turned to the boys with a bright, roguish shout:
"You may leave off your looking, both Harry and Ned,
For there are the glasses on grandpapa's head!"

Part XI

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX AND PLAYS

A[illegible] school and parlor entertainments. The varied character of the [illegible] domestic, humorous, pathetic, historical, dramatic and [c]lassical [illegible], makes the labor of preparing a varied program comparatively easy. Special selections for children will be found in Part ix. The Shakspearean Department, Part xii, is available for the best shorter scenes from the works of the great dramatist.

A HOME SCENE IN THE CHAPLAIN'S FAMILY.

[illegible]logue from "Little Women." Arranged by Frances Putnam Pogle.

[illegible] Margaret or "Meg" (16 [illegible] years old), Amy (about 11 [illegible]), Mrs. M[illegible]

[illegible] sewing table, [illegible] rocking chairs [illegible] at Beth's feet on [illegible]

[illegible] herself in a [illegible]

[illegible] Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents.

Meg. It's so dreadful to be poor!

[illegible] I don't think it's fair for some girls [to h]ave plenty of pretty things, and other[s] nothing at all.

[Be]th. We've got father and mother and [each] other.

[illegible] We haven't got father, and shall not [see] him for a long time.

[M]eg. You know the reason mother pro[pose]d not having any presents this Christ[ma]s was because it is going to be a hard [win]ter for everyone; and she thinks we [oug]ht not to spend money for pleasure, when [our] men are suffering so in the army. We [can']t do much, but we can make our little [sacr]ifices, and ought to do it gladly. But I [a]m afraid I don't.

[Jo]. But I don't think the little we should [spe]nd would do any good. We've each got [a] dollar, and the army wouldn't be much [he]lped by our giving that. I agree not to expect anything from mother or you, but I do want to buy Undine and Sintram for myself; I've wanted it *so* long.

Beth. I planned to spend mine on music.

Amy. I shall get a nice box of Faber's drawing-pencils; I really need them.

Jo. Mother didn't say anything about our money, and she won't wish us to give up everything. Let's each buy what we want and have a little fun; I'm sure we work hard enough to earn it.

Meg. I'm sure *I* do,—teaching those tiresome children nearly all day, when I'm longing to enjoy myself at home.

Jo. You don't have half such a hard time as I do. How would you like to be shut up for hours with a nervous, fussy old lady, who keeps you trotting, is never satified, and worries you till you're ready to fly out of the window or cry?

Beth. It's naughty to fret; but I do think washing dishes and keeping things tidy is the worst work in the world. It makes me cross, and my hands get so stiff I can't practice well at all.

Amy. I don't believe any of you suffer as I do, for you don't have to go to school with impertinent girls, who plague you if you don't know your lessons, and laugh at your dresses, and label your father if he isn't rich, and insult you when your nose isn't nice.

Jo. (Laughing) If you mean *libel* I'd say so, and not talk about *labels*, as if papa was a pickle-bottle.

Amy. (Indignantly) I know what I mean, and you needn't be *statirical* about it. It's proper to use good words and improve your *vocabilary*.

Meg. Don't peck at one another, children. Don't you wish we had the money papa lost when we were little, Jo? Dear me! how happy and good we'd be, if we had no worries?

Beth. You said, the other day, you thought we were a deal happier than the King children, for they were fighting and fretting all the time, in spite of their money.

Meg. So I did, Beth. Well, I think we are; for, though we do have to work, we make fun for ourselves, and are a pretty jolly set, as Jo. would say.

Amy. Jo. does use such slang words! (Jo. immediately sits up, puts her hands in her pockets, and begins to whistle.) Don't, Jo.; it's so boyish!

Jo. That's why I do it.

Amy. I detest rude, unlady-like girls!

Jo. I hate affected, niminy-piminy chits!

Beth. (Singing comically) "Birds in their little nests agree."

(Both look rather shame-faced as they subside.)

Meg. Really, girls, you are both to be blamed. You are old enough to leave off boyish tricks, and to behave yourself, Josephine. It didn't matter so much when you were a little girl; but now you are so tall, and turn up your hair, you should remember that you are a young lady.

Jo. (Pulling down her hair.) I'm not! and if turning up my hair makes me one, I'll wear it in two tails till I'm twenty. I hate to think I've got to grow up, and be Miss March, and wear long gowns, and look as prim as a China aster! It's bad enough to be a girl, anyway, when I like boys' games and work and manners! I can't get over my disappointment in not being a boy; and it's worse than ever now, for I'm dying to go and fight with papa, and I can only stay at home and knit, like a poky old woman! (Shaking the blue sock till the needles rattle.)

Beth. (Stroking Jo.'s head tenderly.) Poor Jo.! It's too bad, but it can't be helped; so you must try to be contented with making your name boyish, and playing brother to us girls.

Meg. As for you, Amy, you are altogether too particular and prim. Your airs are funny now; but you'll grow up an affected little goose, if you don't take care. I like your nice manners and refined way of speaking, when you don't try to be elegant; but your absurd words are as bad as Jo.'s slang.

Beth. If Jo. is a tom-boy and Amy a goose, what am I, please?

Meg. (Warmly.) You're a dear, and nothing else.

(The clock strikes six. A bell may be tapped lightly six times behind scenes. Beth brings out a pair of old slippers, while Meg gets up and folds away her crocheting, and Amy draws forward an easy chair, and Jo. reaches out and takes up the slippers looking tenderly at them.)

Jo. They are quite worn out; Marmee must have a new pair.

Beth. I thought I'd get her some with my dollar.

Amy. No, I shall!

Meg. I'm the oldest.

Jo. I'm the man of the family now; papa is away, and *I* shall provide the slippers, for he told me to take special care of mother while he was gone.

Beth. I'll tell you what we'll do, let's each get her something for Christmas, and not get anything for ourselves.

Jo. That's like you dear. What will we get?

Meg. I shall give her a nice pair of gloves.

Jo. Army shoes, best to be had.

Beth. Some handkerchiefs, all hemmed.

Amy. I'll get a little bottle of cologne; she likes it, and it won't cost much, so I'll have some left to buy my pencils.

Meg. How will we give the things?

Jo. Put them on the table, and bring her in and see her open the bundles. Don't you remember how we used to do on our birthdays?

Beth. I used to be so frightened when it was my turn to sit in the big chair with the crown on, and see you all come marching round to give the presents, with a kiss. I liked the things and the kisses, but it was

dreadful to have you all sit looking at me while I opened the bundles.

Jo. (Marching up and down, with her hands behind her.) Let Marmee think we are getting things for ourselves, and then surprise her. We must go shopping to-morrow afternoon, Meg; there is so much to do about the play for Christmas night.

(Enter Mrs. March.)

Mrs. M. Well, dearies, how have you got on to day? There was so much to do, getting the boxes ready to go to-morrow (taking off gloves) that I didn't come home to dinner (throwing off cloak and bonnet). Has any one called, Beth? How is your cold, Meg? (Beth takes off her mother's shoes and puts on the warm slippers.) Jo., you look tired to death. Come and kiss me, baby (to Amy).

(The girls all cluster around their mother. Jo. leans on the back of the chair, Meg sits on one arm of chair, Beth cuddles at her feet, and Amy snuggles in her lap.)

Mrs. M. I've got a treat for you (holding up a letter).

Jo. A letter! a letter! Three cheers for father!

Mrs. M. Yes, a nice long letter. He is well, and thinks he shall get through the cold season better than we feared. He sends all sorts of loving wishes for Christmas, and an especial message to you girls.

Meg. I think it was so splendid in father to go as a chaplain when he was too old to be drafted, and not strong enough for a soldier.

Jo. Don't I wish I could go as a drummer or a nurse, so I could be near him and help him!

Amy. It must be disagreeable to sleep in a tent, and eat all sorts of bad tasting things and drink out of a tin mug.

Beth. When will he come home, marmee?

Mrs. M. Not for many months, dear, unless he is sick. He will stay and do his work faithfully as long as he can, and we won't ask for him back a minute sooner than he can be spared. Now come upstairs and hear the letter.

(They all leave the room.)

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

Arranged by Ten Little Girls for their "Christian Endeavor" Entertainment.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

FIRST GIRL.

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
In forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here! come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

SECOND GIRL.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan;
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell

THIRD GIRL.

"Ye purifying waters swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the sacred scripture saith:
Oh swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear toned Baptist bell.

FOURTH GIRL.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began;
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

FIFTH GIRL.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon, to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world farewell! farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell

SIXTH GIRL.

"To all the truth we tell, we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell;
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free!
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved and praise the Lord, Amen!
Salvation's free, we tell! we tell!"
Shouted the Methodistic bell

SEVENTH GIRL.

"In after life there is no hell!"
In rapture rang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell

EIGHTH GIRL.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell;
"No fetters here to clog the soul;
No arbitrary creeds control
The free heart and progressive mind,
That leave the dusty past behind.
Speed well, speed well, speed well, speed well!"
Pealed out the Independent bell

NINTH GIRL.

"No Pope, no Pope, no doom to hell!"
The Protestant rang out a bell;
"Great Luther left his fiery zeal
Within the hearts that truly feel
That loyalty to God will be
The fealty that makes man free.
No images where incense fell!"
Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

TENTH GIRL.

"All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
Close by the cross!" exclaimed a bell;
"Lean o'er the [illegible] ents of bliss,
And deign to bl[illegible] vorld like this;
Let mortals kne[illegible] efore this shrine—
Adore the water and the wine!
All hail ye saints, the chorus swell!"
Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell

IN CHORUS.

"Ye workers who have toiled so well,
To save the race!" said a sweet bell;
"With pledge, and badge, and banner, come,
Each brave heart beating like a drum;
Be royal men of noble deeds.
For love is holier than creeds;
Drink from the well, the well, the well!"
In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

THE POLISH BOY.

[illegible]

MOTHER—Black lace or velvet dress, [illegible] rings, [illegible] at the throat
BOY—Black velvet suit, white collar and cuffs, light [illegible] curls about [illegible]
RUFFIANS [illegible]

[illegible]

A room lighted with candles, at [illegible] covered over with black [illegible] at head and foot [illegible] rises, discovering the mother kneeling [illegible] ing to her. Muffled [illegible] beating, drums are heard. Ruffians [illegible] breaking [illegible]
MOTHER springs up and clasps the boy to her breast, [illegible] speaks with great [illegible]

BACK! Ruffians, back! Nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead;
Nor touch the living boy. I stand
Between him and your lawless band!
No traitor he. But listen! I
Have cursed your master's tyranny.
I cheered my lord to join the band
Of those who swore to free our land,
Or fighting die; and when he pressed
Me for the last time to his breast
I knew that soon his form would be
Low as it is, or Poland free.
But he is dead—the good—the brave—
And I, his wife, am worse—a slave!
Take me, and bind these arms, these hands

With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wilds to perish
If it will save my child.

First Ruffian. Peace, woman, peace!
Give us the boy!

([illegible] the boy, who struggles and cries out.)

Mother. One moment! one!
Will land or gold redeem my son?
If so (*kneeling*), I bend my Polish knee,
And Russia, beg this boon of thee. (*hands outstretched*)
Take lands, take palaces, take all,
But leave him free from Russia's thrall!
Take these!

([illegible])

Boy. Ye hold me not! No, no; nor can.
This hour has made the boy a man.
The world shall witness that one soul
[illegible] not to prove itself a Pole.
[illegible] beside my slaughter'd sire,
[illegible] one throb of vengeful ire,
[illegible] upon his marble brow— (*with much feeling*)
[illegible] wept. (*with sudden dignity*) I was a child; but now
[illegible] mother on her knee,
[illegible] one the work of years for me
[illegible] in this small tenement.
[illegible] is cramped, unbowed, unbent;
[illegible] within me ample power
[illegible] myself this very hour.

(Pointing to dagger hidden inside pocket.)

[illegible] in my breast, and then, (*tauntingly*)
[illegible] your boasted power, base men?

([illegible] high in air; ruffians start back in [illegible])

[illegible] start ye back? Fool! coward! knave!
[illegible] ye my noble father's grave
[illegible] drink the life-blood of a slave?
[illegible] that on its handle flame,
[illegible] blush to rubies in their shame
[illegible] ignoble rest!
[illegible] thus:

([illegible] breast with dagger.)

I rend the tyrant's chains,
And fling him back a boy's disdain.

(Slowly turning to where the mother lies.)

Up! mother, up! I'm Free! I'm Free!
(*soft music*)
I only wait for thy embrace.
One last, last word! a blessing, one:
To know thou approv'st what I have done.
No look! no word! can'st thou not feel
My warm blood o'er thy hear congeal?
Speak! Mother, speak! lift up thy head!
What, silent yet? Then art thou dead?
Great God, I thank Thee! Mother, I (*soft music*)
Rejoice with thee! and—thus—to—die.

(Falls slowly at the mother's side with head on her breast.)

FAILED.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Yes, I'm a ruined man, Kate—everything gone at last;
Nothing to show for the trouble and toil of the weary years that are past:
Houses and lands and money have taken wings and fled:
This very morning I signed away the roof from over my head.

([illegible] weeps quietly and husband takes her hand.)

I shouldn't care for myself, Kate; I'm used to the world's rough ways;
I've dug and delved and plodded along through all my manhood days;
But I think of you and the children, and it almost breaks my heart;
For I thought so surely to give my boys and girls a splendid start.

So many years on the ladder, I thought I was near the top—
Only a few days longer, and then I expected to stop,
And put the boys in my place, Kate, with an easier life ahead;
But now I must give the prospect up; that comforting dream is dead.

(Wife quickly dries her tears and looks up with a smile, "You're worth more than money my husband.")

"I am worth more than my gold, eh?"
You're good to look at it so;

But a man isn't worth very much, Kate,
 when his hair is turning to snow.

(Two girls appear at opposite side of stage.)

My poor little girls, with their soft white
 hands, and their innocent eyes of blue,
Turned adrift in the heartless world what
 can and what will they do?

(Taking both his hands and still smiling, "Yes John, but it was an *honest* failure.")

"An honest failure?" Indeed it was;
 dollar for dollar was paid;
Never a creditor suffered, whatever people
 have said
Better are rags and a conscience clear than
 a palace and flush of shame.
One thing I shall leave to my children,
 Kate: and that is an honest name

("The boys have spoken to me John, they'll take right hold and help you.")

What's that? "The boys are not troubled,
 they are ready now to begin
And gain us another fortune, and work
 through thick and thin?"
The noble fellows! already I feel I haven't
 so much to bear;
Their courage has lightened my heavy load
 of misery and despair.

"And the other girls say they will sacrifice, too, they don't [illegible])

"And the girls are so glad it was honest;
 they'd rather not dress so fine,
And think they did it with money that
 wasn't honestly mine?"
They're ready to show what they're made
 of quick to earn and to save—
My blessed, good noble daughters! so gen
 erous and so brave!

("Then we have each other, John, [illegible] a *magic* [illegible].")

And you think we needn't fret Kate, while
 we have each other left,
No matter of what possessions our lives
 may be bereft?
You are right. With a quiet conscience,
 and a wife so good and true,
I'll put my hand to the plough again: and
 I know that we'll pull through

WALTER COLTON

THE RESOLVE OF REGULUS.

[illegible] R[illegible] consul, having been defeated in battle and taken [illegible] would return to Carthage if the [illegible] were rejected. [illegible] it was thought, he would urge in order to obtain his own liberty, but he urged contrary and patriotic measures on his countrymen, and then, [illegible] his point, resisted the persuasions of his friends [illegible] Rome, and returned to Carthage, where [illegible] him. Some writers say that he was thrust into [illegible] over on the inside with iron spikes, and thus [illegible] The following scene presents Regulus [illegible] to his friends in Rome his resolution to return to Carthage.

(*Enter* REGULUS, *followed by* SERTORIUS.)

SERTORIUS. Stay, Roman, in pity [illegible]
 not for thy life,
For the sake of thy country, thy [illegible]
 dren, thy wife.
Sent, not to urge war, but to lead Rome [illegible]
 peace,
Thy captors of Carthage vouchsafed [illegible]
 release.
Thou return'st to encounter their [illegible]
 their rage;—
No mercy expect for thy fame or thy [illegible]
Regulus. To my captors one pledge [illegible]
 one only, I gave:
To RETURN, though it were to walk [illegible]
 my grave!
No hope I extended, no promise I ma[illegible]
Rome's Senate and people from [illegible]
 dissuade.
If the vengeance of Carthage be stor[illegible]
 me now,
I have repead no dishonor, have [illegible]
 no vow.
Sert. They released thee, but dream[illegible]
 that thou wouldst fulfill
A part that would leave thee [illegible]
 still;
They hoped thy own danger would [illegible]
 thee to sway
The councils of Rome a far differen[illegible]
Would induce thee to urge the [illegible]
 they crave.
If only thy freedom, thy life-blood [illegible]
Thought shudders, the torment an[illegible]
 depict
Thy merciless foes have the heart t[illegible]
Remain with us, Regulus! do not g[illegible]
No hope sheds its ray on thy death [illegible]
 track!
Keep faith with the faithless? T[illegible]
 will forgive
The balking of such. O, live [illegible]
 live!
Reg. With the consciousness fix[illegible]
 core of my heart,
That I had been playing the perjure[illegible]
With the stain ever glaring, the [illegible]
 ever nigh,

[illegible] I owe the base breath I inhale to a lie?
[illegible] never! Let Carthage infract every oath
[illegible] false to her word and humanity both
[illegible] never will I in her infamy share.
[illegible] turn for a refuge to guilt from despair!
[illegible] O, think of the kindred and friends who await
[illegible] still on thy neck, and withhold thee from fate.
[illegible] of the widow, the orphans to be,
[illegible] let thy compassion plead softly with me.
[illegible] O my friend, thou canst soften, but [illegible] not subdue:
[illegible] faith of my soul I must ever be true
[illegible] honor I cheapen, my conscience dis[illegible] own.
[illegible] graces of life to the dust are brought down;
[illegible] ation to me is a chaos once more
[illegible] aven to hope for, no God to adore!
[illegible] love that I feel for wife, children [illegible] friend,
[illegible] all its beauty, and thwarted its end
[illegible] Let thy country determine
My country? Her will,
[illegible] free to obey, would be paramount [illegible]
[illegible] my doom for my country alone:
[illegible] my country's; my honor, my own
[illegible] O, Regulus! think of the pangs in [illegible] erve!
[illegible] What meance should make me from probity swerve?
[illegible] Refinements of pain will these mis[illegible] ants find
[illegible] and disable the loftiest mind
[illegible] And 't is to a Roman thy fears are [illegible] ressed?
[illegible] Forgive me. I know thy unterri[illegible] breast.
[illegible] Thou know'st me but human [illegible] as [illegible] k to sustain
[illegible] self, or another, the searchings of [illegible]
[illegible] sh may recoil, and the anguish they [illegible] eak
[illegible] the strength from my knees, and the [illegible] from my cheek;
[illegible] body alone they can vanquish [illegible] kill:
The spirit immortal shall smile at them still
Then let them make ready their engines of dread,
Their spike bristling cask, and their torturing bed:
Still Regulus, heaving no recreant breath,
Shall greet as a friend the deliverer Death!
Their cunning in torture and taunt shall defy
And hold it a joy for his country to die.

SARGENT.

A PAGEANT OF THE MONTHS.

[illegible]

[illegible] Ladies.

[illegible]

JANUARY.

COLD the day and cold the drifted snow,
Dim the day until the cold dark night.
[*Stirs the fire.*]
Crackle, sparkle, fagot; embers, glow:
Some one may be plodding through the snow,
Longing for a light,
For the light that you and I can show.
If no one else should come,
Here Robin Redbreast's welcome to a crumb,
And never troublesome:
Robin, why don't you come and fetch your crumb?

Here's butter for my bunch of bread,
And sugar for your crumb;
Here's room upon the hearth-rug,
If you'll only come.

In your scarlet waistcoat,
With your keen bright eye,
Where are you loiter'ng?
Whings were made to fly!

Make haste to breakfast,
Come and fetch your crumb,
For I'm as glad to see you
As you are glad to come.

([illegible] Robin Redbreasts are seen tapping with their beaks at the [illegible], which January opens. The birds flutter in, hop [illegible] and peck up the crumbs and sugar thrown to them. [illegible] have scarcely finished their [illegible], when a knock is heard at [illegible] January hangs a guard in front of the fire, and opens to February, who appears with a bunch of snowdrops in her hand.)

JANUARY.

Good-morrow, sister.

FEBRUARY.

Brother, joy to you!
I've brought some snowdrops: only just a
　　few,
But quite enough to prove the world awake,
Cheerful and hopeful in the frosty dew,
And for the pale sun's sake

([illegible] February, who [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] bleating [illegible])

FEBRUARY.

O you, you little wonder, come—come in,
You wonderful, you woolly, soft, white
　　lamb:
You panting mother ewe, come too,
And lead that tottering twin
Safe in:
Bri[illegible] all your bleating kith and kin,
Except the horny ram.

([illegible] the [illegible] round and the [illegible] warm and [illegible] apartment [illegible])

The lambkin tottering in its walk
　With just a fleece to wear:
The snowdrop drooping on its stalk
　　　So slender.—
Snowdrop and lamb, a pretty pair,
Braving the cold for our delight,
　　　Both white,
　　　Both tender.

(A rattling of doors and windows; branches seen without [illegible] violently [illegible])

How the doors rattle and the branches sway!
Here's brother March, comes whirling on
　　his way,
With winds that eddy and sing.

([illegible] the handle of the door, which bursts open, and March [illegible] up, both hands full of violets and anemones.)

FEBRUARY

Come, show me what you bring:
For I have said my say, fulfilled my day,
And must away.

MARCH.

(stopping short on the threshold.)

I blow and arouse,
　Through the world's wide house,
To quicken the torpid earth:
　Grappling I fling
　Each feeble thing,
But bring strong life to the birth
　I wrestle and frown,
　And topple down;
I wrench, I rend, I uproot
　Yet the violet
　Is born where I set
The sole of my flying foot.

(Hands violets and anemones to February, who [illegible] [illegible] round.)

　And in my wake
　Frail wind-flowers quake,
And the catkins promise fruit.
　I drive ocean ashore
　With rush and roar,
And he cannot say me nay:
　My harpstrings all
　Are the forests tall,
Making music when I play.
　And as others perforce,
　So I on my course
Run and needs must run,
　With sap on the mount,
　And buds past count,
And rivers and clouds and sun,
　With seasons and breath
　And time and death
And all that has yet begun.

([illegible] March [illegible])

APRIL.

(outside.)

Pretty little three
Sparrows in a tree,
　Light upon the wing;
　Though you cannot sing,
　You can chirp of Spring;
Chirp of Spring to me,
Sparrows, from your tree.
Never mind the showers,
Chirp about the flowers,
　While you build a nest;
　Straws from east and west,
　Feathers from your breast,
Make the snuggest bowers
In a world of flowers.

You must dart away
From the chosen spray,
You intrusive third
Extra little bird;
Join the unwedded herd!
These have done with play,
And must work to day.

APRIL.

(Appearing at the open door.)

Good-morrow and good-bye; if others fly,
Of all the flying months you're the most
flying.

MARCH.

You're hope and sweetness, April

APRIL.

Birth means dying,
As wings and wind mean flying;
So you and I and all things fly or die;
And sometimes I sit sighing to think of
dying.
[illegible] meanwhile I've a rainbow in my
showers,
And a lapful of flowers,
And these dear nestlings, aged three hours;
And here's their mother sitting,
Their father merely flitting
To find their breakfast somewhere in my
bowers.

([illegible] March [illegible] wanders away [illegible] them.)

APRIL.

What beaks you have, you funny things,
What voices, shrill and weak;
Who'd think anything that sings
Could sing with such a beak?
[illegible] you'll [illegible] nightingales some day
And charm the country-side,
When I'm away and far away,
And May is queen and bride.

([illegible] April, and [illegible] round.)

APRIL.

Ah May, good-morrow, May, and so good-
bye.

MAY.

That's just your way, sweet April, smile
and sigh;
Your sorrows half in fun
Begun and done
And turned to joy while twenty seconds
run.
At every step a flower
Fed by your last bright shower,—

(She divides an armful of all sorts of flowers with April, who strolls away through the garden.)

MAY.

And gathering flowers I listened to the song
Of every bird in bower.

The world and I are far too full of bliss,
To think or plan or toil or care;
The sun is waxing strong,
The days are waning long,
And all that is,
Is fair.

Here are May buds of lily and of rose
And here's my namesake-blossom.
May;
And from a watery spot
See here, forget-me-not,
With all that blows
To-day.

Hark to my linnets from the hedges
green,
Blackbird and lark and thrush and
dove,
And every nightingale
And cuckoo tells its tale,
And all they mean
Is love

(June [illegible] slowly towards May [illegible])

MAY.

Surely you're come too early, sister
June

JUNE

Indeed I feel as if I came too soon
To round your young May moon,
And set the world a gasping at my noon,
Yet must I come. So here are strawberries,
Sun-flushed and sweet, as many as you
please;
And there are full-blown roses by the score,
More roses and yet more.

(May, eating strawberries, withdraws among the flower beds.)

JUNE.

The sun does all my long day's work for
me

Raises and ripens everything;
I need but sit beneath a leafy tree
And watch and sun

[illegible]

Or if I'm lulled by note of bird and bee,
Or lulled by noontide's silence deep,
I need but nestle down beneath my tree
And drop asleep

([illegible] falls asleep [illegible] awakened by the voice of July [illegible] behind the [illegible])

JULY.

([illegible])

Blue flags, yellow flags, all freckled,
Which will you take? Yellow, blue, speckled!
Take which you will, speckled, blue, yellow,
Each in its way has not a fellow

([illegible] He [illegible] up to J[illegible] [illegible] the grass [illegible])

JUNE

What, here already?

JULY

Nay, my tryst is kept,
The longest day slipped by you while you slept
I've brought you one curved pyramid of bloom.

([illegible])

Not flowers, but peaches, gathered where the bees,
As downy, bask and boom
In sunshine and in gloom of trees
But get you in, a storm is at my heels:
The whirlwind whistles and wheels,
Lightning flashes and thunder peals,
Flying and following hard upon my heels.

([illegible])

JULY.

The roar of a [illegible] sweeps up
From the east to the lurid west,
The darkening sky, like a cup,
Is filled with rain to the brink;
The sky is purple and fire,
Blackness and noise and unrest;
The earth, parched with desire,
Opens her mouth to drink.

Send forth thy thunder and fire,
Turn over thy brimming cup,
O sky, appease the desire
Of earth in her parched unrest;
Pour out drink to her thirst,
Her famishing life lift up;
Make thyself fair as at first,
With a rainbow for thy crest.

Have done with thunder and fire,
O sky with the rainbow crest;
O earth, have done with desire,
Drink, and drink deep, and rest

([illegible])

JULY

Hail, brother August, flushed and warm,
And scathless from my storm.
Your hands are full of corn, I see,
As full as hands can be;
And earth and air both smell as sweet as balm
In their recovered calm,
And that they owe to me.

(July [illegible] shoulders.)

AUGUST.

Wheat sways heavy, oats are airy,
Barley bows a graceful head,
Short and small shoots up canary,
Each of these is some one's bread;
Bread for man or bread for beast,
Or at very least
A bird's savory feast.

Men are brethren of each other,
One in flesh and one in food;
And a sort of foster brother,
Is the litter, or the brood
Of that folk in fur and feather,
Who, with men together,
Breast the wind and weather.

(August [illegible] September [illegible] the lawn.)

AUGUST.

My harvest home is ended; and I spy
September drawing nigh
With the first thought of Autumn in her eye,
And the first sigh
Of Autumn wind among her locks that stir.

(September arrives, carrying upon her head a basket heaped high with fruit.)

SEPTEMBER

Unload me, brother. I have brought a few
Plums and these pears for you.
A dozen kinds of apples, one or two
Melons, some figs all bursting through
Their skins; and pearled with dew
These damsons, violet blue

([illegible] lifts the basket to the [illegible], and [illegible] along the [illegible])

SEPTEMBER.

My song is half a sigh
Because my green leaves die;
Sweet are my fruits, but all my leaves are
dying;
And well may Autumn sigh,
And well may I
Who watch the sere leaves flying.

My leaves that fade and fall,
I note you one and all
I call you, and the autumn wind is calling,
Lamenting for your fall,
And for the pall
You spread on earth in falling,

And here's a song of flowers to suit such
hours:
A song of the last lilies, the last flowers,
Amid my withering bowers.

In the sunny garden bed
Lilies look so pale,
Lilies droop the head
In the shady, grassy vale;
If all alike they pine
In shade and in shine,
If everywhere they grieve,
Where will lilies live?

([illegible])

OCTOBER

Now cheer up, sister. Life is not quite
over,
Even if the year has done with corn and
clover,
With flowers and leaves; besides, in fact,
it's true,
Some leaves remain, and some flowers, too,
For me and you
Now see my crops.

(Offering his produce to September.)

I've brought you nuts and hops:
And when the leaf drops, why the walnut
drops.

([illegible] vines about September's neck, and [illegible] enter the cottage together, but [illegible] steps into the background, he [illegible] the guard, stir up the smouldering fire, and arrange [illegible] chestnuts to roast.)

OCTOBER.

Crack your first nut, light your first fire,
Roast your chestnuts, crisp on the bar,
Make the logs sparkle, stir the blaze
higher;
Logs are as cheery as sun or as star,
Logs we can find wherever we are.

Spring, one soft day, will open the leaves,
Spring, one bright day, will lure back the
flowers;
Never fancy my whistling wind grieves,
Never fancy I've tears in my showers;
Dance, nights and days! and dance on,
my hours.

(Sees November approaching.)

OCTOBER.

Here comes my youngest sister, looking dim
And grim,
With dismal ways.
What cheer, November?

NOVEMBER.

(Entering and shutting the door.)

Nought have I to bring,
Tramping a-chill and shivering,
Except these pine cones for a blaze—
Except a fog which follows,
And stuffs up all the hollows,—
Except a hoar frost here and there,—
Except some shooting stars,
Which dart their luminous cars,
Trackless and noiseless through the keen
night air.

([illegible], shrugging his shoulders, withdraws into the background, [illegible] November throws her pine cones on the fire and [illegible])

NOVEMBER.

The earth lies fast asleep, grown tired
Of all that's high or deep;
There's naught desired and naught required
Save a sleep.

I rock the cradle of the earth,
I lull her with a sigh;

[illegible] she will wake to mirth
By and bye.

[illegible]

NOVEMBER.

([illegible])

A[illegible] here's my [illegible] brother come at last.
Come in, December [illegible]

[illegible]

Come in and shut the door,
[illegible]
It snows [illegible] will snow more and more;
[illegible] on the floor.
[illegible] how can you be [illegible] in the cold.

[illegible]

[illegible]
But open [illegible] and open hearts and glee
[illegible] young and old.
[illegible] brightest month am I;
My [illegible] my lengthening days
[illegible]
W[illegible] more or less sun in the sky,
W[illegible] within?

[illegible]

[illegible] dark as night
[illegible] hips and haws a cheerful [illegible]
[illegible] beauty and delight,
[illegible] mistletoe.

[illegible] above them all I set
[illegible] Christmas roses, pure and [illegible]
[illegible] snowdrop and her violet
[illegible]

[illegible] merry singing bird,
[illegible] that singing [illegible]
[illegible] which some shepherds [illegible]
Once in a wintry field.

[illegible]
stately [illegible]

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

UNCLE PETE.

CHARACTERS.

[illegible] PEYTON, a Pl[illegible]
UNCLE PETE, a venerable darkey, looking the worse for w[illegible]

[illegible] of a planter's [illegible] with pr[illegible] Peyton discovered, seated on a bench, [illegible] a newspaper.

[illegible]

UNCLE PETE. (*Pausing as he enters* [illegible] *his eyes with his hand and* [illegible]) [illegible] George Peyton.) Yes [illegible] is, dar is Marse George, a sittin' on [illegible] poarch a readin' his papah. Golly, [illegible] um at home! (*Advancing and* [illegible]) Marse George, Marse George, I's com[illegible] see you once mo', once mo', befo' I [illegible] you fo' ebber. Marse George, I's gwi[illegible] de odder shoah; I's fur on de way t[illegible] lone home, to dat home ober acrost de [illegible] ber what de wicked hab no mo' tr[illegible] and where watermillions ripen all the [illegible] Yeaus has all bin berry kine to m[illegible] Marse George, berry kine to the ol[illegible] but I's gwine away, acrost de dark ri[illegible] I's gwine ober an' dar, on dat odder s[illegible] I'll stan' an' pick on de golden hawp [illegible] de angels, an' in de company of de [illegible] Dar I'll tine my rest; dar I'll stan' bef[illegible] throne fo'ebber mo' a singin' an' a sho[illegible] susannis to de Lawd!

George Peyton. Oh, no, Uncle [illegible] you're all right yet—you're goo[illegible] another twenty year.

Uncle P. Berry kine o' you to say [illegible] Marse George—berry kine—but it's no[illegible] It almos' breaks my hawt to leab you [illegible] to leab de missus an' de chillun, M[illegible] George, but I's got my call—I's all [illegible] inside.

George P. Don't talk so, Uncle [illegible] you are still quite a hale old man.

Uncle P. No use talkin', Marse G[illegible] I's gwine to hebben berry soon. 'Pea[illegible] I can heah the singin' on de odder [illegible] 'Pears like I can heah de voice ob [illegible] 'Liza' an' de odders dat's gone [illegible] You'se bin berry kine, Marse Ge[illegible] missus an' de chillun's bin berry g[illegible] seems like all de people's bin berry go[illegible] poor ole Pete—poor cretur like me.

* *R.* signifies *right*; *L.*, *l*[illegible] and [illegible]

George P. Nonsense, Uncle Pete (*[illegible]*) nonsense, you are good for many years yet. You'll see the sod placed on the graves of many younger men than you before they dig the hole for you. What you [illegible] just now, Uncle Pete, is a good square meal. Go into the kitchen and help yourself; fill up inside. There is no one at home, but I think you know the road. Plenty of cold victuals of all kinds in there.

Uncle P. (*A smile illuminating his face.*) 'Bleeged t'ye, Marse George, 'bleeged t'ye, [illegible] I'll go! For de little time I has got to stay I'll not go agin natur'; but it's no use, I['s] all gone inside—I's got my call. I'm one o' dem dat's on de way to de golden [illegible].

Exit Uncle Pete *through door, his limp [illegible]. His manner showing his [illegible].*

George P. Poor old Uncle Pete, he seems to be the victim of religious enthusiasm. I suppose he has been to camp-meeting, but he is a cunning old fox, and it must have been a regular hard shell sermon to convert the old sinner. He was raised on this plantation, and I have often heard my father say he hadn't a better negro on the place. [Eve]r since the war, he has been working a little and loafing a good deal, and I have [no] doubt he sometimes sighs to be a slave [again] at work on the old plantation. (*Starts [illegible].*)

Uncle P. (*Singing inside.*)

[illegible]

George P. (*Starting up.*) Zounds! if that old thief hasn't found my bitters bot[tle]! Pete! Pete, you rascal!

Uncle P. (*Continues singing.*)

[illegible]

George P. Pete, you rascal, come out of that.

Uncle P. (*Who does not hear, [illegible] continues singing and dancing [illegible].*)

[illegible]

George P. (*Louder.*) Pete, you infernal nigger, come out of that, I say.

Uncle P. (*Still singing and dancing.*)

[illegible]

George P. (*Then [illegible] down his paper.*) You, Pete; blast the nigger.

Uncle P. (*Continues singing.*)

[illegible]

George P. (*Rushes in the cabin, interrupts the singing, and drags Pete out by the ear.*) Pete! Pete, you infernal old rascal, is that the way you are crossing the river? Are those the songs they sing on the golden shore? Is this the way for a man to act when he has got his call, when he is all gone inside?

Uncle P. (*Looking as if he had been caught on a hen roost.*) Marse George, I's got my call, sah, an' I's gwine acrost de dark ribber soon, but I's now braced up a little on de inside, an' de 'scursion am postponed—you see, de 'scursion am postponed, sah!

George P. (*Folding his arms, looking at Pete, as if in admiration of his impudence.*) The excursion is postponed, is it? Well, this excursion is not postponed, you old scoundrel. (*Seizes Pete by the coat collar and runs him off stage.*) [CURTAIN.]

PAT'S EXCUSE

[illegible]

Nora. Och, it's deceivin' that all men are! Now I belaved Pat niver would forsake me, and here he's trated me like an ould glove, and I'll niver forgive him. How praties make your eyes water. (*Wipes tears away.*) Almost as bad as onions. Not that I'm cryin'; oh, no. Pat Murphy can't see me cry. (*Knock without.*) There is Pat now, the rascal. I'll lock the door. (*Hastens to lock the door.*)

Pat. (*Without.*) Arrah, Nora, and here I am.

Nora. And there ye'll stay, ye spalpeen.

Pat. (*Without.*) Ah, come now, Nora, ain't it opening the door you are after? Sure, I'm dyin' of cold.

Nora. Faith, you are too hard a sinner to die aisy, so you can take your time about it.

Pat. Open the door, cushla; the police will be takin' me up.

Nora. He won't kape you long, alanna!

Pat. Nora, if you let me in, I'll tell you how I came to lave you at the fair last night.

Nora (relenting). Will you, for true?

Pat. Indade I will.

(Nora unlocks door. Enter Pat gayly. He snatches a kiss from her.)

Nora. Be off wid ye! Now tell me how you happened to be wid Mary O'Dwight last night?

Pat (sitting down). Well, you see it happened this way; ye know Mike O'Dwight is her brother, and he and me is blatherin' good friends, ye know; and as we was going to Caltry the ither day, Mike says to me, says he: "Pat, what'll you take fur that dog?" and I says, says I—

Nora (who has been listening earnestly). Bother you, Pat, but you are foolin' me again.

Pat (coaxingly takes her hand). No—no—Nora I'll tell ye the truth this time, sure. Well, as I was sayin', Mike and me is good friends; and Mike says, says he: "Pat, that's a good dog." "Yis," says I "it is." And he says, says he: "Pat, it is a blatherin' good dog." "Yis," says I; and then—and then—*(Scratches his head as if to aid his imagination.)*

Nora (angrily snatching away hand). There! I'll not listen to another word!

She sings. Tune—Rory O'Moore

Oh Patrick Murphy, be off wid you, pray,
I['ve] been watching your pranks [illegible] many a day
You['re] false, and [illegible], as sure as I live
[illegible] I'll never forgive
Oh, did you think I was blind yester night,
When you walked so fine with Mary O'Dwight?
You kissed her, [illegible], and called her your own,
And left me to walk down the dark lane alone

Pat (taking up song).

Oh Nora [illegible] wid [illegible],
[illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] Patrick, [illegible].
[illegible] love any [illegible]
When [illegible] Miss Mary's, now just look at me,
I shut my eyes tight, just this way, don't you see
And when the kiss came, what did I do?
I shut my eyes tight, and made believe it was you

Nora.

Be off wid [illegible] word in your ear,
Listen, my Patrick, [illegible] that you hear.

Last night when Mike Duffy came here to woo,
We sat in the dark, and made believe it was you—
And when the kiss came, now just look at me,—
I shut my eyes tight, just this way, don't you see?
And when our lips met, what did I do,
But keep my eyes shut, and make believe it was you!

(Nora, laughing; Pat, disconcerted.)

[QUICK CURTAIN.]

MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

(Adapted from Schiller, Scene II., Act III. Arranged for two ladies and two gentlemen.)

CHARACTERS:

MARY, Queen of Scotland.
ELIZABETH, Queen of England.
ROBERT, Earl of Leicester.
TALBOT, a friend of Mary
COSTUMES: Elizabethan age of England and Scotland

Enter MARY and TALBOT

MARY. Talbot, Elizabeth will soon be here. I cannot see her. Preserve me from this hateful interview.

Talbot. Reflect a while. Recall thy courage. The moment is come upon which everything depends. Incline thyself; submit to the necessity of the moment. She is the stronger. Thou must bend before her

Mary. Before her? I cannot!

Tal. Thou must do so. Speak to her humbly; invoke the greatness of her generous heart; dwell not too much upon thy rights. But see first how she bears herself towards thee. I myself did witness her emotion on reading thy letter. The tears stood in her eyes. Her heart, 'tis sure, is not a stranger to compassion: therefore place more confidence in her, and prepare thyself for her reception.

Mary. (Taking his hand.) Thou wert ever my faithful friend. Oh, that I had always remained beneath thy kind guardianship, Talbot! Their care of me has indeed been harsh. Who attends her?

Tal. Leicester. You need not fear him the earl doth not seek thy fall. Behold the queen approaches *(Retires.)*

Enter ELIZABETH and LEICESTER

Mary. (Aside.) O Heavens! Protect me! her features say she has no heart!

Elizabeth. (To LEICESTER.) Who is this woman? *(Feigning surprise.)* Robert who has dared to

Lei. Be not angry, queen, and since Heaven has hither directed thee, suffer pity to triumph in thy noble heart.

Tal. (*Advancing.*) Deign, royal lady to cast a look of compassion on the unhappy woman who prostrates herself at thy feet.

[MARY, having attempted to approach ELIZABETH, stops short, overcome by repugnance, her gestures indicating internal struggle.]

Eliz. (*Haughtily.*) Sirs, which of you spoke of humility and submission? I see nothing but a proud lady, whom misfortune has not succeeded in subduing.

Mary. (*Aside.*) I will undergo even this last degree of ignominy. My soul discards its noble but, alas! impotent pride. I will seek to forget who I am, what I have suffered, and will humble myself before her who has caused my disgrace. (*Turns to* ELIZABETH.) Heaven, O sister, has declared itself on thy side, and has graced thy happy head with the crown of victory. (*Kneeling.*) I worship the Deity who hath rendered thee so powerful. Show thyself noble in thy triumph, and leave me not overwhelmed by shame! Open thy arms, extend in mercy to me thy royal hand, and raise me from my fearful fall.

Eliz. (*Drawing back.*) Thy place, Stuart, is there, and I shall ever raise my hands in gratitude to Heaven that it has not willed that I should kneel at thy feet, as thou now crouchest in the dust at mine.

Mary. (*With great emotion.*) Think of the vicissitudes of all things human! There is a Deity above who punisheth pride. Respect the Providence who now doth prostrate me at thy feet. Do not show thyself insensible and pitiless as the rock, to which the drowning man, with failing breath and outstretched arms, doth cling. My life, my entire destiny, depend upon my words and the power of my tears. Inspire my heart, teach me to move, to touch thine own. Thou turnest such icy looks upon me, that my soul doth sink within me, my grief parches my lips, and a cold shudder renders my entreaties mute. (*Rises.*)

Eliz. (*Coldly.*) What wouldst thou say to me? thou didst seek converse with me. Forgetting that I am an outraged sovereign, I honor thee with my royal presence. 'Tis in obedience to a generous impulse that I incur the reproach of having sacrificed my dignity.

Mary. How can I express myself? how shall I so choose every word that it may penetrate, without irritating, thy heart? God of mercy! aid my lips, and banish from them whatever may offend my sister! I cannot relate to thee my woes without appearing to accuse thee, and this is not my wish. Towards me thou has been neither merciful nor just. I am thine equal, and yet thou hast made me a prisoner, a suppliant, and a fugitive. I turned to thee for aid, and thou, trampling on the rights of nations and of hospitality, hast immured me in a living tomb! Thou has abandoned me to the most shameful need, and finally exposed me to the ignominy of a trial! But, no more of the past; we are now face to face. Display the goodness of thy heart! tell me the crimes of which I am accused! Wherefore didst thou not grant me this friendly audience when I so eagerly desired it? Years of misery would have been spared me, and this painful interview would not have occurred in this abode of gloom and horror.

Eliz. Accuse not fate, but thine own wayward soul and the unreasonable ambition of thy house. There was no quarrel between us until thy most worthy ally inspired thee with the mad and rash desire to claim for thyself the royal titles and my throne! Not satisfied with this, he then urged thee to make war against me, to threaten my crown and my life. Amidst the peace which reigned in my dominions, he fraudulently excited my subjects to revolt. But Heaven doth protect me, and the attempt was abandoned in despair. The blow was aimed at my head, but 'tis on thine that it will fall.

Mary. I am in the hand of my God, but thou wilt not exceed thy power by committing a deed so atrocious?

Eliz. What could prevent me? Thy kinsman has shown monarchs how to make peace with their enemies! Who would be surety for thee if, imprudently, I were to release thee? How can I rely on thy pledged faith? Nought but my power renders me secure. No! there can be no friendship with a race of vipers.

Mary. Are these thy dark suspicions? To thine eyes, then, I have ever seemed a stranger and an enemy. If thou hadst but recognized me as heiress to thy throne—as is my lawful right—love, friendship, would have made me thy friend—thy sister.

Eliz. What affection hast thou that is not feigned? I declare thee heiress to my throne! Insidious treachery! In order, forsooth, to overturn the state, and—wily Armida that thou art—entrap within thy snares all the youthful spirits of my kingdom, so that during my own lifetime all eyes would turn towards thee—the new constellation!

Mary. Reign on in peace! I renounce all right to thy sceptre. The wings of my ambition have long drooped, and greatness has no longer charms for me. 'Tis thou who hast it all; I am now only the shade of Mary Stuart! My pristine ardor has been subdued by the ignominy of my chains. Thou hast nipped my existence in the bud. But pronounce those magnanimous words for which thou cam'st hither; for I will not believe that thou art come to enjoy the base delight of insulting thy victim! Pronounce the words so longed for, and say, "Mary, thou art free! Till now thou hast known only my power; now know my greatness." Woe to thee, shouldst thou not depart from me propitious, beneficent, like an invoked Deity. O sister! not for all England, not for all the lands the vast ocean embraces, would I present myself to thee with the inexorable aspect with which thou now regardest me!

Eliz. At length thou confessest thyself vanquished! Hast thou emptied thy quiver of the artifices it contained? Hast thou no more assassins? Does there not remain to thee one single hero to undertake in thy defence the duties of knight-errant? Gone, Mary, gone forever are those days. Thou canst no longer seduce a follower of mine; other causes now inflame men's hearts. In vain didst thou seek a fourth husband among my English subjects; they knew too well that thou murderest thy husbands, as thou dost thy lovers.

Mary. (*Shuddering.*) O Heavens! sister! Grant me resignation.

Eliz. (*To* LEICESTER, *with contempt.*) Earl, are these the boasted features, on which no mortal eye could gaze with safety? Is this the beauty to which no other woman's could be compared? In sooth, the reputation appears to have been easily won. To be thus celebrated as the reigning beauty of the universe seems merely to infer that she has been universal in the distribution of her favors.

Mary. Ah, 'tis too much.

Eliz. (*With a smile of satisfaction.*) Now thou showest thyself in thine own form. Till now thou hast worn a mask.

Mary. (*With dignified pride.*) They were mere human errors that overcame my youth. My grandeur dazzled me. I have nought to conceal, nor deny my faults; my pride has ever disdained the base artifices of vile intriguers. The worst I ever did is known, and I may boast myself far better than my reputation. But woe to thee, thou malignant hypocrite, if thou ever lettest fall the mantle beneath which thou concealest thy shameless amours! Thou, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, has not inherited virtue! The causes that brought thy sinful mother to the block are known to all.

Tal. (*Stepping between them.*) Is this, O Mary, thine endurance? Is this thy humility?

Mary. Endurance? I have endured all that a mortal heart can bear. Hence, abject humility! Insulted patience, get ye from my heart! And thou, my long pent-up indignation, break thy bonds, and burst forth from thy lair! Oh, thou gavest to the angry serpent his deadly glance; arm my tongue with poisonous stings.

Tal. (*To* ELIZABETH.) Forgive the angry transports which thou hast thyself provoked.

Lei. (*Inducing* ELIZABETH *to withdraw.*) Hear not the ravings of a distracted woman! Leave this ill—

Mary. The throne of England is profaned by a base-born—the British nation is duped by a vile pretender! If right did prevail, thou wouldst be grovelling at my feet . . . 'tis I who am thy sovereign. (ELIZABETH *retires.* LEICESTER *and* TALBOT *follow.*) She departs, burning with rage, and with bitterness of death at heart. Now happy I am! I have degraded her in Leicester's

presence. At last! At last! After long years of insult and contumely, I have at least enjoyed a season of triumph. *(Sinks upon the floor.*

[CURTAIN.] SCHILLER.

TABLEAU.

(Curtain rises. MARY reclines upon the floor, dishevelled hair, face buried in hands, shaking with [illegible]. ELIZABETH stands glaring at her, face [illegible] LEICESTER is restrain[illegible] her not to yield [illegible] TALBOT leans over MARY, to w[illegible] hope and consolation, at the [illegible] right hand imploringly to ELIZABETH

FROM THE PEASANT BOY.

Characters: Alberti, Julian, Montaldi, Stefano, Ludovico, Ambrose, Vincent, Guards, Etc.

(Enter Guards, conducting Julian—all the characters following, and a crowd of vassals—Alberti advances to the judgment seat.)

ALBERTI. My people!—the cause of your present assemblage too well is known to you. You come to witness the dispensations of an awful but impartial justice;—either to rejoice in the acquittal of innocence wrongfully accused, or to approve the conviction of guilt, arrested its foul career. Personal feelings forbid me to assume this seat myself; yet fear not but that it will be filled by nobleness and honor; to Montaldi only, I resign it.

Julian. He my judge! then I am lost indeed *(Aside.)*

Alb. Ascend the seat, my friend, and decide from it as your own virtuous conscience shall direct; this only will I say; should the scales of accusation and defense poise doubtfully, let mercy touch them with her downy hand, and turn the balance on the gentler side.

Montaldi. (Ascending the seat.) Your will and honor are my only governors! *(Bows.)* Julian! stand forth! you are charged with a most foul and horrible attempt upon the life of my noble kinsman—the implements of murder have been found in your possession, and many powerful circumstances combine to fix the guilt upon you. What have you to urge in vindication.

Jul. First, I swear by that Power, whom vice dreads and virtue reverences, that no syllable but strictest truth shall pass my lips. On the evening of yesterday, I crossed the mountain to the monastery of St. Bertrand; my errand thither finished, I returned directly to the valley. Rosalie saw me enter the cottage—soon afterward a strange outcry recalled me to the door; a mantle spread before the threshold caught my eye; I raised it, and discovered a mask within it. The mantle was newly stained with blood! Consternation seized upon my soul—the next minute I was surrounded by guards, and accused of murder. They produced a weapon I had lost in defending myself against a ferocious animal. Confounded by terror and surprise, I had not power to explain the truth, and loaded with chains and reproaches, I was dragged to the dungeons of the castle. Here my knowledge of the dark transaction ends, and I have only this to add—I may become the victim of circumstances, but I never have been the slave of crime!

Mon. (Smiling ironically.) Plausibly urged; have you no more to offer?

Jul. Truth needs but few words—I have spoken!

Mon. Yet bethink yourself—dare you abide by this wild tale, and brave a sentence on no stronger plea?

Jul. Alas! I have none else to offer!

Mon. You say on the evening of yesterday you visited the monastery of St. Bertrand. What was your business there?

Jul. With father Nicolo—to engage him to marry Rosalie and myself on the following morning

Mon. A marriage, too! Well!—at what time did you quit the monastery?

Jul. The bell for vesper service had just ceased to toll.

Mon. By what path did you return to the valley?

Jul. Across the mountain.

Mon. Did you not pass through the wood of olives, where the dark deed was attempted?

Jul. (Recollecting.) The wood of olives.

Mon. Ha! mark! he hesitates—speak!

Jul. No! my soul scorns to tell a falsehood. I did pass through the wood of olives.

Mon. Ay! and pursuit was close behind! Stefano, you seized the prisoner?

Stefano. I did. The bloody weapon bore his name; the mask and mantle were in his hands, confusion in his countenance, and every limb shaking with alarm.

Mon. Enough! Heavens! that villany so monstrous should inhabit with such tender youth! I fain would doubt, and in despite of reason, hesitate to give my sentence; but conviction glares from every point, and incredulity would now be madness. Not to descant on the absurdity of your defense, a tale too wild for romance itself to sanction, I find from your admission a damning chain of circumstance that confirms your criminality. The time at which you passed the wood, and the hour of the duke's attack, precisely correspond. Your attachment to Rosalie presents the motive of your offense; burning with impatient love, knowing vanity to sway the soul of woman, and trusting to win its influence by the bribes of luxury, you sought to rush on fortune by the readiest path, and snatch from the unwary traveler that sudden wealth which honest labor could only by slow degrees obtain. Defeated in the dark attempt, you fled—pursuit was instant—your steps were traced—and at the very door of your cottage, you were seized before the evidences of your guilt could be secreted. Oh! wretched youth, I warn you to confess. Sincerity can be your only claim to mercy.

Jul. My heart will burst—But I have spoken truth; yes—Heaven knows that I have spoken truth!

Mon. Then I must exercise my duty. Death is my sentence,

Jul. Hold!—pronounce it not as yet!

Mon. If you have any further evidence, produce it.

Jul. (*With despairing energy.*) I call on Ludovico.

(*Ludovico steps forward with alacrity—Montaldi recoils with visible trepidation.*)

Ludovico. I am here!

Mon. And what can he unfold? only repeat that which we already know. I will not hear him—the evidence is perfect——

Alb. (*Rising with warmth.*) Hold! Montaldi, Ludovico must be heard; to the ear of justice, the lightest syllable of proof is precious.

Mon. (*Confused.*) I stand rebuked. Well, Ludovico, depose your evidence.

Lud. Mine was the fortunate arm appointed by Heaven to rescue the duke. I fought with the assassin, and drove him beyond the trees into the open lawn. I there distinctly marked his figure, and from the difference in the height alone, I solemnly aver Julian cannot be the person.

Mon. This is no proof—the eye might easily be deceived. I cannot withhold my sentence longer.

Lud. I have further matter to advance. Just before the ruffian fled, he received a wound across his right hand; the moonlight directed my blow, and showed me that the cut was deep and dangerous. Julian's fingers bear no such mark.

Mon. (*Evincing great emotion and involuntarily drawing his glove closer over his hand.*) A wound—mere fable ——

Lud. Nay, more—the same blow struck from off one of the assassin's fingers, a jewel; it glittered as it fell; I snatched it from the grass—I thrust it within my bosom and have ever since preserved it next my heart; I now produce it—'tis here—a ring—an amethyst set with brilliants!

Alb. (*Rising hastily.*) What say you? an amethyst set with brilliants! even such I gave to Montaldi. Let me view it!

(*As Ludovico advances to present the ring to the duke, Montaldi rushes with frantic impetuosity between, and attempts to seize it.*)

Mon. Slave! resign the ring!

Lud. I will yield my life sooner!

Mon. Wretch! I will rend thy frame to atoms! (*They struggle with violence, Montaldi snatches at the ring, Luodvico catches his hand and tears off the glove—the wound appears.*)

Lud. Oh! God! murder is unmasked—the bloody mark is here! Montaldi is the assassin. (*All rush forward in astonishment—Julian drops upon his knees in mute thanksgiving.*)

Mon. Shame! madness!

Alb. Eternal Providence! Montaldi a murderer!

Mon. Ay! accuse, and curse! idiots—dupes! I heed you not. I can but die! Triumph not, Alberti—I trample on thee still! (*Draws a poignard and attempts to*

destroy himself—the weapon is wrested from his hand by the guards.)

Alb. Fiend! thy power to sin is past

Mon. (*Delirious with passion.*) Ha! ha! ha! my brain scorches, and my veins run with fire! disgraced, dishonored! oh! madness! I cannot bear it—save me—oh! (*Falls insensible into the arms of attendants.*)

Alb. Wretched man! bear him to his chamber—his punishment be hereafter (*Montaldi is carried off.*)

Jul. Oh! my joy is too full for words!

Ambrose. My noble boy!

Vincent. Rosalie shall reward him

Alb. Yes, they are children of virtue! Their happiness shall be my future care. Let this day, through each returning year, become a festival on my domain. Heaven, with peculiar favor, has marked it for its own, and taught us, by the simple moral of this hour, that howsoever in darkness guilt may veil its malefactions from the eye of man, an omniscient Judge will penetrate each hidden sin, and still, with never-failing justice, confound the vicious and protect the good!

Jul. The peasant boy, redeemed from fate,
Must here for mercy sue,
He dares not trust decrees of state
Till ratified by you.

Alb. Then gentles! prithee grant our prayer
Nor cloud the dawning joy,
"Not guilty!" by your hands declare,
And save the peasant boy!

FROM GUSTAVUS VASA.

Characters; Gustavus, Anderson, Arnoldus, Officers, Dalecarlians.

DALECARLIANS. Let us all see him!

Gustavus. Amazement, I perceive, hath filled your hearts,
And joy for that your lost Gustavus 'scaped
Through wounds, imprisonments, and chains and deaths,
Thus sudden, thus unlooked for, stands before ye.
As one escaped from cruel hands I come,
From hearts that ne'er knew pity, dark and vengeful;
Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
And know no music but the groans of Sweden.
Yet, not because my sister's early innocence—
My mother's age now grind beneath captivity;
Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour
Swept my great sire and kindred from my side;
For them, Gustavus weeps not.
But, O great parent, when I think on thee!
Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful infamies,
My widowed country! Sweden! when I think
Upon thy desolation, spite of rage—
And vengeance that would choke them—tears will flow.

Anderson. Oh, they are villains, every Dane of them.
Practiced to stab and smile; to stab the babe,
That smiles upon them.

Arnoldus. What accursed hours
Roll o'er those wretches, who, to fiends like these
In their dear liberty have bartered more
Than worlds will rate for?

Gust. Oh, liberty, Heaven's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself?
For thee the valiant bleed. Oh, sacred liberty?
Winged from the summer's snare, from flattering ruin,
Like the bold stork you seek the wintry shore,
Leave courts, and pomps and palaces to slaves,
Cleave to the cold and rest upon the storm.
Upborne by thee, my soul disdained the terms
Of empire offered at the hand of tyrants
With thee I sought this favorite soil; with thee
These favorite sons I sought; thy sons, O Liberty!
For even amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low-raftered cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations.

All. Liberty! Liberty!
Gust. Are ye not marked, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not marked by all the circling world
As the great stake, the last effort for liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,
The scope and bright ambition of your souls?
Why else have you, and your renowned forefathers,
From the proud summit of their glittering thrones,
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings,
That dared the bold infringement? What but liberty,
Through the famed course of thirteen hundred years,
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,
And sanctified their shade? And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
Bid your high honors stoop to foreign insult,
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harvest of a thousand years of glory?
First Dale. No!
Second Dale. Never, never!
Third Dale. Perish all first.
Fourth Dale. Die all!
Gust. Yes, die by piecemeal.
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph.
Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To see ye feared; to see, that even your foes
Do justice to your valor! There they be
The powers of kingdoms, summoned in yonder host,
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail you.
And oh, when I look round and see you here,
Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter.
True courage but from opposition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
Matched to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty, that strikes to save
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
And his large honors from eternal infamy?
What doubt we then?
Shall we, shall we stand here,
Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
To wake us to resistance? Let us on.
Oh, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
You shall not be withheld, we will rush on them.
This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
Three kingdoms in our toil! is it not glorious,
Thus to appall the bold, meet force with fury,
And push yon torrent back, till every wave
Flee to its fountain?
Arl. On, lead us on, Gustavus; one word more
Is but delay of conquest.
Gust. Take your wish.
He who wants arms, may grapple with the foe,
And so be furnished. You, most n[illegible] Anderson,
Divide our powers, and with the [illegible] Olaus
Take the left route. You, Frie, grea[illegible] arms!
With the renowned Neberbi, hold the ri[illegible]
And skirt the forest down; then whe[illegible] once,
Confessed to view, and close upo[illegible] vale:
Myself, and my most valiant cousin he[illegible]
The invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard!
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy [illegible]erans
Will pour directly forth, and le[illegible] onset.
Joy, joy, I see confessed from every c[illegible]
Your limbs tread vigorous, and your h[illegible] beat high!
Thin though our ranks, though sc[illegible] our bands,
Bold are our hearts, and nervous ar[illegible] hands.
With us, truth, justice, fame, and f[illegible] close,
Each singly equal to a host of foes.
(*Exit.: Gust leadin*[illegible]).

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

This piece is frequently recited by one person, but is much more effective in dialogue. LOCHIEL, a Highland chieftain, while on his march to join the Pretender, is met by one of the Highland seers, or prophets, who warns him to return, and not incur the certain ruin and disaster which await the unfortunate prince and his followers on the field of Culloden. When used as a dialogue, a blast of trumpet is heard. The curtain being drawn, LOCHIEL enters, attired in the Highland fighting costume, and following him should appear in the doorway of the stage two or three armed Scotch soldiers to give the idea of a large number behind them. The SEER meets him from the other direction, dressed in flowing robes, and with long white hair and beard, and, raising his hands in the attitude of warning, speaks imploringly as follows:

SEER

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight;
They rally, they bleed, for their country and crown,
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod the plain.
But, hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair!
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
O! weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead!
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

LOCHIEL.

Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

SEER

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the North?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad:
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of Heaven.
O, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan:
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one;
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd.

Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;
All plaided, and plumed in their tartan array—

SEER.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing my sight I may seal,
Yet man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with vials of wrath
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness, and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! Rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished.—Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner! Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding, and torn?
Ah! no; for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters, convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor—so foul with retreat.
Tho' his perishing ranks should be strowed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight, or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Looks proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

CÆSAR'S MESSAGE TO CATO.

(Dialogue between Decius and Cato.)

DECIUS. Cæsar sends health to Cato.

Cato. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughtered friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the Senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato, Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato? Bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
Her generals and her consuls are no more,
Who checked his conquests and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it.
Still may you stand high in your country's honors;

Do but comply and make your peace with
Cæsar,
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more;
I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your
virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman Senate:
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your
wisdom—

Cato. Nay, more,—though Cato's voice
was ne'er employed
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favor,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a
Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's
foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar, he's a friend
to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little Senate:
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second
you.

Cato. Let him consider that who drives us
hither:
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's Senate
little,
And thinned its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled
eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light
Which conquest and success have thrown
upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see
him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and
crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name
them.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch,
Beset with ills and covered with misfortunes;
But, as I love my country, millions of
worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to
Cæsar,
For all his generous cares and proffered
friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and
vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of
Cato
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his
soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my
friends,
And make good use of his ill gotten power,
By sheltering men much better than himself

ADDISON.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

Characters and Costumes

READER.—[illegible]

[illegible]

READER [illegible]

I READ, before my eyelids drop[illegible] shade.
"*The Legend* [illegible] *W*[illegible]*men*," long
ago

Sung by the morning star of song, who
made
His music heard below,

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet
breath
Preluded those melodius bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still

And, for awhile, the knowledge of his art
Held me above the subject, as strong
gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my
heart
Brimfull of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In
every land
I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand.
The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
Peopled the hollow dark, like burning
stars,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and
wrong,
And trumpets blown for wars;

And clattering flints battered with clanging
hoofs;
And I saw crowds in columned sanctua
ries;
And forms that pass at windows and on
roofs
Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold; heroes tall,
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall,
Lances in ambush set;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with
heated blasts
That run before the fluttering tongues of
fire.
White surf wind scattered over sails and
masts,
And ever climbing higher.

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen
plates,
Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers
woes,

Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron
grates,
And hushed seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as when to
land
Bluster the winds and tides the self-same
way;
Crisp foam flakes scud along the level sand
Torn from the fringe of spray.

I started once, or seemed to start, in pain
Resolved on noble things, and strove to
speak,
As when a great thought strikes along the
brain
And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
A cavalier from off his saddle bow
That bore a lady from a leagured town;
And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing
thought
Streamed downward, lost their edges
and did creep,

Rolled on each other, rounded, smoothed
and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wandered
(Curtain withdrawn disclosing woodland scene.)
Far in an old wood, fresh-washed in cool-
est dew,
The maiden splendors of the morning star
shook
In the steadfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches, fledged with
clearest green,
New from its silken sheath.

The dim red moon had died, her journey
done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight
plain,
Half fall'n across the threshold of the sun
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb, dead
air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill;

Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
  Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turned
  Their hurried arms, festooning tree to tree
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burned
  The red anemone

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
  The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drenched dew,
  Leading from lawn to lawn

The smell of violets hidden in the green
  Poured back into the empty soul and frame
The times when I remembered to have been
  Joyful and free from blame.

And from within a clear undertone
Thrilled thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,

CLEOPATRA (*within.*)

"Pass freely thro', the wood is all thine own;
  Until the end of time."

READER.

At length I saw (*Helen of Troy enters back entrance: advance slowly to middle of stage; stand in statuesque attitude*) a lady within call
  Stiller than chiselled marble, standing there:
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall
  And most divinely fair.
Her lovliness with shame and with surprise
  Froze my swift speech; she turning on my face
The starlight sorrows of immortal eyes
  Spoke slowly in her place.

HELEN OF TROY—(*turning and speaking slowly*)

I had great beauty; ask thou not my name;
  No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
  I brought calamity

READER.

No marvel, sovereign lady; in fair field
  Myself for such a face had boldly died.

(Enter from left entrance Iphigenia as she advances to front Helen retires to back of stage.)

  And turning I appeared to one who stood beside.
But she with sick and scornful looks averse
  To her full height her stately stature draws:

IPHIGENIA (*with bitterness.*)

My youth was blasted with a curse;

(Pointing to Helen)

  This woman was the cause

I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
  Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears;
My father held his hand upon his face;
  I, blinded by my tears,

Still strove to speak; my voice was thick with sighs
  As in a dream, dimly I would descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
  Waiting to see me die.

The high masts flickered as they lay afloat;
  The crowds, the temples, wavered, and the shore;
The bright death quivered at the victim's throat;
  Touched—and I knew no more.

HELEN OF TROY (*sadly, with bowed head, leaving stage off right.*)

I would the white, cold, heavy plunging foam,
Whirled by the wind, had rolled me deep below,
Then when I left my home. (*Exit H., Iphigenia following.*)

READER.

Her slow full words sank on the silence drear
As thunder drops fall on a sleeping sea
Sudden I heard a voice

(Inner curtain withdraws discovering Cleopatra half reclining on crimson couch under bower of green.)

CLEOPATRA

"Ha, ha! come here that I may look on
thee.

(Rising on arm and looking at reader—again reclining.)

Ha! ha! ha! *I* govern men by change
And so I swayed all words. (*Sighing.*)

'Tis long since I have seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

The ever-shifting currents of the blood
According to my humor ebb and flow.
I have no men to govern in this mood:
That makes my only woe.

Nay, yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will; nor tame and tutor with mine
eye
That dull, cold-blooded Cæsar. Pr'ythee,
friend, (*Raising on elbow.*)
Where is Mark Antony?

The man, my lover, with whom I rode
sublime
On Fortune's neck: we sat as God by
God:
The Nilus would have risen before this time
And flooded at our nod.

We drank the Libyan sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps that outburned Canopus. O my
life
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife,

And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's
alarms
My Hercules, my Roman Antony,
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
Content there to die!

And there he died: and when I heard my
name
Sighed forth with life I would not brook
my fear
Of the other: with a worm I balked his
fame,
What else was left?

I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my
brows,—
A name forever—lying robed and crowned,—
Worthy a Roman spouse.

(Sinks back on couch, and small curtain is drawn, hiding her from view.)

READER

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range
Struck by all passion, did fall down and
glance
From tone to tone among and thro' all
change
Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for de-
light,
Because with sudden motion from the
ground
She raised her piercing orbs, and filled with
light
The interval of sound.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
(Soft music.)
A noise of some one coming thro' the
lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird
That claps his wings at dawn.

(Soft music continues growing louder.)

As one that museth where broad sunshine
laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the
door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor within,

And anthem sung, is charmed and tied
To where he stands—so stood I, when that
flow
Of music left the lips (*Enter Jephthah's
Daughter, walking slowly with up-
lifted face*—) of her that died
To save her father's vow:

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure, as when she went along
From Mizpah's towered gates with welcome
light
With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: "Heaven heads the
count of crimes
With that wild oath."

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

"Not so; nor once alone; a
Thousand times I would be born and die.
My God, my land, my father—these did
move me
From my bliss of life which nature gave,
Lowered softly by a three-fold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

The light while clouds swam over us,
Anon we heard the lion roaring in his
den;
We saw the large white stars rise one by
one
Or, from the dark'ned glen,

Saw God divide the night with flying flame
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief be-
came
A solemn scorn of ills.

When the next moon was rolled into the
sky,
Strength came to me that equaled my de-
sire,
How beautiful a thing it was to die for God
and
For my sire.

It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell
Sweetens the spirit still."

(Exit, sing "Glory to God," repeating several times.)

READER.

How her face glowed!
Losing her carol, I stood, pensively,
As one that from a casement leans his
head
When midnight bells cease ringing sud-
denly,
And the old year—is dead.

(Enter Rosamond from back during reading of last sentence.)

ROSAMOND.

Alas! Alas!
Turn and look on me, I am
That Rosamond, whom men call fair.
If what I was I be.

Would I had been some maiden, coarse and
poor.
O me! that I should ever see the light!

(Enter Queen Eleanor at right, with cup of poison in one hand, dagger in the other [illegible] she utters her word with a look of scorn.)

Recoiling from Eleanor.

Those dragon eyes of angered Eleanor
Do hurt me day and night.

(Small curtain withdraws disclosing Cleopatra.)

CLEOPATRA TO ROSAMOND.

Oh! you *tamely* died!
You should have clung to Fulvia's waist
And thrust the dagger thro' her side.

([illegible] Cleopatra [illegible] fiercely at Rosamond, who [illegible] small curtain closes.)

READER.

With that sharp sound the white dawn's
creeping beams
Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky.
Moon broadened on the borders of the dark
Ere I saw (*curtains drawn disclosing Sir
Thomas Moore's daughter holding up
dress, as if to catch the fallen head—
face expressing deepest anguish*) her
who clasped in her last trance.
Her murdered father's head, or (*enter
Joan of Arc from back; as she enters,
draws sword, raises shield, and remains
posed thus*) Joan of Arc, the light
Of ancient France.

Or her (*inner curtain withdrawn, disclosing
Queen Elinor kneeling beside Edward*)
who knew that Love can vanquish
Death,
Who kneeling, with one arm about her
king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy
breath,
Sweet as new buds in spring.

(Curtain closed.)

READER.

No memory labors longer from the deep
Gold mines of thought to lift the hidden
ore
That glimses, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er.

Each little sight and sound, with what dull
pain
Compassed, how eagerly I sought to
strike

Into that wondrous track of dreams again
  But no two dreams are like.

As when a soul laments, which hath been
    blest,
  Desiring what is mingled with past years
In yearnings that can never be expressed,
  In sighs or groans or tears.

Because all words, tho' culled with choicest
    art,
  Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
  Faints, faded by its heat.

(Tableau. All the characters in appropriate attitude.)

NOTE.—All movements should be *gliding* and *noiseless*.

COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

For two Males and one Female.

(This may be made also equally successful as a reading.)

ENTER SNOBBLETON.

SNOBBLETON. (*Looking in the direction whence he has just come.*) Yes, here is that fellow Jones, again. I declare, the man is ubiquitous. Wherever I go with my cousin Prudence we stumble across him, or he follows her like a shadow. Do we take a boating? So does Jones. Do we wander on the beach? So does Jones. Go where we will, that fellow follows or moves before. Now, that was a cruel practical joke which Jones once played upon me at college. I have never forgiven him. But I would gladly make a pretense of doing so, if I could have my revenge. Let me see. Can't I manage it? He is head over ears in love with Prudence, but too bashful to speak. I half believe she is not indifferent to him, though altogether unacquainted. It may prove a match, if I can not spoil it. Let me think. Ha! I have it! A brilliant idea! Jones beware! But here he comes.

ENTER JONES.

Jones. (*Not seeing Snobbleton and delightedly contemplating a flower, which he holds in his hand.*) Oh, rapture! what a prize! It was in her hair—I saw it fall from her queenly head. (*Kisses it every now and then.*) How warm are its tender leaves from having touched her neck! How doubly sweet is its perfume—fresh from the fragrance of her glorious locks! How beautiful! how—Bless me! here is Snobbleton. We are enemies!

Snobbleton. (*Advancing with an air of frankness.*) Good morning, Jones—that is, if you will shake hands.

Jones. What!—you forgive? You really—

Snobbleton. Yes, yes, old fellow! All is forgotten. You played me a rough trick; but let bygones be bygones. Will you not bury the hatchet?

Jones. With all my heart, my dear fellow. (*They shake hands.*)

Snobbleton. What is the matter with you, Jones? You look quite grumpy—not by any means the same cheerful, dashing, rollicking fellow you were.

Jones. Grumpy—what is that? How do I look, Snobbleton?

Snobbleton. Oh, not much out of the way. Only a little shaky in the shanks, blue lips, red nose, cadaverous jaws, bloodshot eyes, yellow—

Jones. (*Aghast.*) Bless me, you don't say so. (*Aside.*) Confound the man! Here have I been endeavoring to appear romantic for the last month—and now to be called shaky-shanked, cadaverous—it is unbearable.

Snobbleton. But never mind. Cheer up, old fellow! I see it all. Egad! I know what it is to be in—

Jones. Ah! You can then sympathize with me! You know what it is to be in—

Snobbleton. Of *course* I do! Heaven preserve me from the toils! What days of bitterness!

Jones. What nights of bliss.

Snobbleton. (*Shuddering.*) And then the letters—the interminable letters.

Jones. (*With rapture.*) Oh, yes! the letters! The *billet doux!*

Snobbleton. And the bills—the endless bills!

Jones. (*In surprise.*) The bills!

Snobbleton. Yes; and the bailiffs, lawyers, the judge, and the jury.

Jones. Why, man, what are you talking about? I thought you said you knew what it was to be in—

Snobbleton. In debt. *To be sure* I did.

Jones. Bless me! I'm not in debt—never borrowed a dollar in my life. Ah, me! (*sighs*) it's worse than *that.*

Snobbleton. Worse than that! Come, now, Jones, there is only one thing worse. You're surely not in love?

Jones. Yes, I am. (*With sudden feeling.*) Oh, Snobby, help me, help me! Let me confide in you.

Snobbleton. (*With mock emotion.*) Confide in me! Certainly, my dear fellow! See! I do not shrink—I stand firm. (*Folds his arms in a determined posture.*) Blaze away!

Jones. Snobby, I—I love her!

Snobbleton. Whom?

Jones. Your cousin, Prudence.

Snobbleton. Ha! Prudence Angelina Winterbottom?

Jones. Now, don't be angry, Snobby! I don't mean any harm, you know. I—I—you know how it is.

Snobbleton. Harm! my dear fellow. Not a bit of it. Angry! Not at all. You have my consent, old fellow. Take her. She is ours. Heaven bless you both!

Jones. You are very kind, Snobby, but I haven't got *her* consent yet.

Snobbleton. Well, that *is* something, to be sure. But, leave it all to me. She may be a little coy, you know; but, considering your generous overlooking of her unfortunate defect—

Jones. Defect! You surprise me.

Snobbleton. What! and you did not know of it?

Jones. Not at all. I am astonished! Nothing serious, I hope.

Snobbleton. Oh, no, only a little—(*He taps his ear with his finger, knowingly.*) I see you understand it.

Jones. Merciful Heaven! can it be? But, really is it serious?

Snobbleton. I should think it was.

Jones. What! But is she ever dangerous?

Snobbleton. Dangerous! Why should she be?

Jones. (*Considerably relieved*) Oh, I perceive! A mere airiness of brain—a gentle aberration—scorning the dull world—a mild—

Snobbleton. Zounds, man, she's not crazy!

Jones. My dear Snobby, you relieve me. What then?

Snobbleton. Slightly deaf. That's all.

Jones. Deaf!

Snobbleton. As a lamp-post. That is, you must elevate your voice to a considerable pitch in speaking to her.

Jones. Is it possible! However, I think I can manage. As, for instance, if it was my intention to make her a floral offering, and I should say (*elevating his voice considerably*), "Miss, will you make me happy by accepting these flowers?" I suppose she could hear me, eh? How would that do?

Snobbleton. Pshaw! Do you call that elevated?

Jones. Well, how would this do? (*Speaks very loudly.*) "Miss, will you make me happy—"

Snobbleton. Louder, shriller, man!

Jones. "Miss, will you—"

Snobbleton. Louder, louder, or she will only see your lips move

Jones. (*Almost screaming*) "Miss, will you oblige me by accepting these flowers?"

Snobbleton. There, that *may* do. Still you want practice. I perceive the lady herself is approaching. Suppose you retire for a short time, and I will prepare her for the introduction.

Jones. Very good. Meantime, I will go down to the beach and endeavor to acquire the proper pitch. Let me see: "Miss, will you oblige me—" (*Exit Jones, still speaking.*)

(Enter PRUDENCE, from other side.)

Prudence. Good morning, cousin. Who was that, speaking so loudly?

Snobbleton. Only Jones. Poor fellow, he is so deaf that I suppose he fancies his own voice to be a mere whisper.

Prudence. Why, I was not aware of this. Is he *very* deaf?

Snobbleton. Deaf as a stone fence. To be sure, he does not use an ear-trumpet any more, but, one must speak excessively high. Unfortunate, too, for I believe he is in love.

Prudence. (*With some emotion*) In love! with whom?

Snobbleton. Can't you guess?

Prudence. Oh, no; I haven't the slightest idea.

Snobbleton. With yourself! He has been begging me to obtain him an introduction.

Prudence. Well, I have always thought him a nice-looking young man. I suppose he would hear me if I should say (*speaks loudly*), "Good-morning, Mr. Jones!"

Snobbleton. (*Compassionately*) *Do* you think he would hear *that?*

Prudence. Well, then, how would (*speaks very loudly*) "Good-morning, Mr. Jones!" How would that do?

Snobbleton. Tush! he would think you were speaking under your breath.

Prudence. (*Almost screaming*) "Good-morning!"

Snobbleton. A mere whisper, my dear cousin. But here he comes. Now, do try and make yourself audible.

ENTER JONES

Snobbleton. (*Speaking in a high voice.*) Mr. Jones, cousin, Miss Winterbottom, Jones. You will please excuse me for a short time. (*He retires, but remains in view.*)

Jones. (*Speaking shrill and loud, and offering some flowers.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers? I plucked them from their slumber on the hill.

Prudence. (*In an equally high voice.*) Really, sir, I—I—

Jones. (*Aside*) She hesitates. It must be that she does not hear me. (*Increasing his tone.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers—FLOWERS? I plucked them sleeping on the hill—HILL.

Prudence. (*Also increasing her tone.*) Certainly, Mr. Jones. They are beautiful—BEAU-U-TIFUL.

Jones. (*Aside.*) How she screams in my ear. (*Aloud.*) Yes, I plucked them from their slumber—SLUMBER, on the hill—HILL.

Prudence. (*Aside.*) Poor man, what an effort it seems to him to speak. (*Aloud.*) I perceive you are poetical. Are you fond of poetry? (*Aside.*) He hesitates. I must speak louder. (*In a scream.*) Poetry—POETRY—POETRY!

Jones. (*Aside.*) Bless me, the woman would wake the dead! (*Aloud.*) Yes, Miss, I ad-o-r-e it.

Snobbleton. (*Solus from behind, rubbing his hands.*) Glorious! glorious! I wonder how loud they *can* scream. Oh, vengeance, thou art sweet!

Prudence. Can you repeat some poetry—POETRY?

Jones. I only know one poem. It is this:

You'd scarce expect one of my age—AGE,
To speak in public on the stage—STAGE.

Prudence. (*Putting her lips to his ear and shouting*) Bravo—bravo!

Jones. (*In the same way.*) Thank you! THANK—

Prudence. (*Putting her hands over her ears.*) Mercy on us! Do you think I'm DEAF, sir?

Jones. (*Also stopping his ears.*) And do you fancy *me* deaf, Miss?

[illegible]

Prudence. Are you not, sir? You surprise me!

Jones. No, Miss. I was led to believe that *you* were deaf. Snobbleton told me so.

Prudence. Snobbleton! Why he told me that *you* were deaf.

Jones. Confound the fellow! he has been making game of us. Here he is. (*Perceiving Snobbleton.*) You shall answer for this, sir!

Prudence. Yes, sir, you shall answer for this, sir!

Snobbleton. (*Advancing.*) Ha! ha! ha! And to whom must I answer?

Jones. (*They turn to the audience.*) To these, our friends, whose ears are split.

Snobbleton. Well then, the answer must be brief.

Prudence. (*To Jones.*) But they, our friends, are making it.

Jones. I hear them, Miss. I am not deaf.

CURTAIN FALLS.

—

GOIN' SOMEWHERE.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

OLD WOMAN—Dark dress, old fashioned dolman or shawl, [illegible] fashioned bonnet, lace mitts, bird cage and band-box; [illegible] leaf fan.

OLD MAN—Old fashioned frock coat, high collar, black [illegible] white tall hat, carpet-sack, extra wrap thrown over arm, a bundle.

SCENE—Interior of railway car. Two or three seats occupied by passengers.

MR. GILLETTE AND KATHERINE FLORENCE IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES"

A GROUP FROM THE PLAY "SHENANDOAH"

Examples of Ease and Grace in Acting

READY TO FIGHT, A DRAMATIC POSE
By Duncan B Harris in "The New Boy"

ADORATION, A DRAMATIC POSE
By Claudia Carlstedt in "The Idol's Eye"

ENTER OLD MAN, FOLLOWED BY OLD WOMAN.

OLD MAN. Come along, Mary; why anybody'd think I'd never been nowheres. Haint I spoke in town meetin' twict? an' been a hundred miles on a steamboat, an' got a brother 'at made the overland trip to Californy?

Old Woman, (*taking seat in front.*) An' haint *I* been to funerals an' quiltin's 'n sich? but la suz, Philetus! they haint nothin' to goin' from Posey Keounty to Chicago on the covered cars; tho' I know a woman that thinks nothin' o' settin' out on a railroad journey where she has to wait fifteen minutes at a junction an' change cars at a dapot. But, Philetus (*looking around anxiously*), I b'lieve we've went an' tooken the wrong train.

Old M. (*startled.*) It can't be, nohow. Didn't I ask the conductor, an' he said we's all right?

Old W. Yes, he did; but look out of the winder an' make sure; he might 'a been a lyin' to us.

Old M. (*looks out as if at window.*) I guess we're all right, Mary.

Old W. (*whispering.*) Ask somebody—ask that man there.

Old M. (*to gentleman reading paper behind.*) This hyr's the train for Chicago, ain't it?

Gent. This is the train, sir.

Old M. There! didn't I tell you?

[*Chuckling.*]

Old W. (*folding hands.*) It may be—it may be! but if we're carried wrong, it won't be my fault. I say that we're wrong; and when we've been led into some pirates' cave and butchered for our money, ye'll wish ye had heeded my words.

ENTER CONDUCTOR.

Conductor. "Tickets, please!"

Old M (*searching every pocket, emptying all sorts of things from one pocket.*) Mary, what *do* you s'pose has become of them tickets?

Old W. (*searching carpet-sack.*) Well, if it *don't beat all*—the way you forgit things.

Old M. (*finding tickets finally in his hat wrapped up in a huge red bandana.*) O! here they are. I put 'em in my hat so I'd know right where they was. (*Conductor disappears with tickets after having collected from all other passengers.*) Looks like rain over thar in the west. I hope the boys'll git them oats in.

Old W. That reminds me of the umberel. (*Searching among the luggage for it and not finding it.*) It's gone.

Old M. (*startled.*) W-what?

Old W. That umbereller!

Old M. No!

Old W. Gone—hide and hair! That sky-blue umberel that I've had ever since Marthy died?

Old M. (*searching.*) Wall, that's queer.

Old W. Queer! not a bit. I've talked to you and talked to you, but it does no good: you come from a heedless family: you'd forgit to put your boots on if I didn't tell ye to.

Old M. (*in cutting tone.*) None of the Harrisons was ever in the poorhouse.

Old W. Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison! (*laying hand on his arm*) don't you dare twit me of that again! I've lived with you nigh onto forty year, and waited on you when you had the biles, and the toothache and the colic, and when you fell and broke your leg; but don't you push me up to the wall! (*After a pause.*) My! but I'm dretful thursty. I'm glad I fetched that bottle of cold tea (*searching among the luggage not finding it straightens up and whispers*), and *that's* gone, *too!*

Old M. What now?

Old W. It's been stole! (*Looking round at other passengers gasping.*) First the umbereller—then the bottle!

Old M. I couldn't hev left it, could I?

Old W. For land sake! don't ask me! That bottle has been in our family twenty years—ever since mother died—and now it's gone! Land only knows what I'll do for a camfire bottle when we get home—if we *ever* do.

Old M. I'll buy you one.

Old W. Yes, I know ye are always ready to buy; an' if it wasn't for me to restrain you, the money'd fly like feathers in the wind.

Old M. Wall, I didn't have to mortgage my farm. (*With a knowing look.*)

Old W. Twitting agin? It isn't enough that you've lost a good umbereller and a camfire bottle; but you must twit me of this and that. (*Weeps.*)

Old M. (*looks sorry—after a pause—to man across the aisle.*) What's the sile around here?

Old W. Philetus! Philetus H Harrison! stop your noise! (*Poking him with her elbow.*)

Old M. I just asked a question.

Old W. What'd your brother Joab tell ye, the last thing afore we left him? Didn't he say somebody'd swindle ye on the string game, or the confidence game, or some other kind of game? Didn't he warn ye agin rascals?

Old M. I haint seen no rascals.

Old W. Of course ye hain't, cause yer blind! I know that that man's a villin; an' if they don't arrest him for murder before we leave this train I'll miss my guess. *I* can read human natur' like a book. (*Pause—sigh.*) I wish I *knew* that this was the train fur Chicago.

Old M. Course it is.

Old W. How do you know?

Old M. 'Cause it is.

Old W. Well, I know it hain't; but if you are content to rush along to destruction, I shan't say a word. Only when your throat is bein' cut, don't call out that I didn't warn you!

ENTER "PEANUT BOY."

Peanut Boy.—Nice fresh peanuts! peanuts! peanuts!

Old W. (*seeing O. M. reach in pocket for wallet.*) Philetus, you shan't squander that money after peanuts!

(Waving the boy on with one hand, and holding *O. M.'s* arm with other.)

Old M. Didn't I earn it?

Old W. Humph! you sold two cows to come on this visit, and the money's half gone now; no telling how we git home! (*Sighing deeply.*) I wish't I hadn't a-come. (*Old M. looks at ceiling, then out at window, and tries to produce a smile.*) I know very well what you want to say, but it's a blessed good thing for you that I did come. If you had come alone, you'd have been murdered and gashed and scalped, and sunk into the river afore now!

Old M. Pooh!

Old W. Yes, pooh! if you want too; but I know!

(He leans back, she settles herself with a sigh, and his arm rests on the back of the seat. He nods, and she nods, and leans her head on his shoulder. She breathes heavily, he snores audibly. The curtain falls.)

LOVE IN THE KITCHEN.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

KITTY. Short dress, small white apron with pockets, cap, handkerchief.

TEDDY. Gray knee-breeches, low shoes, short coat, green tie.

KITTY. Now, Mr. Malone, when yer spakin' like that,
It is aisy to see—

(He attempts to put his arm around her.)

Arrah, git out o' that!
Whin discoursin' wid ladies, politeness should tache,
That you'r not to use hands, sir, instid ov yer spache.
Should the missus come down, sir, how would I appear
Wid me hair all bewildhered?

Teddy (*looks at Kitty ruefully*). Oh Kitty, me dear,
Yer pardon I ax, but yer mouth is so sweet
It's a betther acquaintance I'm seekin' wid it;
An' I love you so fondly—begorra, it's thrue!
That I'm always unaisy unless I'm wid you
An' thin I'm unaisy as bad as before,
An' there's nothing'll aise me at all any more,
Until yer betrothal I've got, and bedad,

(Takes hold her hand with one hand, and puts the other around her waist.)

I'll *not* let ye go till yer promise I've had

Kitty (*breaking away.*) It's jist like yer impidence, Mr. Malone!

Teddy. Ye can't call it impidence, Kitty ohone,
In a man to be lovin' the likes of yerself
An' ye might marry worse, if I say it myself.
Fur me heart is yer own, and me wages is good,
An' I know a brick cabin all built out ov wood,
To be had for the axin' of Dinnis McC—.

Fur he's goin' to lave it, and thin it will
do,
Wid some fixin' and mendin' to keep out
the air,
An' a bit ov a board to patch up here and
there;
An' a thrifle ov mud to discourage the
cracks
An' we'll make up in lovin' whatever it
lacks;
An' its built on a rock with a mighty fine
view
Ov the country surroundin' that same
avinew;
An' to be quite ginteel an extension we'll
rig,
Convanient for keepin' an illegant pig;
An' thin we'll both prosper as nate as yes
plaze
An' ye'll see me an alderman some o' these
days;
So Kitty, mavourneen, turn round yer dear
face,
An' give us one kiss the betrothal to own.

Kitty. The divil a bit of it, Teddy
Malone.
D'ye think I'd be lavin' a house ov brown
stone
Fur the tumble-down shanty yer talkin'
about,
While I live like a lady, wid two evenin's
out,
An' a wardrobe I flatter myself is complete?
Sure ye couldn't tell missus from me on the
street,
An' at home its the same, fur she's fond of
her aise,
An' ye couldn't tell which ov us bosses the
place;
An' its like yer assurance to ask me to lave,
An', be the same token—

(He catches her hand and kisses it.)

Now will ye behave?
Let go of me hand, sir!

Teddy. —But Kitty, me dear,
Ye can't be intendin' to always live here
Wid niver a husband, but mopin' alone.

Kitty. Whist, Mr. Malone—Yer very
unmannerly!

Teddy. Divil a man!
It's only the truth that I'm sayin', indade
That yer niver intendin' to die an *old maid.*

Kitty (coquettishly.) It's right ye are,
Teddy, how could ye know this!

Teddy (eagerly.) Well, thin, will it plaze
ye to give me the kiss

Kitty. Git out wid yer blarney! *(Tossing her head.)*

Shure how can I tell,
There might be another I like just as well

Teddy. Arrah, Kitty, me darlin', *don't*
say that agin,
If ye wouldn't be killin' the thruest of
min;
But if there's another ye like more than me
Then it's faithless yes are an' its gone I'll
be. *(With emotion.)*
An' I'll die broken hearted fur the lack av
the joy
I thought to be gainin'

Kitty. Why, Teddy, me boy,
Is it dyin' yer talkin' av. What would *I*
do—
An unmarried widda in mournin' fur you?
(Shyly.)
An' ye wanted a kiss, sur? *(Putting up
lips to be kissed.)*

(He kisses her several times.)

Well, then, if ye must
Oh, murther, the man is devourin' me just!
Is it aitin' me up ye'd be after belike?
Well, if any one's askin' about ye, I'll own
That a broth of a boy is me Teddy Malone

WOMAN'S RIGHTS. *(Tableau.)*

A DOMESTIC scene, in which the duties of the sexes are reversed. One man should be at the wash-tub; another paring potatoes and rocking the cradle with his foot. A woman should be reading the newspaper leisurely; another, with pen over her ear, should be poring over some accounts.

GIPSY CAMP. *(Tableau.)*

A HALF-DOZEN characters of different ages. Kettle suspended from forked sticks over a fire. A Gipsy woman telling the fortune of a young maiden, reading the secrets from her open palm. The Gipsy man weaving baskets or mats.

SIGNING THE PLEDGE. *(Tableau.)*

SCENE, a drunkard's home. Stool in centre of stage. Drunkard, kneeling upon one knee, face toward audience. Pen in hand, he signs paper lying upon stool. His eldest daughter is looking timidly over his right shoulder, her left hand resting upon him. On right stands a temperance advocate, inkhorn in hand Smiling, he looks down upon the paper before the signer. On left center, wife kneels down. In one arm she holds her babe, her face upturned toward heaven. The boy has hold of his mother's skirt, looking at her with wondering eyes.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE. *(Tableau.)*

SAM, a rude, reckless sort of fellow, is discovered by his father in the act of writing a valentine or love-letter to his Mary. A short extract from "Pickwick Papers" descriptive of the scene should precede the performance.

FARMER'S KITCHEN BEFORE THANKSGIVING. *(Tableau.)*

A WOMAN kneading bread, another paring apples, another churning butter, a little girl rocking the cradle, grandmother knitting, grandfather pointing with his cane to a nail upon which a large boy is trying to hang up the turkey, a boy with a basket of nuts.

SCRIPTURE TABLEAUX.

IN the following Scripture tableaux, read the Bible text, and if possible secure the aid of a reliable illustrated dictionary or Biblical encyclopedia;

Esther before King Ahasuerus.
The Ten Virgins.
The Prodigal Son
Paul before Agrippa.
Departure of Hagar,

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

For Sunday School Entertainment

THIS beautiful tableau may be represented in several ways.

A mother in dark dress, and child in white, kneeling upon crimson cushion with hands folded in attitude of prayer.

Or, a young lady in white, hair unbound, in attitude of prayer.

SCRIPTURE SCENES.

BY careful attention to the matters of dress and light, very beautiful effects may be produced. Good ideas for these representations may often be obtained from Scriptural paintings, Bible Dictionaries, etc.

Jephthah's Daughter.
David with his Harp.
Selling of Joseph by his Brethren.
Solomon receiving the Queen of Sheba.
Jacob in the House of Laban.

THE TWO FLOWER (FLOUR) GIRLS.

Which do you like best? (Tableau.)

NO. 1. A happy bright faced girl carrying a basket of flowers, herself gaily decked in them

Superintendent. That flower girl was very beautiful, but let us see if the next does not appeal to us even more strongly

No. 2. *Enter a Cook,* sleeves rolled up with hands, face and dress daubed with flour.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A Pantomime

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.—Santa Claus, [illegible] white [illegible] paper cap, [illegible] strapped [illegible] shoulders [illegible] [illegible] Two little boys, [illegible] quite small, dressed in [illegible] in Scene I. In Scenes II, III [illegible] dressing-gowns. [illegible] Small girl with [illegible] in Scene I. In Scenes II, III and IV in long [illegible] Father and Mother—Large boy and girl in [illegible] [illegible], except the father, as Santa Clause in Scene III

SCENE I.

THE children come bounding in, [illegible] bow to the audience, glance at [illegible] clock, go to a small bureau, and, opening a drawer, extract three pairs [illegible] colored hose. They pin the tops together and, mounting chairs proceed to hang them carefully upon hooks prepared to re[illegible] them. Georgie points to the clock, exp[illegible]ing that it is nearly bed time. Nellie [illegible]

her hands, and Fred jumps about and smiles his joy. Taking hold of hands, they bow and go out.

SCENE II.

The mother enters with the children, who are robed for sleep. She leades the two youngest, one by each hand. They pause, pointing to the stockings. The mother smiles, and toys with Fred's curls. She leads them to the couch, over which blankets are spread, and kneels in front of couch, the children follow her example, with clasped hands and bowed heads. They remain in this attitude a short time, then rising, the mother proceeds to assist the two boys into bed, kisses them good night, looks out of the window, then tucks the covering closer about them. She then leads Nellie to the crib, lifts her in, kisses her, arranges the chairs, closes the drawer that the children left open, takes one more look at the boys and goes out.

SCENE III.

Santa Claus comes creeping cautiously in, makes a profound bow to the audience, then peering at the occupants of couch and crib to be sure they are locked in the arms of Morpheus, he proceeds to fill the stockings. While he is thus engaged, the youngest boy (*who should have piercing eyes*) slowly raises his curly head from the pillow, and recognizing his father in the person of Santa Claus, places a finger significantly upon his nose, as much as to say, "You can't fool me!" Of course, his movements are unnoticed by Santa Claus, who fills the stockings to repletion, places sundry other large toys, such as a sled, wax doll, hobby, etc., under each respective stocking, and laying a finger upon his lips, bows and goes out

SCENE IV.

The father and mother enter, and going up to the children, pantomime that they are asleep, and must not be disturbed. They sit. Children begin to show signs of waking. Fred leaps to the floor with a bound, rubbing his eyes, the others follow in rapid succession, and mounting chairs, wrench the stockings from the hooks, and scatter their contents over the floor.—(*They should contain nothing that would injure by falling.*)—Fred shakes his finger mischievously at his father, then rushes up and kisses him heartily. The children gather up the toys, which they drop again, and finally, with arms full, they all face the audience, bow and go out.

JENNIE JOY.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Dialogue from "Little Women."

Arranged by FRANCES PUTNAM POGUE.

CHARACTERS.

MEG OR MARGARET.
JO.
LAURIE.
BETH.
AMY.

SCENE—Sitting-Room. All of the girls busy at something. Meg reading aloud. Amy drawing. Jo knitting. Beth sewing.

LAURIE. (*Peeping in at door.*) May I come in, please? or shall I be a bother?

Jo. Of course, you may. We should have asked you before, only we thought you wouldn't care for such a girl's game as this.

Laurie. I always like your games; but if Meg doesn't want me, I'll go away.

Meg. I've no objection, if you do something; it's against the rules to be idle here.

Laurie. Much obliged; I'll do anything if you'll let me stop a bit, for it's as dull as the Desert of Sahara down there. Shall I sew, read, draw, or do all at once? Bring on your bears; I'm ready.

Jo. Finish the story while I set my heel. (*Meg hands book to Laurie, and begins to darn stockings.*)

Laurie. (*meekly.*) Yes'm. (*Takes book and finishes some short story, while girls go on with work.*) Please ma'am, could I inquire if this highly instructive and charming institution is a new one?

Meg. Would you tell him?

Amy. He'll laugh.

Jo. Who cares?

Beth. I guess he'll like it.

Laurie. Of course I shall! I'll give you my word, I won't laugh. Tell away, Jo, and don't be afraid.

Jo. The idea of being afraid of you! Well, you see we used to play "Pilgrim's Progregss," and we have been going on with it in earnest, all winter and summer.

Laurie. Yes, I know.

Jo. Who told you?

Laurie. Spirits!

Beth. No, I did; I wanted to amuse him one night when you were all away, and he was rather dismal. He did like it, so don't scold, Jo.

Jo. You can't keep a secret. Never mind: it saves trouble now.

Laurie. Go on, please.

Jo. Oh, didn't she tell you about this new plan of ours? Well, we have tried not to waste our holiday, but each has had a task, and worked at it with a will. The vacation is nearly over, the stints are all done, and we are ever so glad that we didn't dawdle.

Laurie. Yes, I should think so.

Jo. We call this the "Delectable Mountains," for we can look far away and see the country where we hope to live some day.

Laurie. (*Looking out of window.*) How beautiful that is!

Amy. It's often so, and we like to watch it, for it is never the same but always splendid.

Beth. Jo talks about the country where we hope to live some day—the *real* country, she means, with pigs and chickens and haymaking. It would be nice, but I wish the beautiful country up there was real, and we could ever go to it.

Meg. There is a lovlier country even than that, where we *shall* go, by and by, when we are good enough.

Beth. (*Musingly.*) It seems so long to wait, so hard to do. I want to fly away at once, as those swallows fly, and go in at that splendid gate

Jo. You'll get there, Beth, sooner or later; no fear of that. I'm the one that will have to fight and work, and climb and wait, and maybe never get it after all.

Laurie. You'll have me for company, if that's any comfort. I shall have to do a deal of traveling before I come in sight of your Celestial City. If I arrive late you'll say a good word for me, won't you, Beth?

Beth. (*Cheerfully.*) If people really want to go and really try all their lives, I think they will get in; for I don't believe ther are locks on that door, or any guards at th gate I always imagine it is as it is in th picture, where the shining ones stretch out their hands to welcome poor Christian as h came up from the river.

Jo. Wouldn't it be fun if all th castl in the air which we make could come tru, and we could live in them?

Laurie. I've made such quantities would be hard to choose which I d have.

Meg. You'd have to take your favorit one. What is it?

Laurie. If I tell mine, will you tell yours?

Meg. Yes, if the girls will, too.

Altogether. We will. Now, Laurie.

Laurie. After I'd seen as much of th world as I want to, I'd like to settle in Ge many and have just as much music as choose. I'm to be a famous musician my self, and all creation is to rush to hear me and I'm never to be bothered about mon or business, but just enjoy myself, and l for what I like. That's my favorite castl What's yours, Meg?

Meg. I should like a lovely house, fu of all sorts of luxurious things, nice f pretty clothes, handsome furniture, plea people and heaps of money. I am to mistress of it, and manage it as I like, wi plenty of servants, so I never need wor bit. How I should enjoy it! for I woul be idle, but do good and make every love me dearly.

Laurie. Wouldn't you have a master your castle in the air?

Meg. I said "pleasant people," kno .

Jo. Why don't you say you'd have splerdid, wi , good husband, and s angelic children? You know your ca wouldn't be perfect without. (*Scorn*

Meg. (*Petulantly.* You'd have noth but horses, inkstands and novels in you

Jo. Wouldn't I though? I'd hav stable full of Arabian steeds, rooms p with books, and I'd write out of a ma inkstand, so that my works should be famous as Laurie's music. I wont to something splendid before I go into castle—something heroic or wonderful, won't be forgotten after I'm dead. I don t

know what, but I'm on the watch for it, and mean to astonish you all, some day. I think I shall write books and get rich and famous; that would suit me, so that is *my* favorite dream.

Beth. (*Contentedly.*) Mine is to stay at home, safe with father and mother, and help take care of the family.

Laurie. Don't you wish for anything else?

Beth. Since I had my little piano I am perfectly satisfied. I only wish we could all keep well and be together; nothing else.

Amy. I have ever so many wishes; but my pet one is to be an artist, and go to Rome, and do fine pictures, and be the best artist in the whole world.

Laurie. We are an ambitious set, ain't we? Every one of us but Beth, wants to be rich and famous, and gorgeous in every respect. I do wonder if any of us will ever get our wishes?

Jo. I've got the key to my castle in the air; whether I can unlock the door remains to be seen.

Laurie. I've got the key to mine, but I'm not allowed to try it. Hang college!

Amy. Here's mine! (*Waving her pencil.*)

Meg. I haven't got any. (*Forlornly.*)

Laurie. Yes, you have.

Meg. Where?

Laurie. In your face.

Meg. Nonsense; that's of no use.

(Tea bell rings. All rise and [illegible] work. Laurie pursues Jo's ball.)

Laurie. (*To Meg.*) Wait and see if it doesn't bring something worth having. (*To all the girls.*) May I come again?

Meg. Yes, if you are good. (*Smiling.*)

Laurie. I'll try.

Jo. (*Waving her knitting.*) Then you may come, and I'll teach you to knit as the Scotchmen do; there is a demand for socks just now.

(All leave the room.)

Part XII

SHAKSPEAREAN DEPARTMENT

SHAKESPEARE with sympathies as wide as creation and sensibility as deep as old oce and susceptible to all objects of universal nature becomes its painter and its dramat and reveals the heart of man for all time to its fellows. As we turn over his pages seem not to be conversing with an individual mind or to come in contact with an indiv ual character. The works of a god seem to be before us, but they are so varied, and so perfect that they seem to give us no trace of their parent. The creator of this rich an boundless world of literature is lost in his works; we cannot trace him—we cannot dete the personality of him who "holds the glass up to natures face" and reveals her as she Mimic and painter of universal nature he paints all character with equal truth and seem ingly with equal relish.

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

Most potent, grave and reverend seigniors;
My very noble, and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.

Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking of myself.

Yet by your gracious patience,
I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic—
For such proceedings I am charged withal—
I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I had past
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field
Of hairbreadth 'scapes, in the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travels' history.

MERCUTIO, THE FRIEND OF ROMEO
Posed by Oren Johnson in "Romeo and Juliet"

RICHARD MANSFIELD

FANNIE DAVENPORT
As Cleopatra

...ll these to hear,
W...ld Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear,
Devour up my discourse. Which, I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof, by parcels, she had something heard,
But not distinctly.

I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful; 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man.

She thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake,
She loved me for the dangers I had passed
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This is the only witchcraft which I've used.

LOST REPUTATION—FROM OTHELLO.

Characters: Iago, Cassio.

IAGO. What! be you hurt, lieutenant?

Cass. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself; and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offense in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without most deserving. What, man! There are ways to recover the general again; sue to him, and he is yours.

Cass. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander. Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cass. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cass. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; how came you thus recovered?

Cass. It has pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place to the devil Wrath. One imperfection shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cass. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it; and, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you?

Cass. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk some time, man! I tell you what.

you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general; confess yourself freely to her: importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and my fortune against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cass. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cass. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake it for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant.

Cass. Good night, honest Iago.

TRIAL SCENE.

From "Merchant of Venice."

CHARACTERS.

[illegible] VENICE,
ANTONIO, a merchant,
[illegible], his intimate friend.
PORTIA, the wife of Bassanio,
SHYLOCK, a Jew,
GRATIANO, the enemy of the Jew.

[illegible] Antonio had borrowed for his friend Bassanio, [illegible] the Jew, [illegible] ducats; and Shylock had [illegible] the bond, the condition, that if Antonio [illegible] on a certain day, he should forfeit [illegible] nearest his heart. [illegible] was unable to pay on the day ap[illegible] [illegible] the Jew, [illegible] [illegible] Bassanio [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

DUKE. Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Portia. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the [illegible]
That holds this present question in the court?

Portia. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Portia. Is your name Shylock?

Shylock. Shylock is my name.

Portia. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Can not impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?
(*To Antonio.*)

Antonio. Ay, so he says.

Portia. Do you confess the bond?

Antonio. I do.

Portia. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shylock. On what *compulsion* must I? tell me that.

Portia. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His *scepter* shows the force of *temporal* power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But *mercy* is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do *pray* for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shylock. My deeds upon my head! I crave the *law*,
The penalty and forfeit of my *bond*.

Portia. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bassanio. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, *twice* the sum; if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a *great right*, do a *little wrong*,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Portia. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
[illegible]

[illegible]

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shylock. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Portia. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

[illegible]

So says the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

[illegible] Are there balance here, to weigh

[illegible]

I have them ready.

[illegible]

[illegible]
friend

And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Portia. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shylock. Most rightful judge!

Portia. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shylock. Most learned judge! A sentence! [illegible]

Portia. Tarry a little—there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, "a pound of flesh":
[illegible] then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
[illegible] the cutting it, if thou dost shed
[illegible] drop of Christian blood, thy lands [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the laws of Venice confiscate
[illegible]

[illegible]

O learned judge! [illegible]
[illegible] learned judge!
I take this offer then; [illegible]
bond thrice
[illegible] let the Christian go.

[illegible] Here is the money.

Portia. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft!—no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gratiano. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

[illegible] Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less, nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou takest more
Or less than just a pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
[illegible]
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale do turn
[illegible]
But in the estimation of a hair—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gratiano. A second Daniel—a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Portia. Why doth the Jew pause? take [illegible]

Shylock. Give me my principal and let me go.

Bassanio. I have it ready for thee; here [illegible]

Portia. He hath refused it in the open [illegible]
[illegible]
He shall have merely justice and [illegible]

Gratiano. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!
[illegible]

[illegible]

Portia. [illegible]
[illegible]
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He [illegible]
The party 'gainst [illegible]
[illegible]
Shall seize one half his goods; [illegible]
[illegible]
Comes to the privy coffer [illegible]
[illegible]
Of the duke only, 'gainst [illegible]
In which predicament I say [illegible]
For it appears by manifest proceeding
[illegible] and directly [illegible]
Thou hast contrived against the [illegible]
[illegible] and thou hast [illegible]
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the [illegible]

Gratiano. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself.
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hanged at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state.

MARK ANTONY TO THE PEOPLE, ON CÆSAR'S DEATH.

From Julius Cæsar

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
[illegible] Brutus is an honorable man!
[illegible] are they all! all honorable men,
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to [illegible]
[illegible] Brutus says he [illegible] ambitious;
[illegible] Brutus is an honorable man!
[illegible] hath [illegible] many captives home to Rome
[illegible] ransoms did the general coffers [illegible]
[illegible] Cæsar seem ambitious?
[illegible] the poor have cried, Cæsar hath [illegible]
[illegible] should be made of sterner [illegible]
[illegible] ambitious,
[illegible] honorable man.
[illegible] that on the Lupercal
[illegible] him a kingly crown,
[illegible] thrice refuse: was this am[illegible]
[illegible] says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honorable man!
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar
And I must pause till it come back to me.—
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world;— now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence!
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men!—
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet,— 'tis his will!
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue!
[illegible] you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii!
Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through!
See what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this,—the well beloved Brutus stabbed

And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no!
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all!
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,—
Which all the while ran blood!—great Cæsar fell!
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down:
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us!
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself,—marred, as you see, by traitors!—
Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honorable!
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him,—
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:
I tell you that which you yourselves do know:
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds,—poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

From Julius Cæsar.

[illegible]

[illegible]

CASSIUS. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardinians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty meed of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is it possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. Oh gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, tell your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace: you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What! durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not. Still you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not
Bru. I do not like your faults
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed
Set in a note book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth
I that denied thee gold, will give my heart
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius
Bru. Sheathe your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor
Oh, Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Which, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus
When grief, and blood ill tempered, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that I was ill tempered, too
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand
Bru. And my h[illegible]
Cas. Oh Brut[illegible]
Bru. W[illegible]
Cas. Have [illegible] not love enough to bear with [illegible]
When that rash humor which my mother gave [illegible]
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides and leave you so.

ANTONY AND VENTIDIUS.

From "Antony and Cleopatra."

ANTONY. They tell me tis my birth day and I'll keep it
With double pomp and sadness
'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath
Why was I raised! the meteor of the world
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I traveled,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward
To be trod out by Cæsar?
Vent. I must disturb him. I can hold no longer
(Stands before him.)
Ant. (Starting up.) Art thou Ventidius?
Vent. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.
Ant. I'm angry.
Vent. So am I
Ant. I would be private. Leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you
And therefore will not leave you
Ant. Will not leave me!
Where have you learnt this answer? Who am I?
Vent. My emperor, the man I love next Heaven
Ant. Emperor? Why that's the style of victory
The conquering soldier, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears
Vent. I warrant you
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh!
Vent. It sits too near you
Ant. Here, here it lies! a lump of lead by day
And, in my short distracted nightly slumbers,

The hag that rides my dreams——
Vent. Out with it; give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.
Vent. So has Julius done.
Ant. Thou favorest me, and speakest not half thou thinkest;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:
But Antony—
Vent. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony
(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought! fled first, Ventidius.
Thou longest to curse me: I give thee leave.
I know thou camest prepared to rail.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done: too conscious of your failings;
And like a scorpion, whipped by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.
Ant. I know thou wouldst.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Sure thou dreamest, Ventidius.
Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honor's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief: By painful journeys
I led them, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chopped hands; there's virtue in them:
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I said in Lower Syria.
Ant. Bring them hither;
There may be life in these.
Vent. They will not come.
Ant. Why did they refuse to march?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Ant. What was 't they said?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conqueror,
And make you more a slave?
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free license
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Vent. Behold, you powers,
To whom you have entrusted human kind!
See Europe, Asia, Africa, put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light, worthless woman!
Ant. You grow presumptuous.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance! plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor,
Who, under seeming honesty, has vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh, that thou wert my equal, great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to honor!
Vent. You may kill me;
You have done more already; called me a traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For showing you yourself,
Which no one else durst have done. But had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to have led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,

And not have been so called.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir,
Pray kill me; yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: prithee forgive me.
Thou only lovest, the rest have flattered me.

Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word!
May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou knowest the way.

Vent. And will you leave this—

Ant. Prithee do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though Heaven knows I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour;
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal master;
And shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;
And at the head of our old troops that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me!

Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul: your looks are more sublime;
You speak a hero, and you move like Mars.

Ant. Oh, thou hast fired me! My soul is up in arms!
And mans each part about me: once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way! In vain a war of spears
Sung round my head and planted all my shield!
I won the trenches while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods!
For such another hour!

Ant. Come on, my soldier!
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to them; mow them out a passage,
And entering where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

CORIOLANUS AND AUFIDIUS

CORIOLANUS. I plainly, Tullus, by your looks perceive
You disapprove my conduct.

Aufidius. I mean not to assail thee with the clamour
Of loud reproaches and the war of words;
But, pride apart, and all that can pervert
The light of steady reason, here to make
A candid, fair proposal.

Cor. Speak, I hear thee.

Auf. I need not tell thee, that I have perform'd
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected;
Hast had the supreme command and station;
Thy wounded pride is healed, thy dear revenge
Completely sated; and to crown thy fortune,
At the same time, thy peace with Rome restored.
Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman;
Return, return: thy duty calls upon thee
Still to protect the city thou hast saved;
It still may be in danger from our arms.
Retire, I will take care thou mayst with safety.

Cor. With safety? Heavens! and think'st thou Coriolanus
Will stoop to thee for safety? No! my safeguard
Is in myself, a bosom void of fear.

O, 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness
To seize the very time my hands are fettered
By the strong chain of former obligation,
The safe, sure moment to insult me. Gods!
Were I now free, as on that day I was
When at Corioli I tamed thy pride,
This had not been

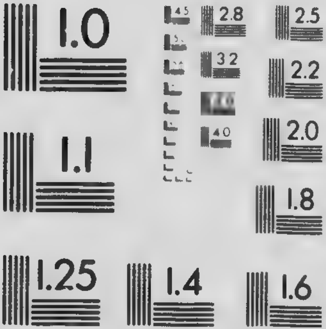
Auf. Thou speakest the truth; it had not.
Oh, for that time again! Propitious gods,
If you will bless me, grant it! Now for that,
For that dear purpose, I have now proposed
Thou shouldst return: I pray thee, Marcius, do it
And we shall meet again on nobler terms.

Cor. Till I have cleared my honor in your council,
And proved before them all, to thy confusion,
The falsehood of thy charge, as soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy
As quit the station they've assigned me here.

Auf. Thou canst not hope acquittal from the Volscians.
Cor. I do. Nay, more, expect their approbation,
Their thanks. I will obtain them such a peace
As thou durst never ask; a perfect union
Of their whole nation with imperial Rome,
In all her privileges, all her rights;
By the just gods, I will. What wouldst thou more?
Auf. What would I more, proud Roman? This I would—
Fire the cursed forest, where these Roman wolves
Haunt and rob their nobler neighbors round them;
Extirpate from the bosom of this land
A false, perfidious people, who, beneath
The mask of freedom, are a combination
Against the liberty of human kind,
The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.
Cor. The seed of gods. 'Tis not for thee, vain boaster,
'Tis not for such as thou, so often spared
By her victorious sword, to speak of Rome,
But with respect and awful veneration.
Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
There is more virtue in one single year
Of Roman story, than your Volscian annals
Can boast through all their creeping, dark duration.
Auf. I thank thy rage. This full displays the traitor.
Cor. Traitor!—How now?
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name
Coriolanus, in Corioli?
You lords, and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome—
I say, your city—to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten stick; never admitting
Counsel of the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory,
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering at each other.
Cor. Hearest thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy!
Cut me to pieces, Volscians, men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. Boy!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there
That, like an eagle in a dovecot, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it. Boy! But let us part,
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
My cooler thoughts forbid.
Tul. I court
The worst thy sword can do, while thou from me
Hast nothing to expect but sore destruction;
Quit then this hostile camp once more I tell thee,

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No 2



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Thou art not here one single hour in safety.
Cor. Oh, that I had thee in the field,
With six Aufidiuses, or more thy tribe,
To uses my lawful sword!—

SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances:
And one man in his time plays many parts
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances:
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank: and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

PART XIII

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

Prepared Originally and Expressly for this Volume

BY GEORGE M. VICKERS

Author of "Guard the Flag" etc

THE LITTLE FORESTERS.

A Musical Sketch for Arbor Day.

Preparation: A platform with walls at [illegible] rear decorated with evergreen several palms and rubber plants [illegible] along sides of platform. Benches or stools right and left of [illegible] form, leaving plenty of room in the centre for evolutions of [illegible] children

CHARACTERS

Colonel Acorn, Major Hickory Captain Juniper, Lieutenant Spruce, Sergeant Peach,	Foresters
Lily Hawthorn, Daisy Primrose, Violet Cornflower Pansy Pink, Lady Slipper,	School Girls.

Also, ten boys and ten girls for chorus and evolutions

COSTUMES.

Foresters Brown muslin blouses, with orange colored sashes worn over right shoulder, and tied in a bow at left hip. Each boy wears an evergreen wreath, and carries a staff with red white and blue ribbon tied near the top

School Girls: Pink lawn dresses with green sashes wreaths of flowers to be worn on the head Each girl to carry a bunch of flowers

Ten Boys: Dark pants, white shirt-waists

Ten Girls: White dresses, pink sashes Each [illegible] girl to wear a red white and blue rosette on left breast [illegible] carry a small bunch of evergreen.

Directions: The ten boys and ten girls enter [illegible] form, singing the following words; the girls enter [illegible] the boys from the left; they countermarch, and take [illegible] along the sides, the boys at right, the girls at left of platform

SONG OF THE TREES

Tune: "Comin' Thr'o the Rye

I

HAIL the day with cheers of gladness,
Let your voices ring;
Of the trees, their use and beauty,
Merrily we sing:
By the roadside, in the orchard
Or the forest grand!
All the trees, wher'er we find them,
Grow to bless the land.

2.

Trees that shade the dusty wayside,
These should have our care,
For they shield the weary trav'ler
From the sun's bright glare;
'Neath their green and cooling branches,
Ling'ring while we may,
Oh, how restful, how refreshing
In the heat of day!

3.

Apple blossoms, cherry blossoms,
Fair are they to see,
Full of promise of the fruitage
Soon to deck the tree.
Golden quince, and rosy apple,
Ripe and luscious pear,
Are among the orchard's treasures
That we all may share

4.

Sturdy oak and stately poplar,
Cedar, elm and pine,
I would spare you, I would shield you,
If the power were mine.
Hail the day with cheers of gladness,
Let your voices ring;
Plant your trees that they for others
Blessings sweet may bring.

DIRECTIONS The boys and girls should take positions at the right and left of platform while singing the last stanza

Immediately after the singing ceases The Five Foresters enter and advance to front of platform

Colonel Acorn. Ladies and gentlemen, we have been attracted by your merry voices—may we join in your festivities?

Boys and Girls. Welcome! We too are tree-planters, and foresters are our friends.

Foresters. Thanks, many thanks.

Colonel Acorn.

"Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.
For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth,
Who toils to leave, as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth."

Major Hickory. The man or woman who plants a tree is a public benefactor, and the tree will need no epitaph upon it to proclaim the virtue of the one who planted it. It will be a beautiful monument to a generous soul.

Captain Juniper.

I'm Captain Juniper,
Friends, as you see,
Named for a popular
Sort of a tree;
Though valued by many,
Some think it a sin.
That juniper berries
Get mixed up with gin.

Boys and Girls. It is not the tree, nor its berries; it is not the golden grain; it is simply the use, or abuse of berry and grain that makes them good or evil.

Lieutenant Spruce. Ladies and gentlemen, I am Lieutenant Spruce, and, while I admit that I spruce up once in a while, it must not be inferred that I am a dude. The spruce tree is very useful, it is a pretty ornament in a landscape; besides, you've all tasted spruce beer.

Sergeant Peach. (Bowing low) I'm a Peach, ladies and gentlemen, a descendant of the old and honorable Peach family. Like the tree and its luscious fruit—which bear our ancient name, everybody likes the Peaches.

Captain Acorn. Hark! I hear approaching footsteps.

School girls enter, singing the following:

JOY FOR THE STURDY TREES.

Tune: "My Country 'tis of Thee."

1.

"Joy for the sturdy trees!
Fanned by each fragrant breeze,
Lovely they stand!
The song-birds o'er them thrill,
They shade each tinkling rill,
They crown each swelling hill,
Lowly or grand.

Direction. At the beginning of [illegible] the Foresters march, [illegible] by the [illegible], the ten boys and ten girls following, [illegible]

2.

"Plant them by stream and way,
Plant where the children play
And toilers rest;
In every verdant vale,
On every sunny swale,
Whether to grow or fail—
God knoweth best.

3.

"Select the strong, the fair,
Plant them with earnest care—
No toil is vain.
Plant in a fitter place,
Where, like a lovely face,
Set in some sweeter grace,
Change may prove gain.

4.

"God will His blessing send—
All things on Him depend.
His loving care
Clings to each leaf and flower
Like ivy to its tower
His presence and His power
Are everywhere."

While singing the last stanza, all resume their original positions. The Foresters and school girls to occupy the front centre [illegible]

Captain Acorn. Much has been said of the trees, and very justly; but from the flowers I see, I think they, too, deserve our praise, even if some of them are old fashioned.

Lady Slipper. Indeed I love old fashioned flowers, and these are my friends, Miss Hawthorn, Miss Primrose, Miss Pink, and Miss Cornflower. I'm sure they are all sweet and charming.

Lily H. You love them, so suppose you sing us something about them.

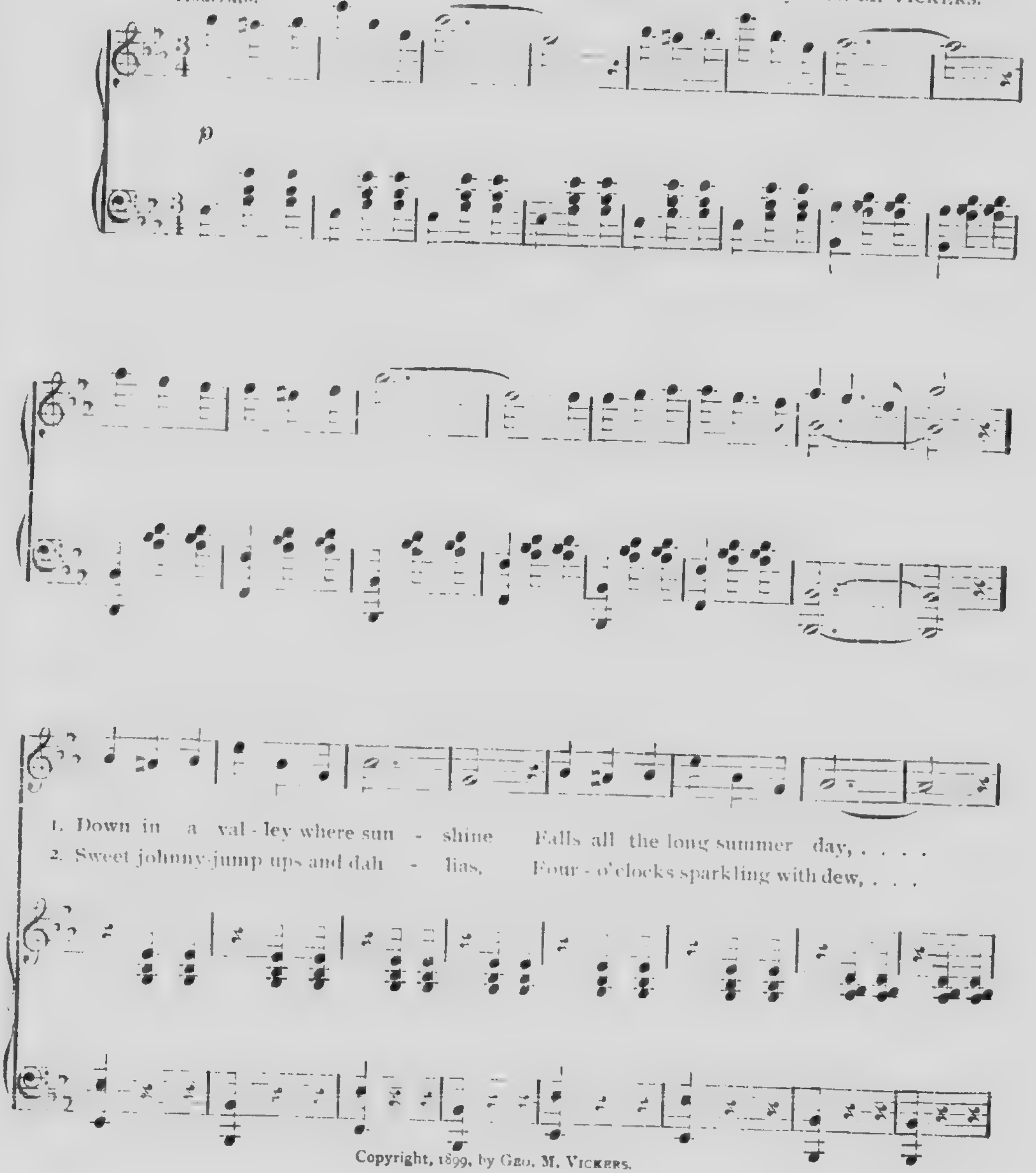
School girls. Oh, please do!

Lady Slipper sings the following song, all the children joining in the chorus.

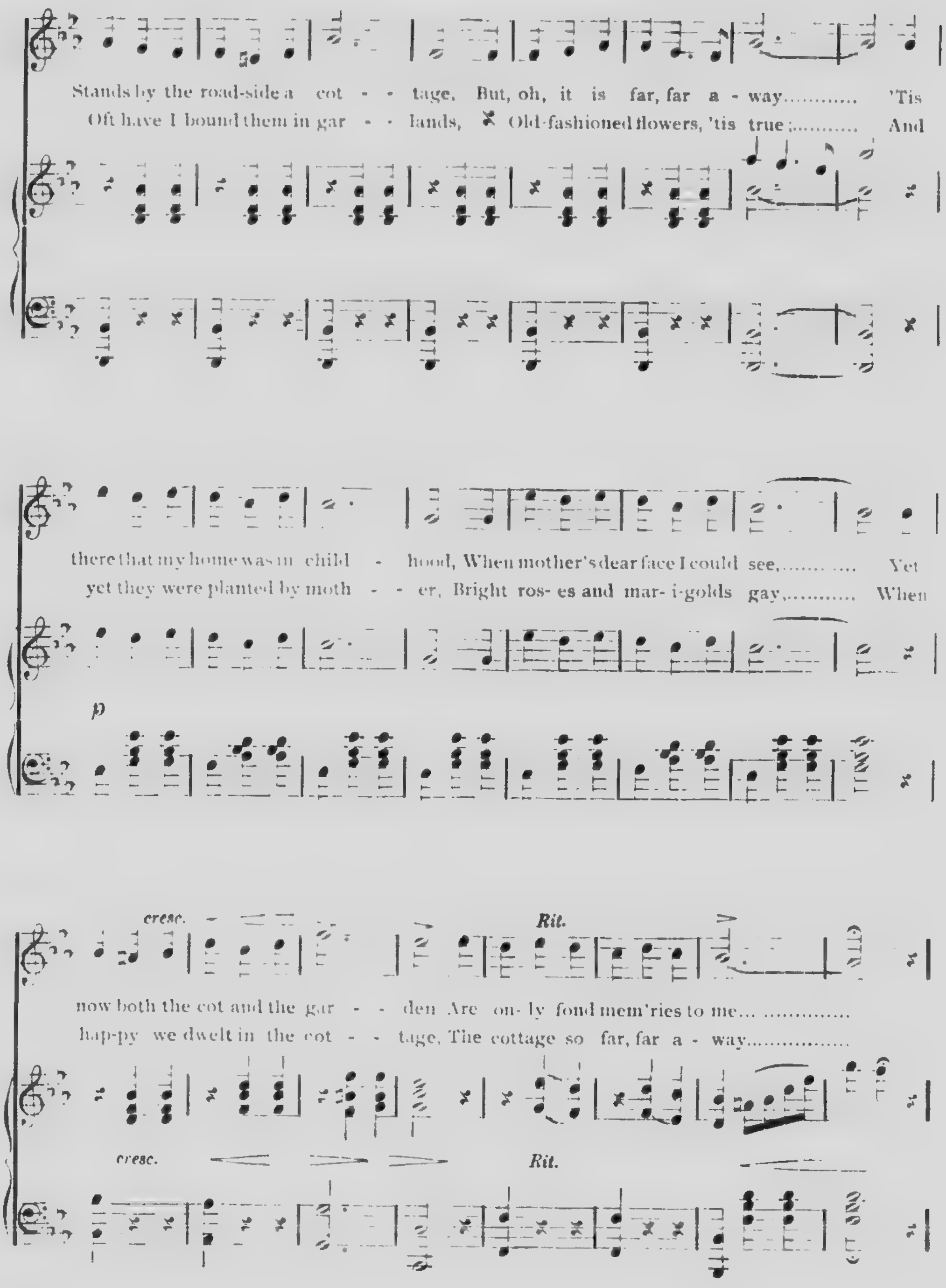
OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS.

Words and Music by GEO. M. VICKERS.

Moderato.

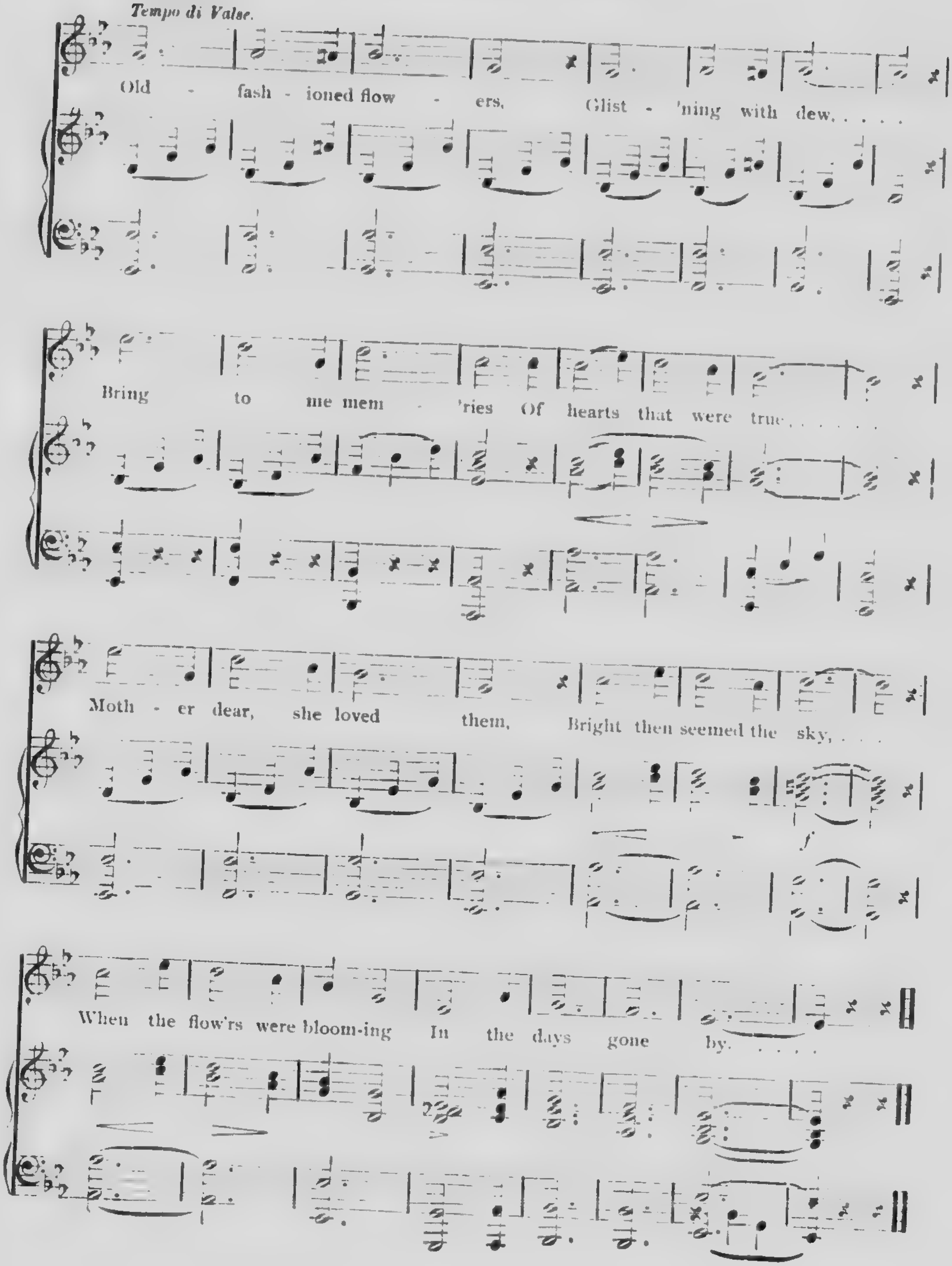


Copyright, 1899, by GEO. M. VICKERS.


Stands by the road-side a cot - - tage. But, oh, it is far, far a - way........... 'Tis
Oft have I bound them in gar - - lands, Old-fashioned flowers, 'tis true ;.......... And
there that my home was in child - hood, When mother's dear face I could see,....... .... Yet
yet they were planted by moth - - er, Bright ros- es and mar- i-golds gay,........... When
p
cresc.
Rit.
now both the cot and the gar - - den Are on- ly fond mem'ries to me... ....
hap-py we dwelt in the cot - - tage, The cottage so far, far a - way.................
cresc.
Rit.

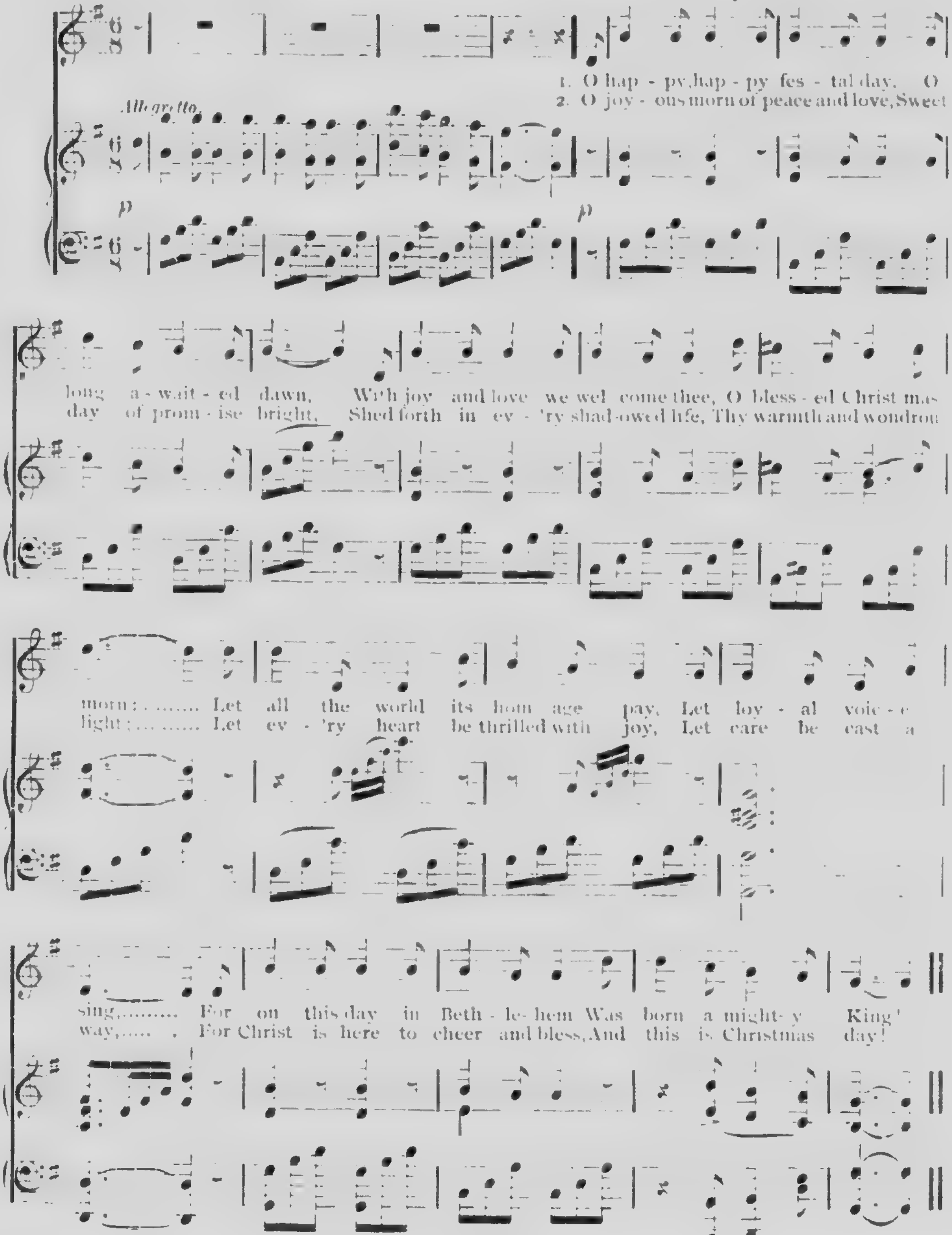
REFRAIN.

Tempo di Valse.



A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Words by Geo. M. Vickers. Music by Stanley Adams.



By permission

THE MUSICAL ASTERS

A PRETTY FEATURE WITH WHICH TO CONCLUDE AN ENTERTAINMENT

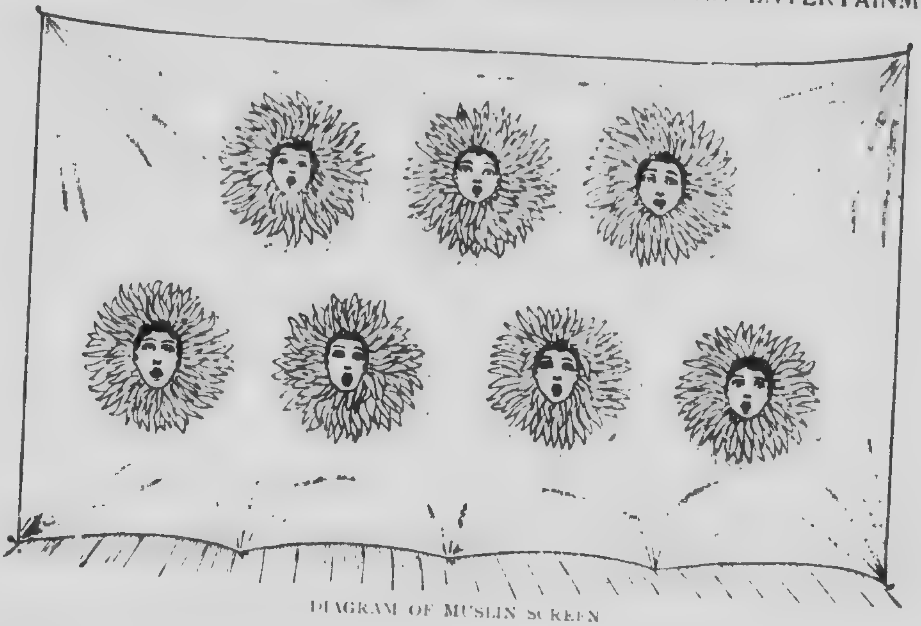


DIAGRAM OF MUSLIN SCREEN

DIRECTIONS: Seven good voices, either male or female, or both. Three young men for the top holes, and four young ladies for the lower ones, make the most effective combination. Get a piece of sheeting muslin, six feet wide, and long enough to reach across the platform. By getting plenty of length, the same muslin will do for various platforms. In the centre of the muslin, at the height of five feet from the bottom, cut three round holes, the size of a human face. The holes must be three feet apart. Two feet below the three holes, cut four holes three feet apart, as shown in the diagram. Around each hole paint the petals of the Aster flower. As these flowers are of almost every color, scarlet, orange, and blue can be used with good effect.

Fasten the lower edge of the muslin to the floor of the platform; the top can be attached to a rope or wire, the ends of which are secured to the side walls.

The singers take position behind the screen, and each one placing his or her face in the hole, those at the top ones standing, those at the lower ones kneeling. The seven singers are named after the seven notes in music, thus: A, B, C, D, E, F, and G. Following is the manner in which the song is sung.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE.

Tune—"Annie Laurie."

VOICE A.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
  Where Annie used to sigh,
    And for her, 'tis said a Scotchman
Would lay him down and die

ALL VOICES.

Would lay him down and die,
The same as you and I
For his own sweet Annie Laurie
He would lay him down and die.

VOICE B

Her brow was like the snow-drift
  Yet warm her heart and true;
Oh, she was as fair a sweetheart
  As e'er in Scotland grew.

ALL VOICES

As e'er in Scotland grew,
Where early falls the dew;
And she was as fair a lassie
As e'er in Scotland grew.

VOICE C.

Her feet 'tis said were dainty,
  Yet no one ever knew;
Either from a song or story,
  The number of her shoe

All Voices.

The number of her shoe,
Nor do they give a clue;
Yet still she loved a Scotchman,
And for that she gets her due.

Voice D.

Her voice was low and dulcet,
  A charm that all folks prize;
And her blue eyes in their splendor
  Outvied the azure skies.

All Voices.

Outvied the azure skies,
With all that this implies;
Yet we know gray, black, or brown ones
Are sure to charm likewise.

Voice E.

Somewhere, an Annie Laurie,
  Somewhere, a Scotchman dwells;
And for both, each heart in whispers,
  The same old story tells.

All Voices.

The same old story tells,
That works its mystic spells;
For we're all Scotch lads and lassies,
Wherever true love dwells.

Voice F.

Let all praise Annie Laurie,
  And him who for her sighed;
And we'll hope, though 'tis not mentioned,
  He won her for his bride.

All Voices.

He won her for his bride,
For hard, indeed, he tried;
And we'll hope, though oft disheartened,
He laid not down and died.

Voice G.

Farewell to Annie Laurie,
  That maiden pure and true;
All the world will love her ever,
  'Twill love the Scotchman, too.

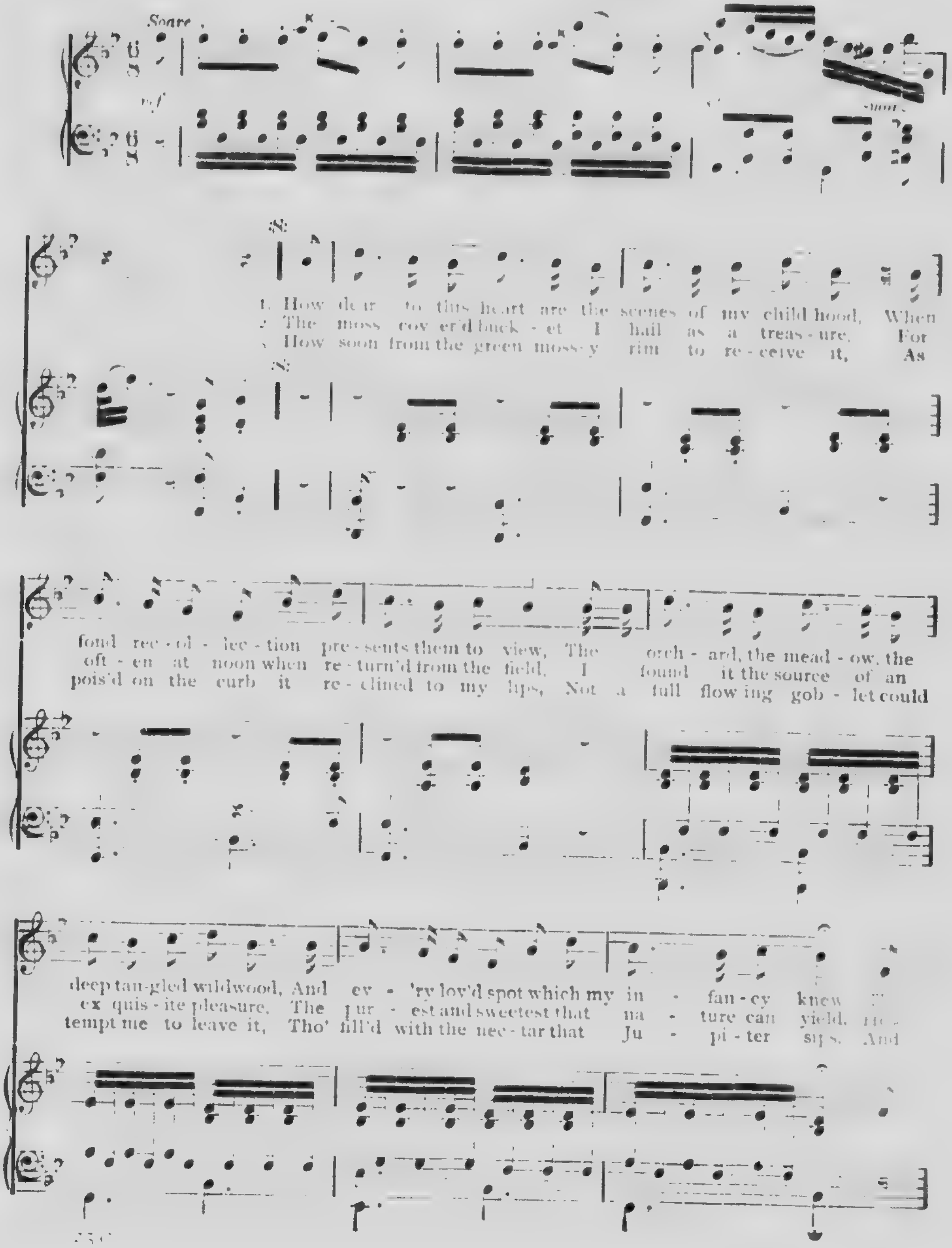
All Voices.

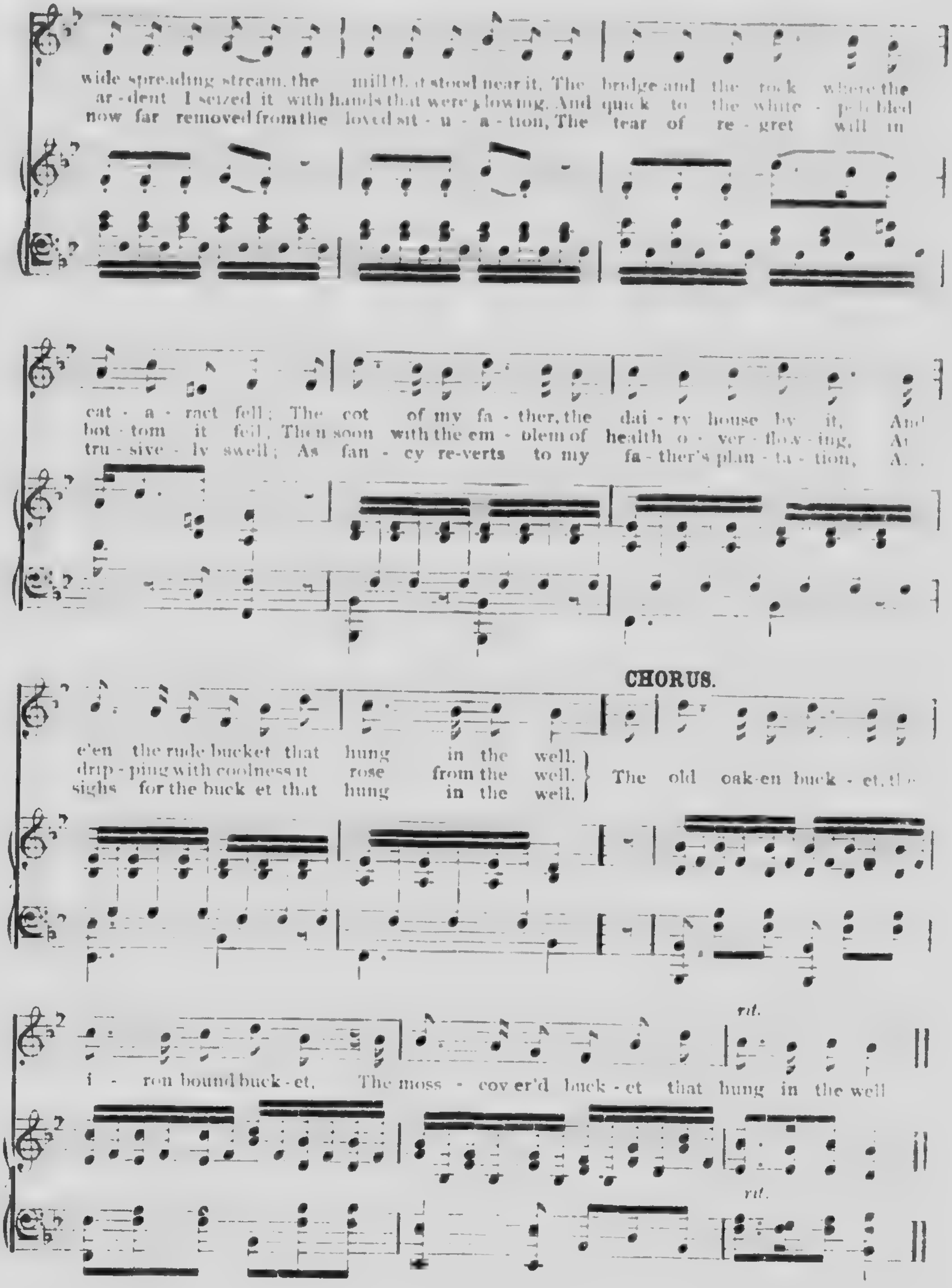
'Twill love the Scotchman, too,
For what he meant to do;
But we'll all love Annie Laurie
For her heart so warm and true.

The End.

Note.—Any song can be adapted to this form of entertainment, and all that is necessary is to apportion the words among the several singers.

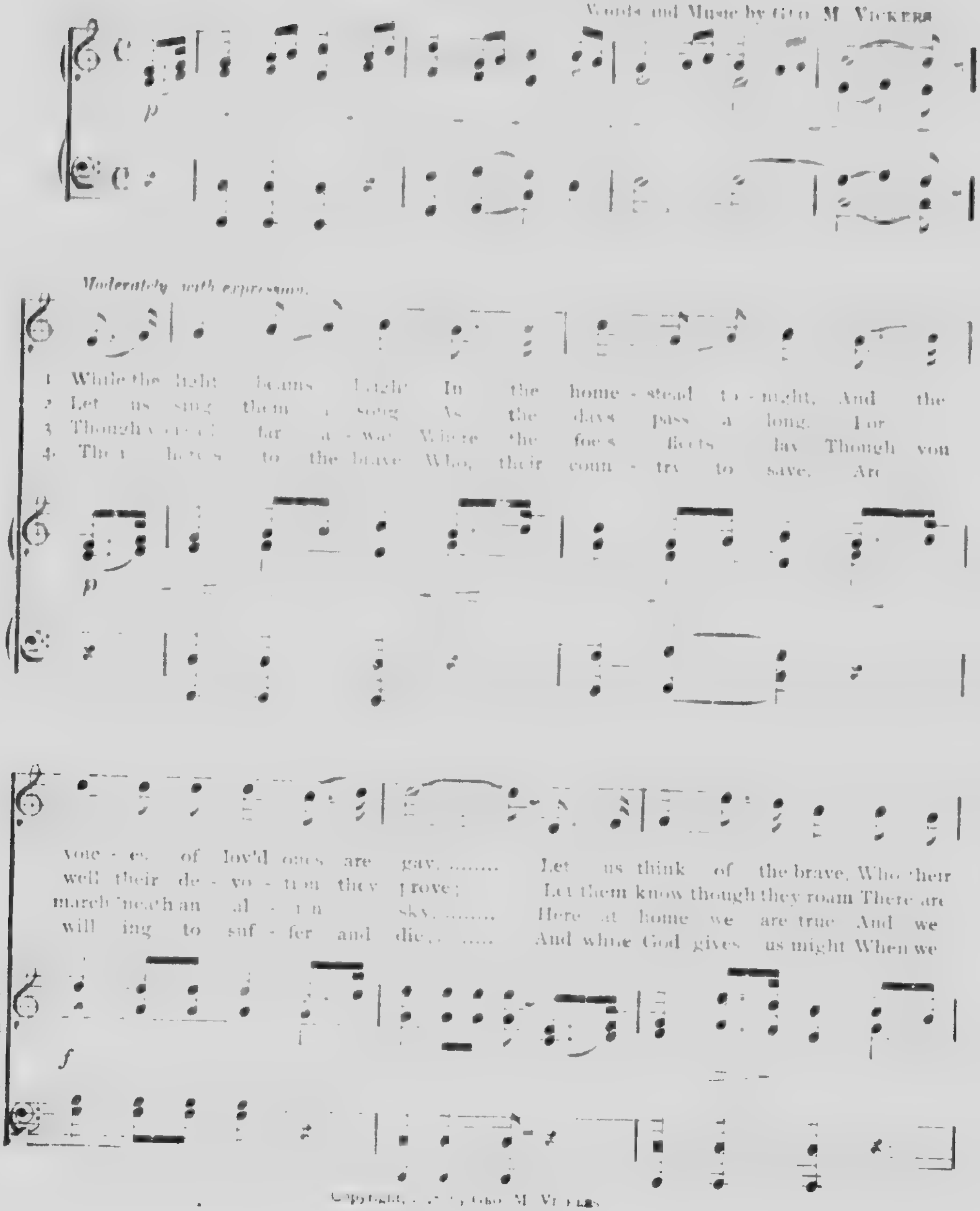
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.




wide spreading stream, the mill that stood near it, The bridge and the rock where the
ar - dent I seized it with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white - pebbled
now far removed from the loved sit - u - a - tion, The tear of re - gret will in
cat - a - ract fell; The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry house by it, And
bot - tom it fell, Then soon with the em - blem of health o - ver - flow - ing, A
tru - sive - ly swell; As fan - cy re-verts to my fa - ther's plan - ta - tion, A
CHORUS.
e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
drip - ping with coolness it rose from the well.
sighs for the buck et that hung in the well.
The old oak-en buck - et, the
i - ron bound buck - et, The moss - cov er'd buck - et that hung in the well
rit.
rit.

OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

Words and Music by Geo. M. Vickers



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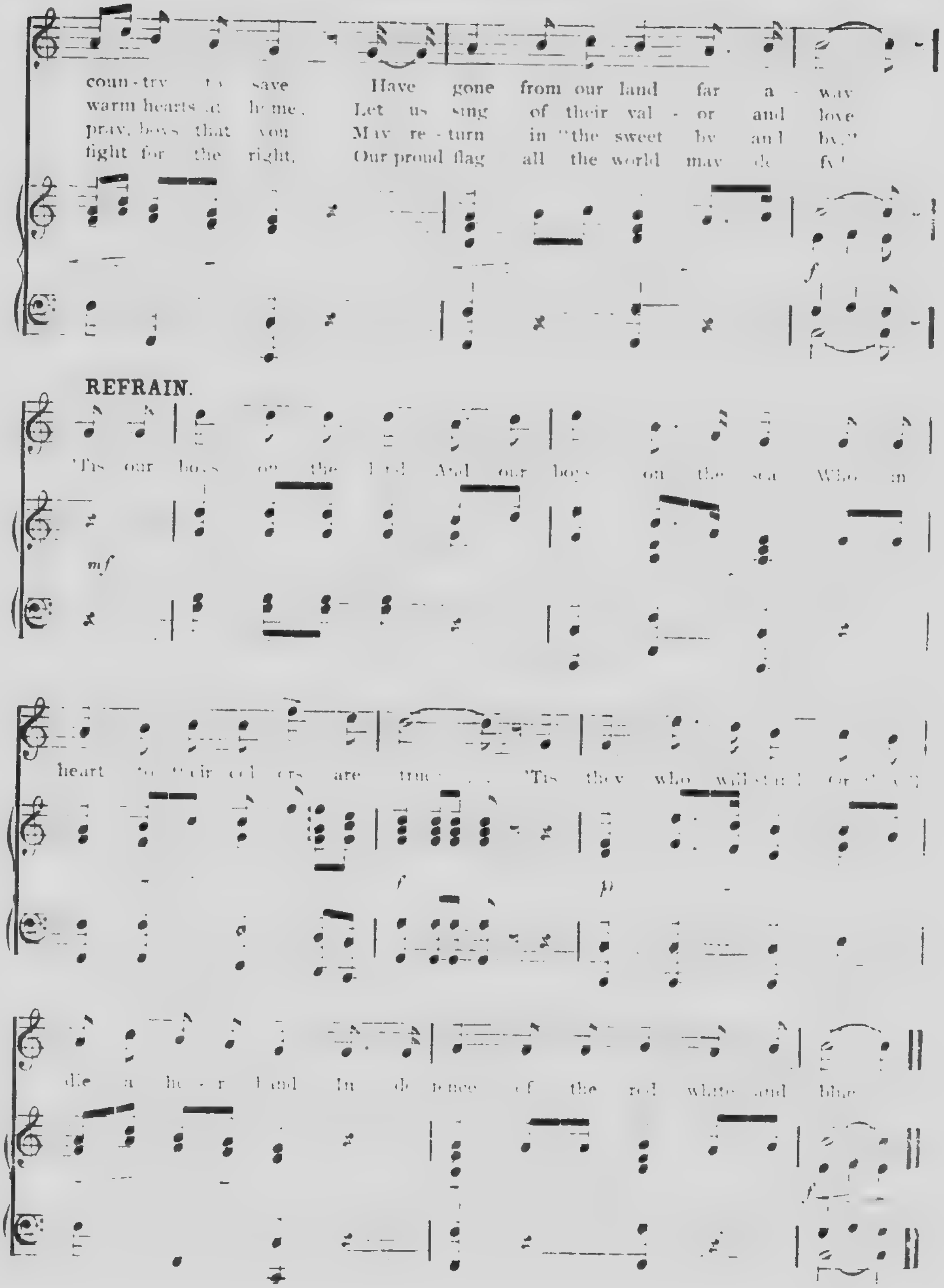
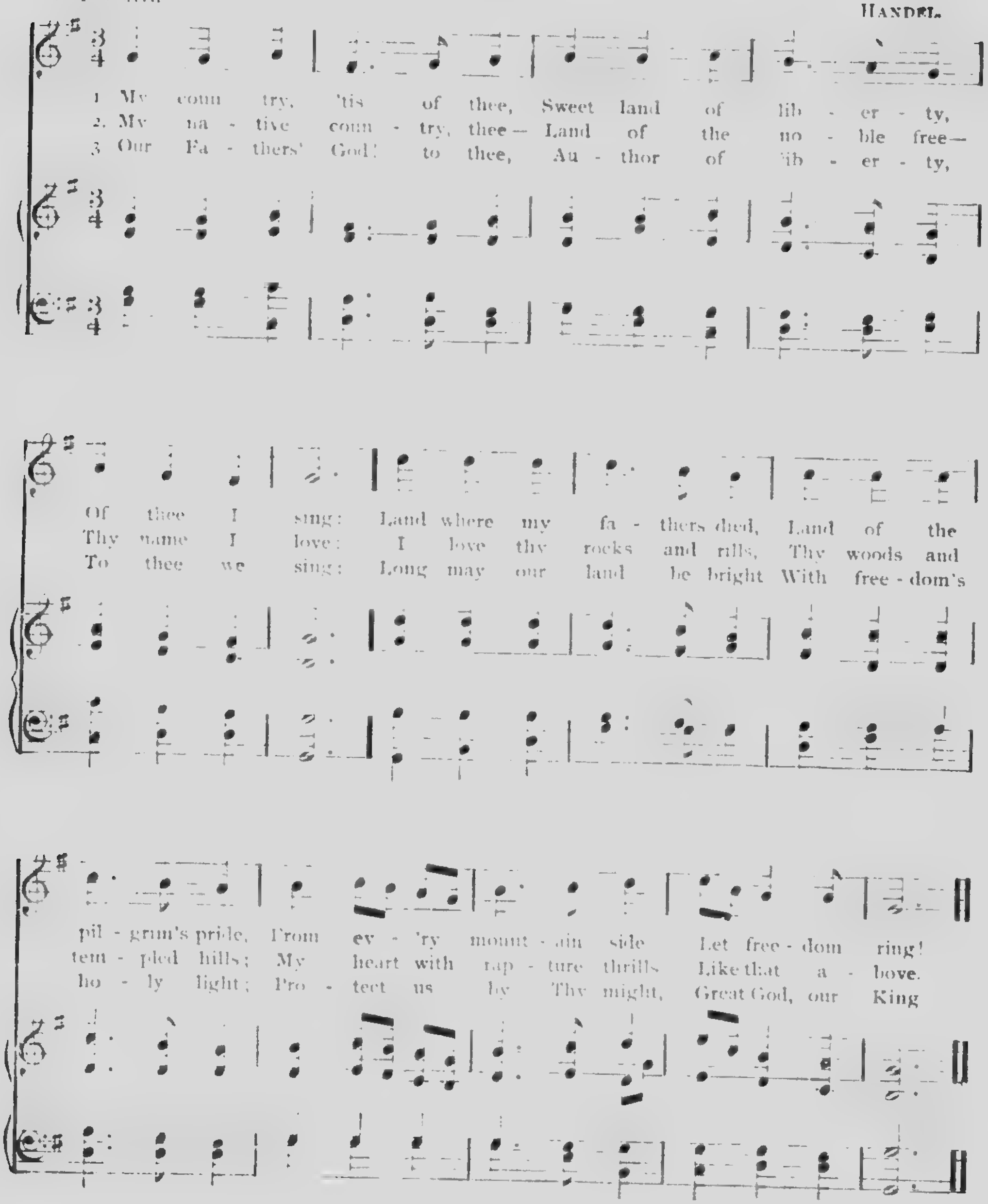

coun - try to save Have gone from our land far a - way
warm hearts at home. Let us sing of their val - or and love
pray, boys that you May re - turn in "the sweet by and by."
fight for the right. Our proud flag all the world may defy!
REFRAIN.
mf
f
p
f

AMERICA. "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

May be sung as Solo or Chorus.

S. F. SMITH

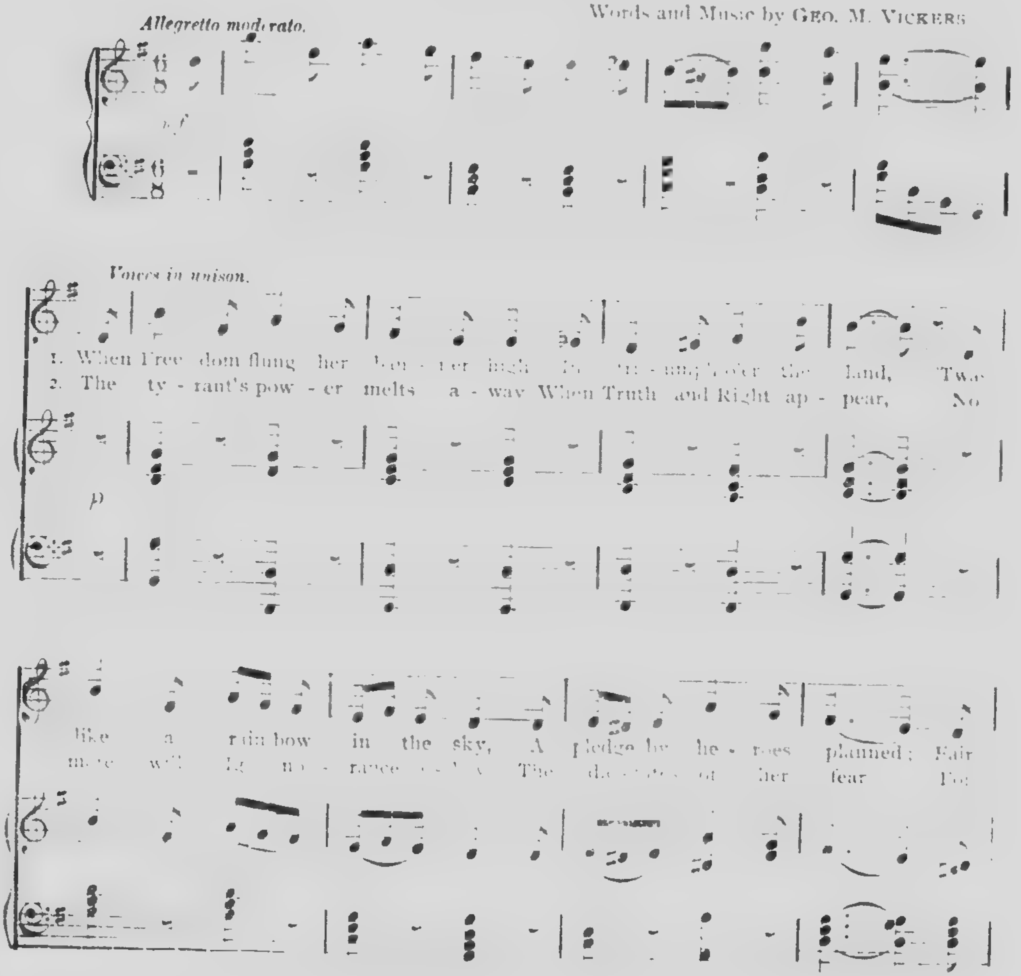
HANDEL.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

THIS SONG IS DEDICATED
TO THE SUPERINTENDENTS, TEACHERS, AND PUPILS OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS,
AND TO THE
FRIENDS OF LIBERAL EDUCATION EVERYWHERE.

Words and Music by GEO. M. VICKERS



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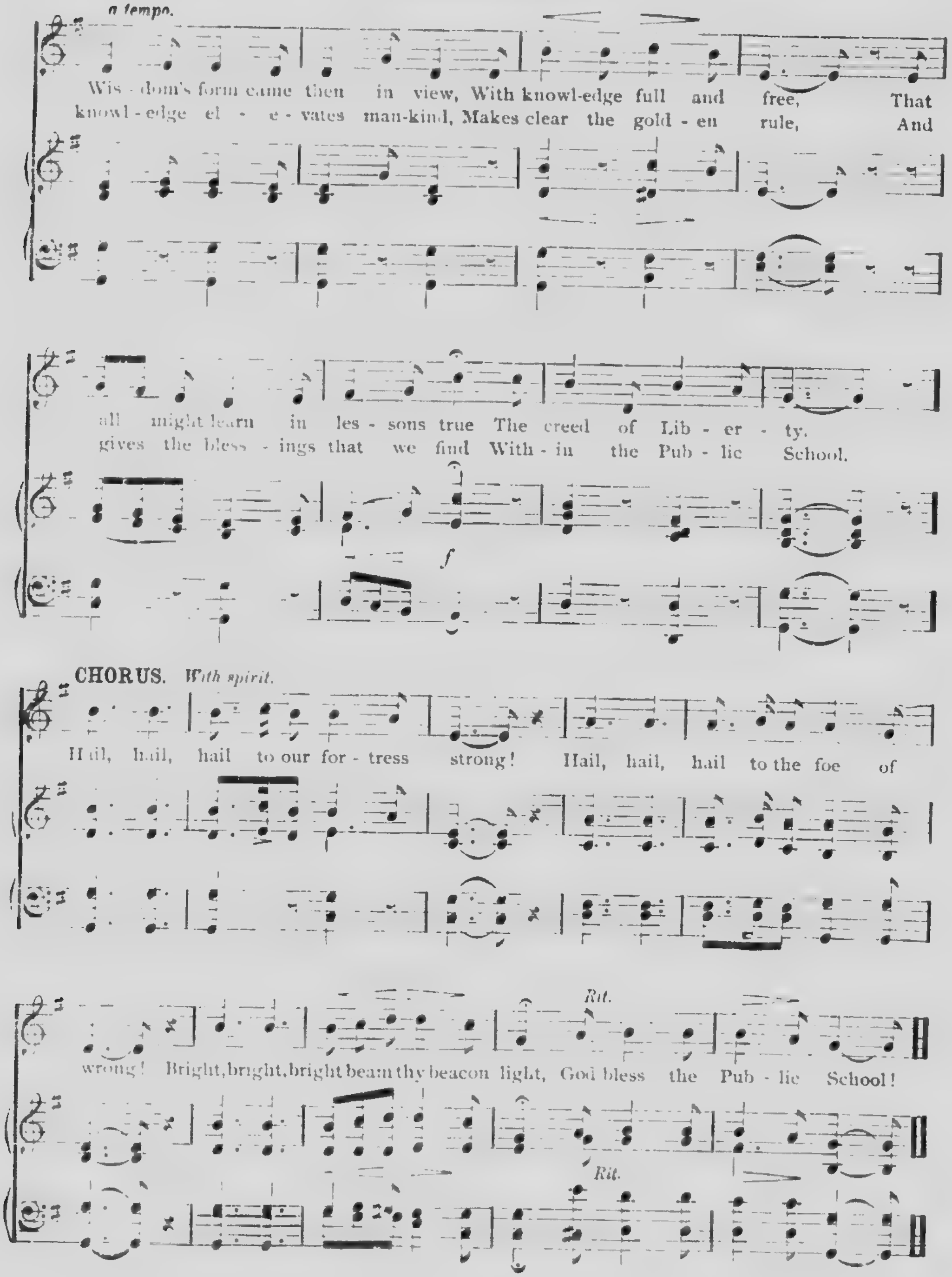
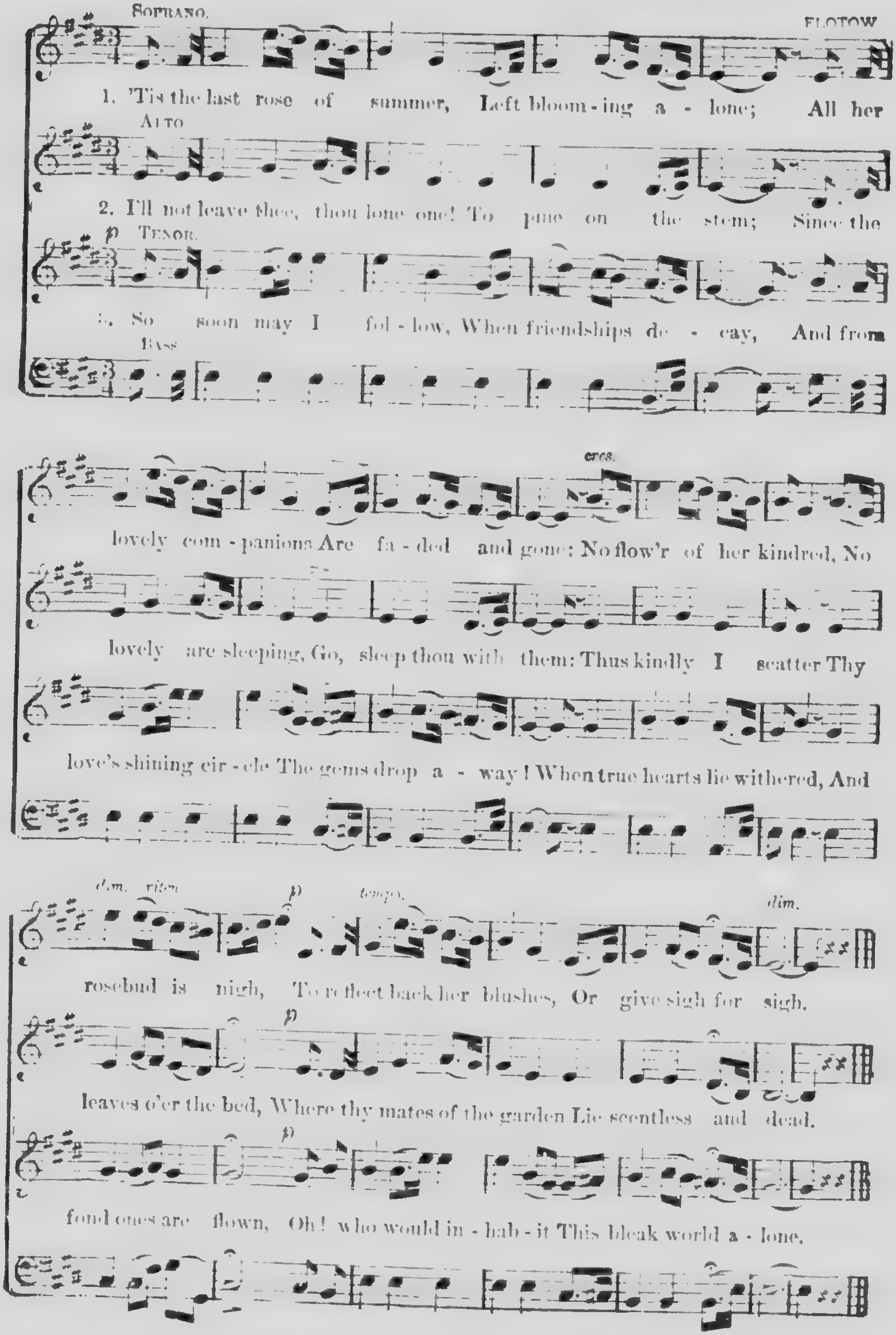


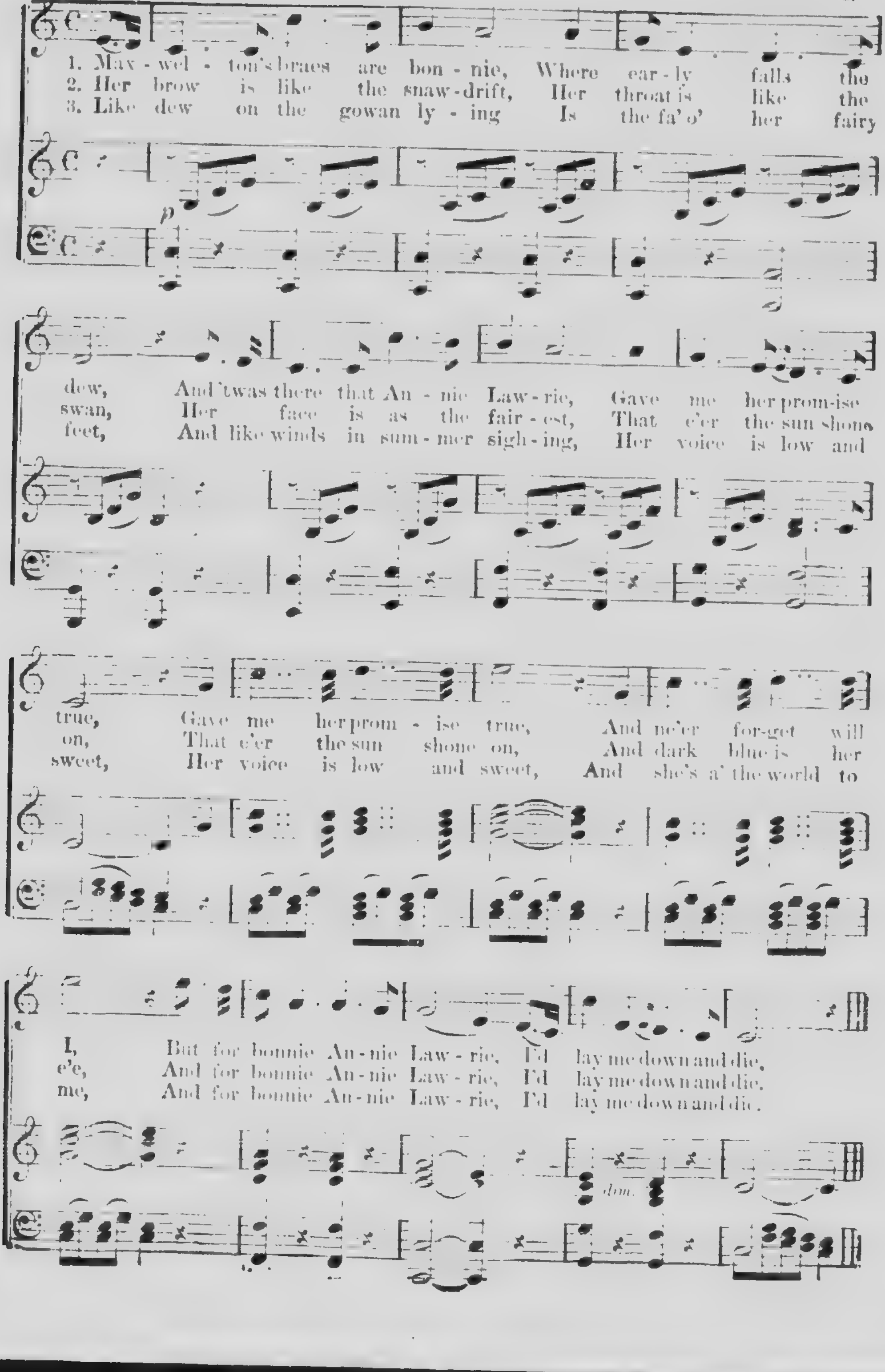
THE ARMSTRONG CO., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, 710 SANSOM ST., PHILA.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.



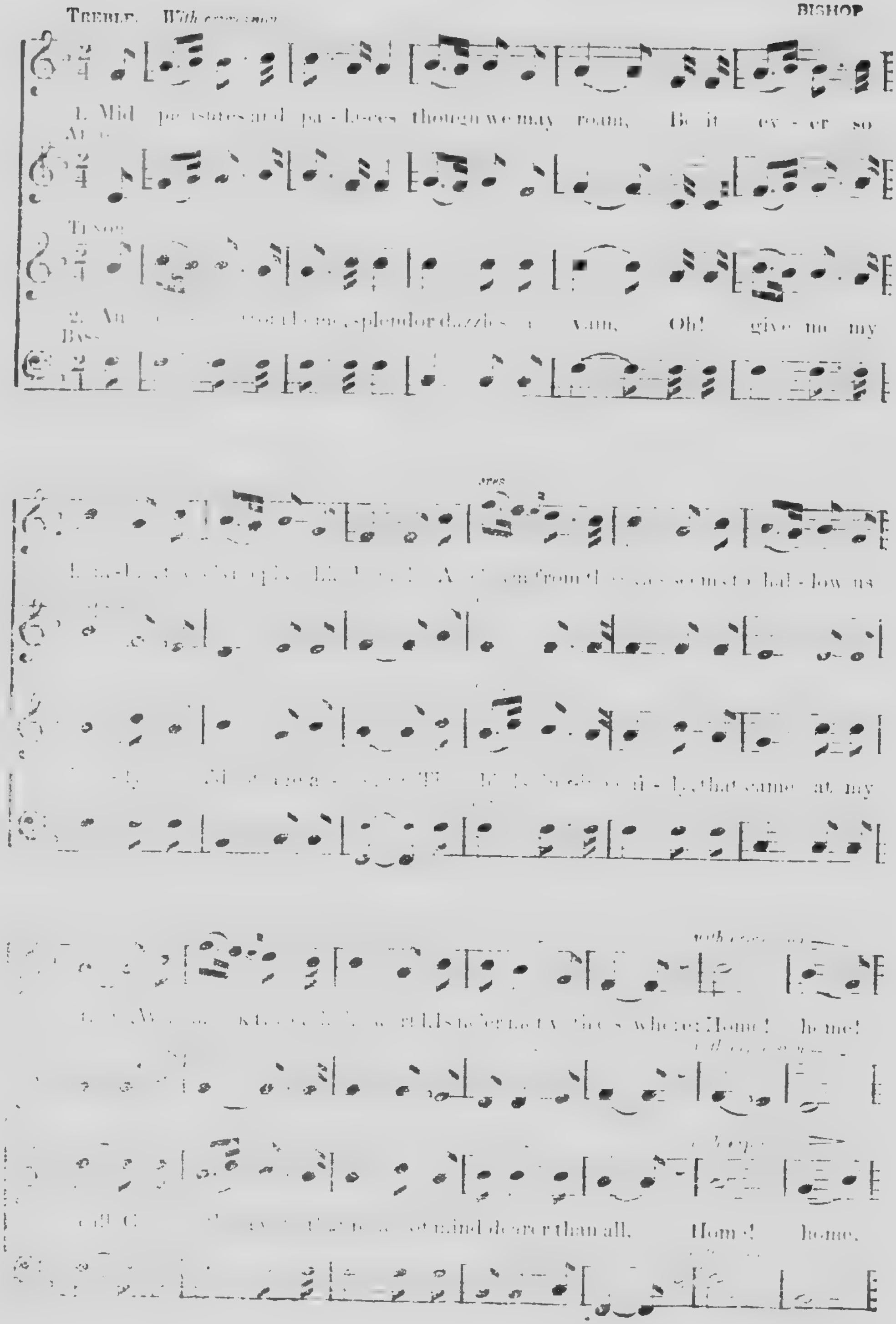
ANNIE LAWRIE.

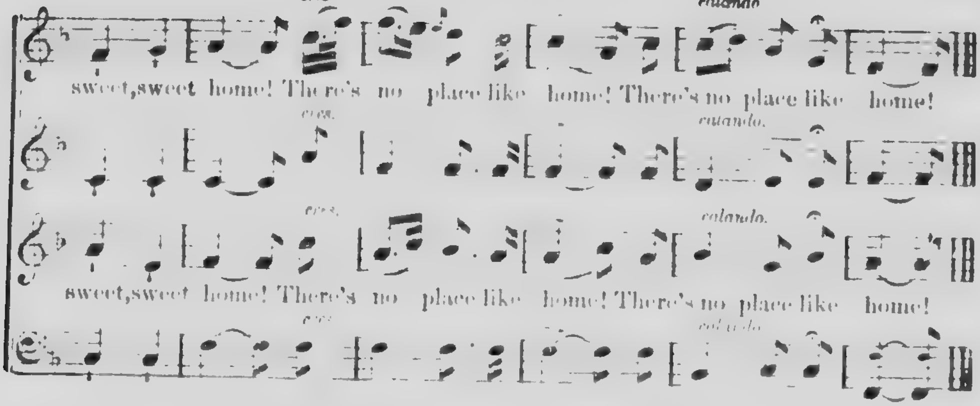
SCOTCH SONG.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

BISHOP

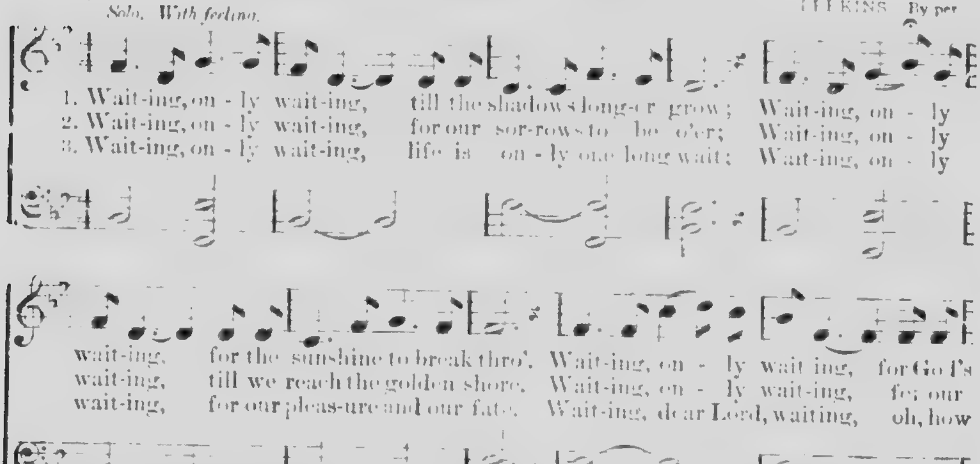




WAITING, ONLY WAITING

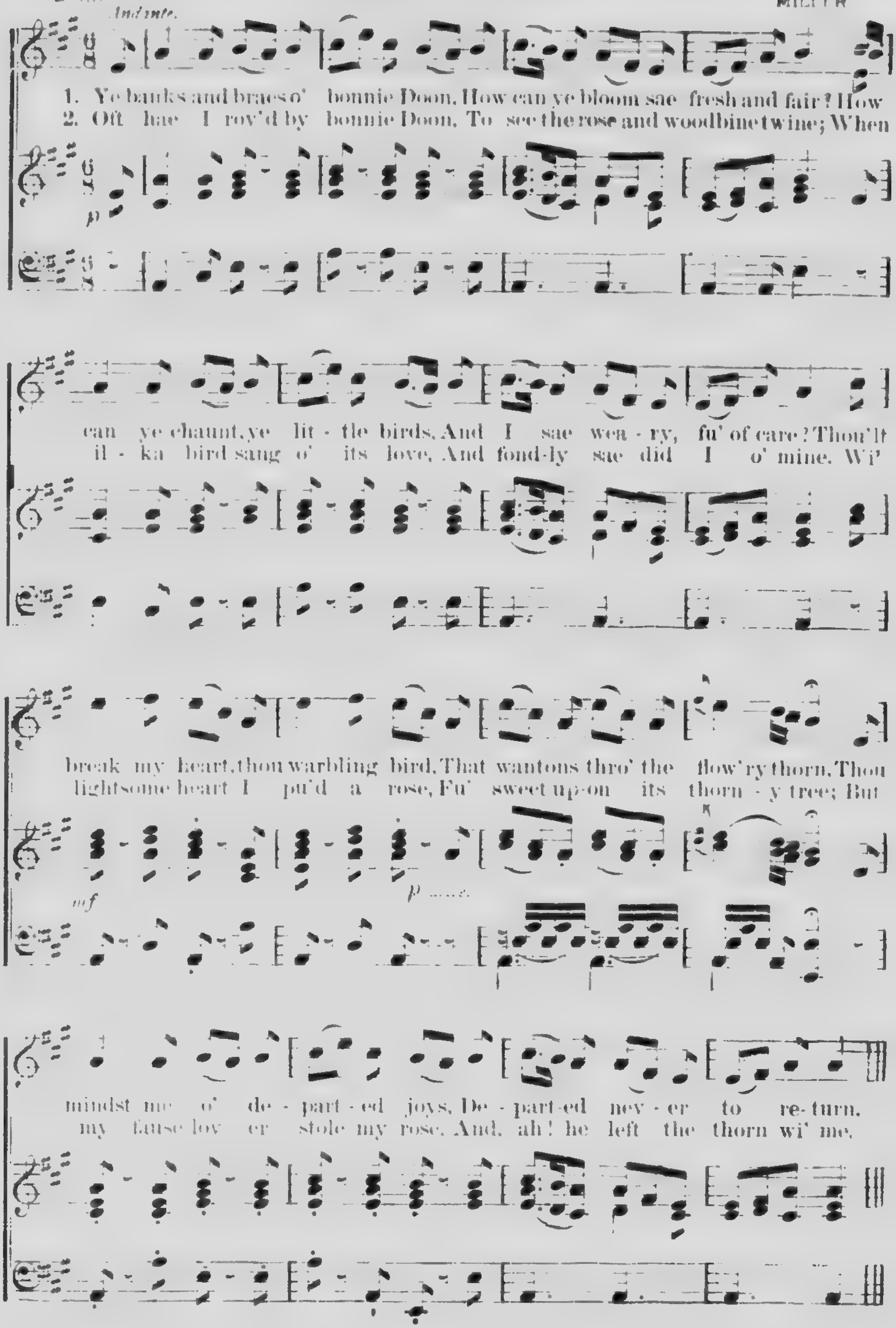
A. L. C.

ELKINS. By per.



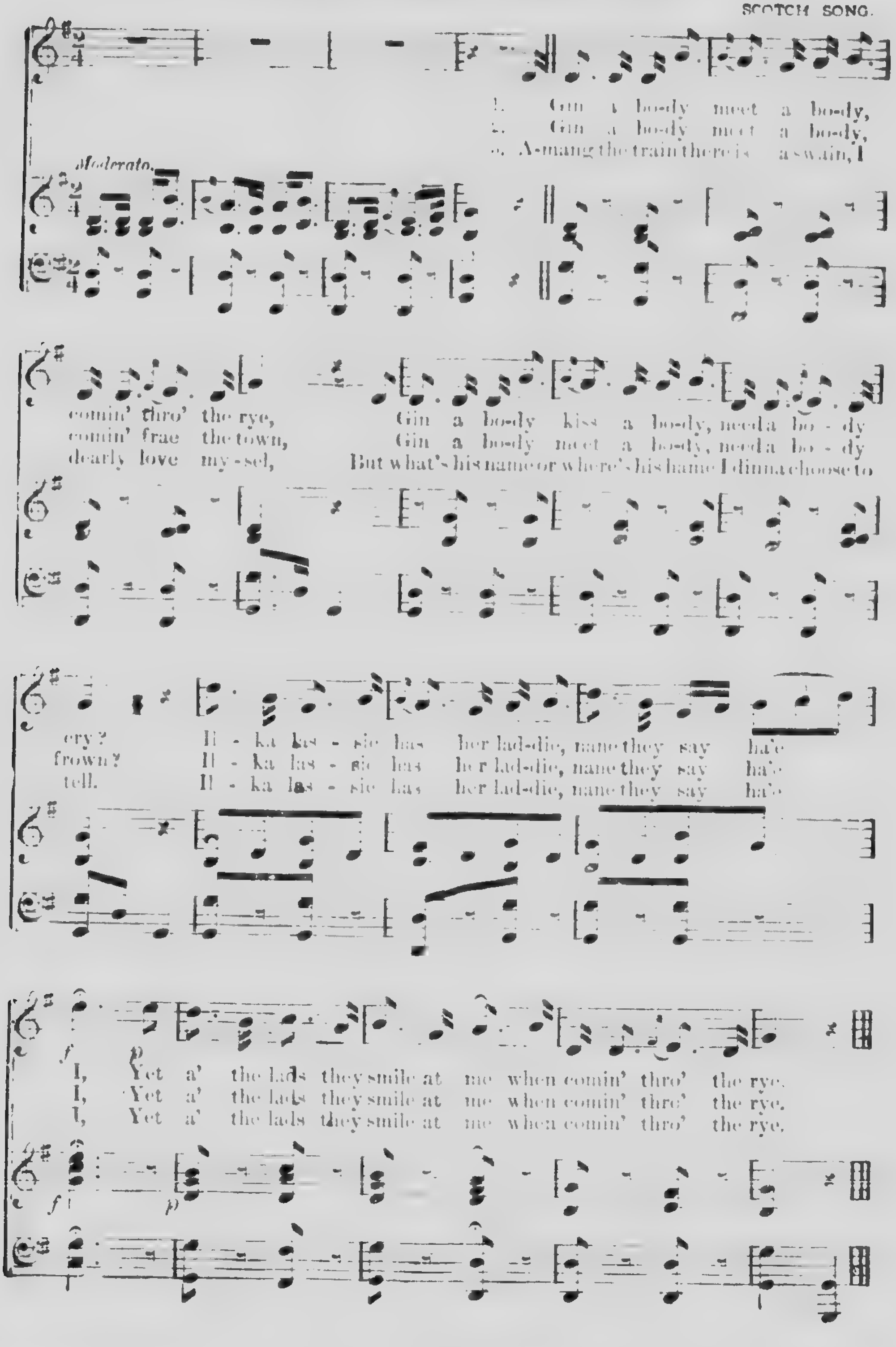
BONNIE DOON.

BURNS MILLER



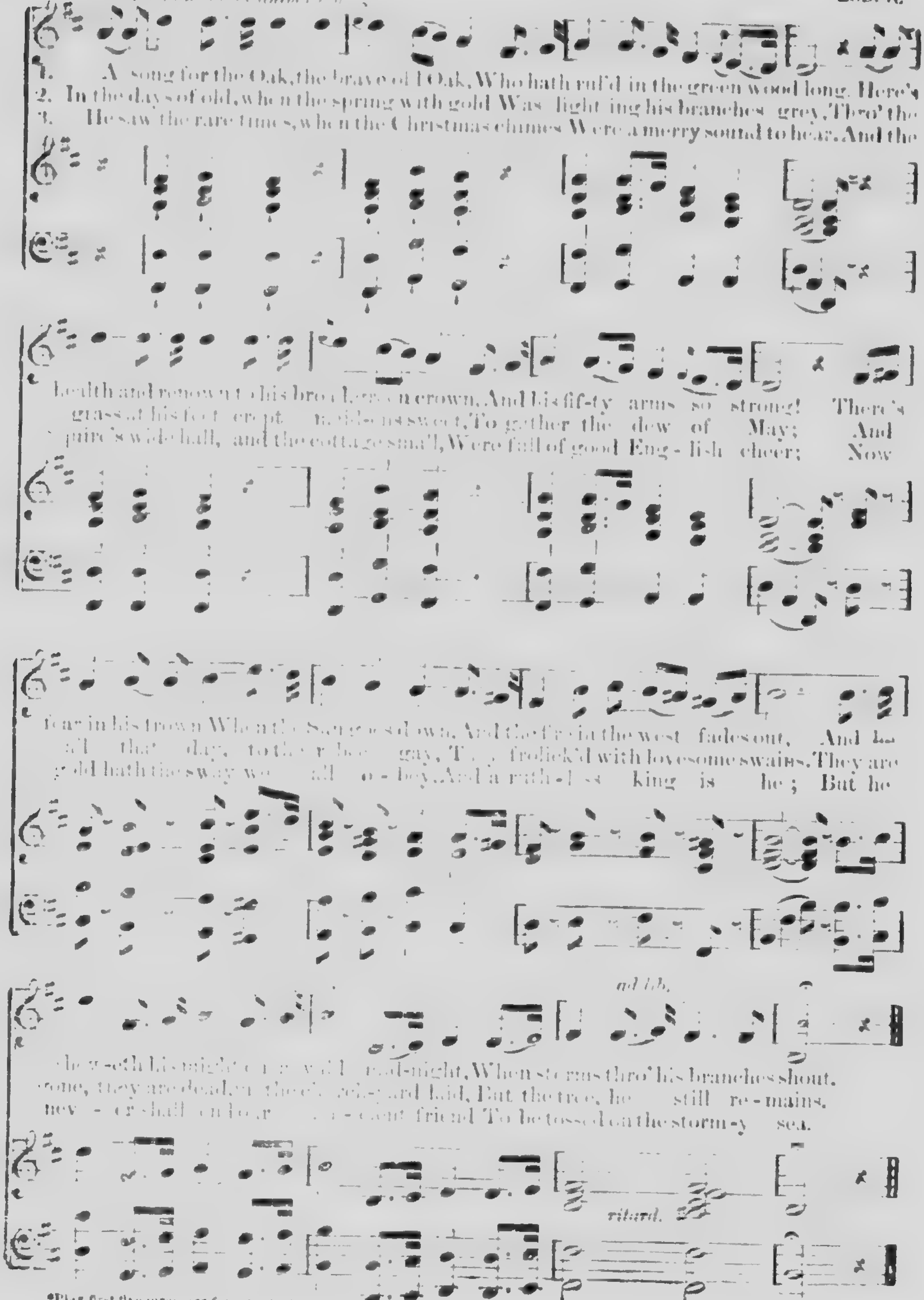
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

SCOTCH SONG.

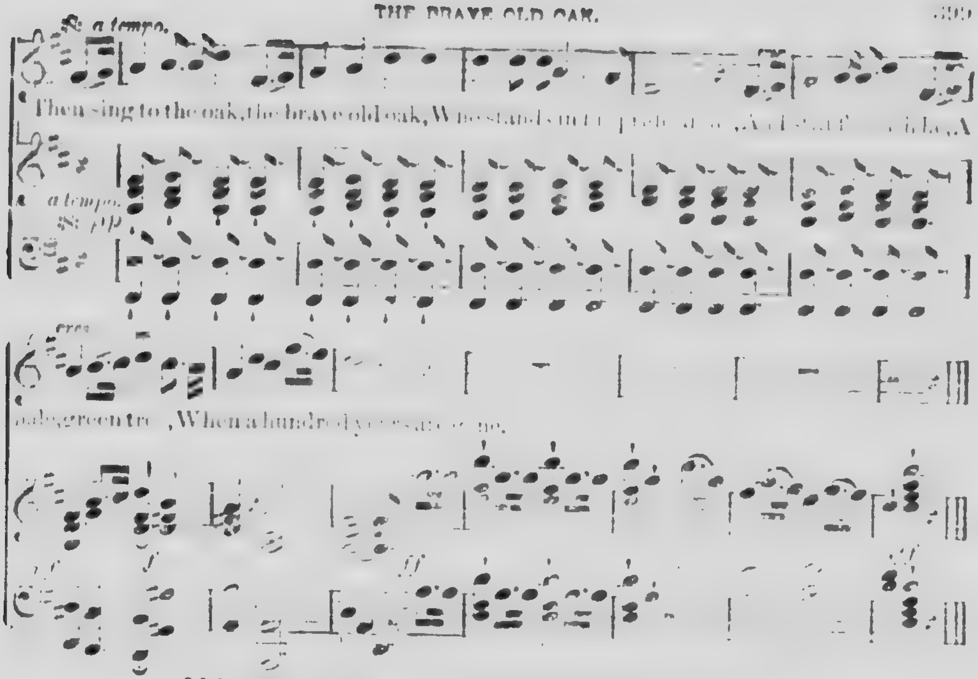


THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

LODER.

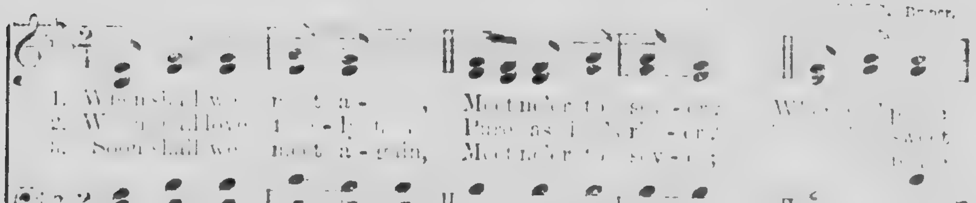


*Play first five measures for introduction.

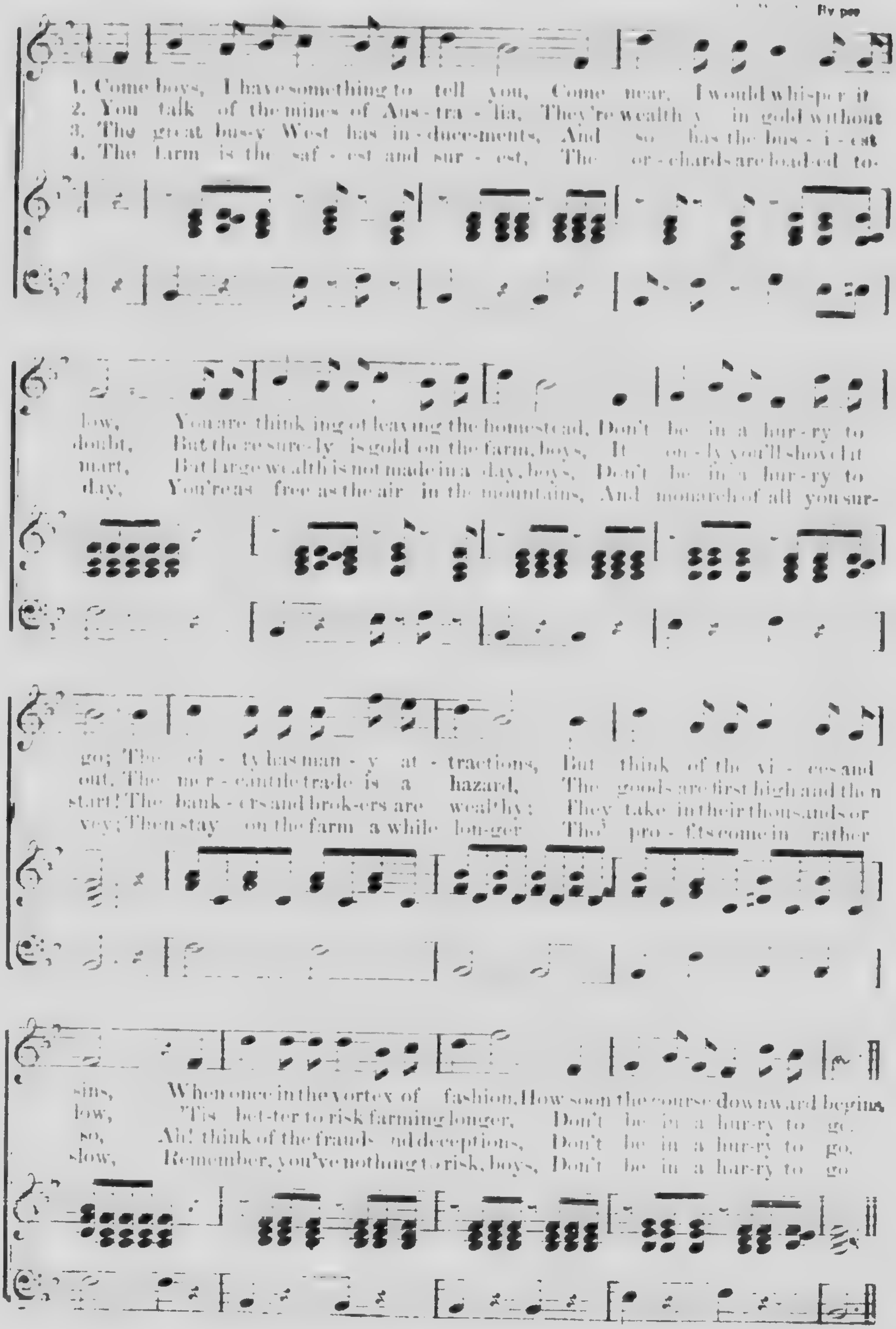


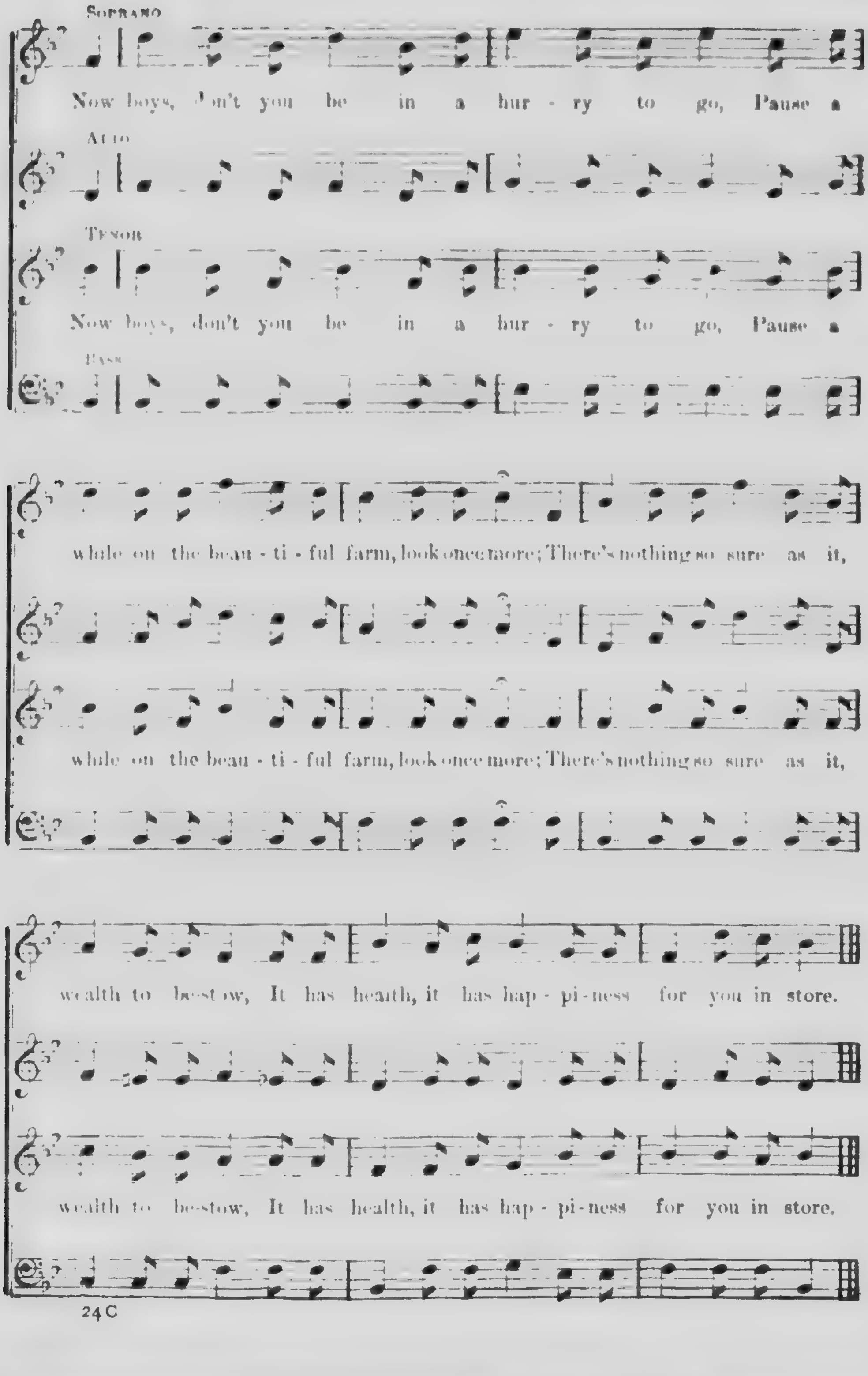
WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

.... Baker.



DON'T LEAVE THE FARM, BOYS.

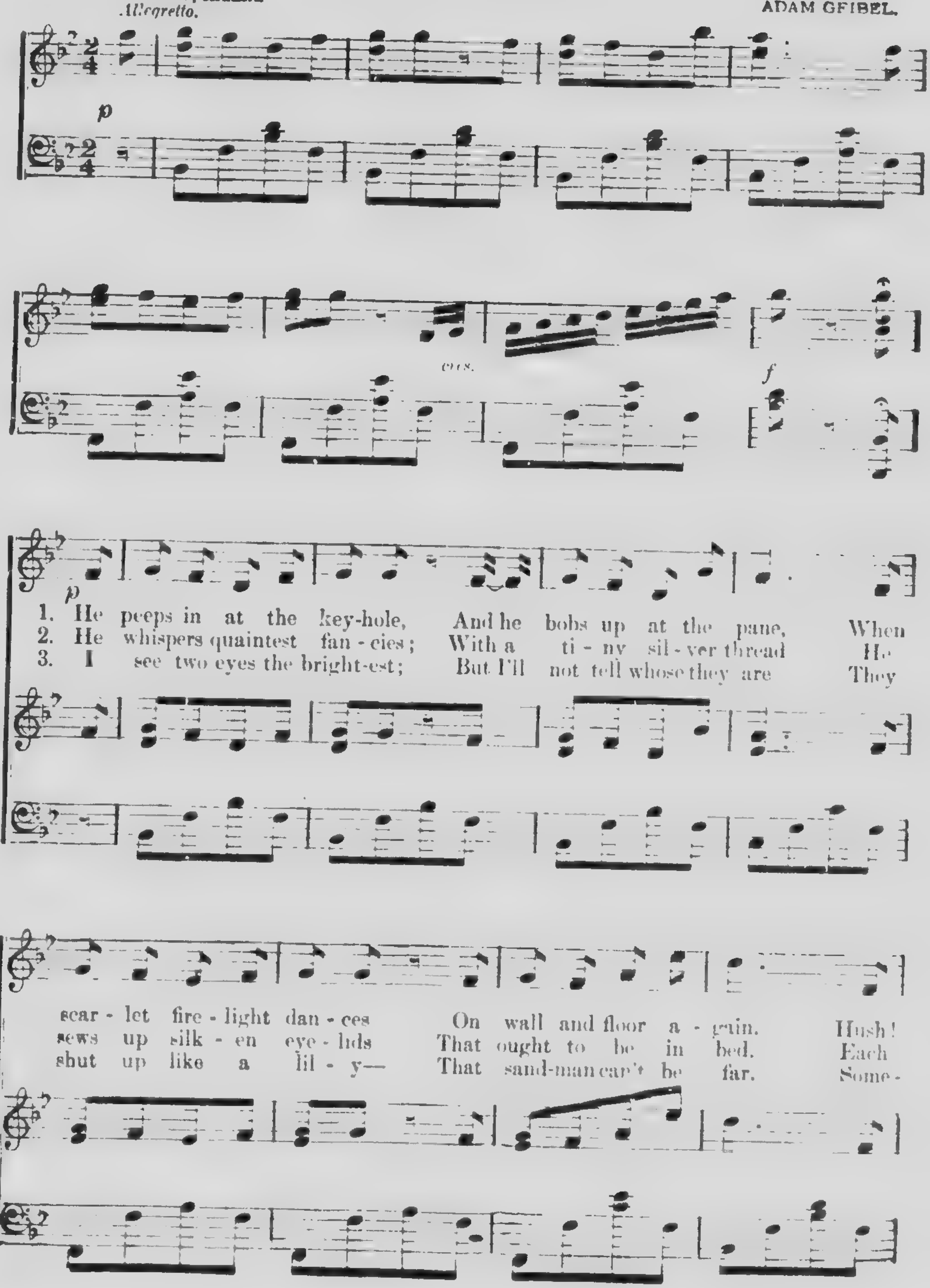


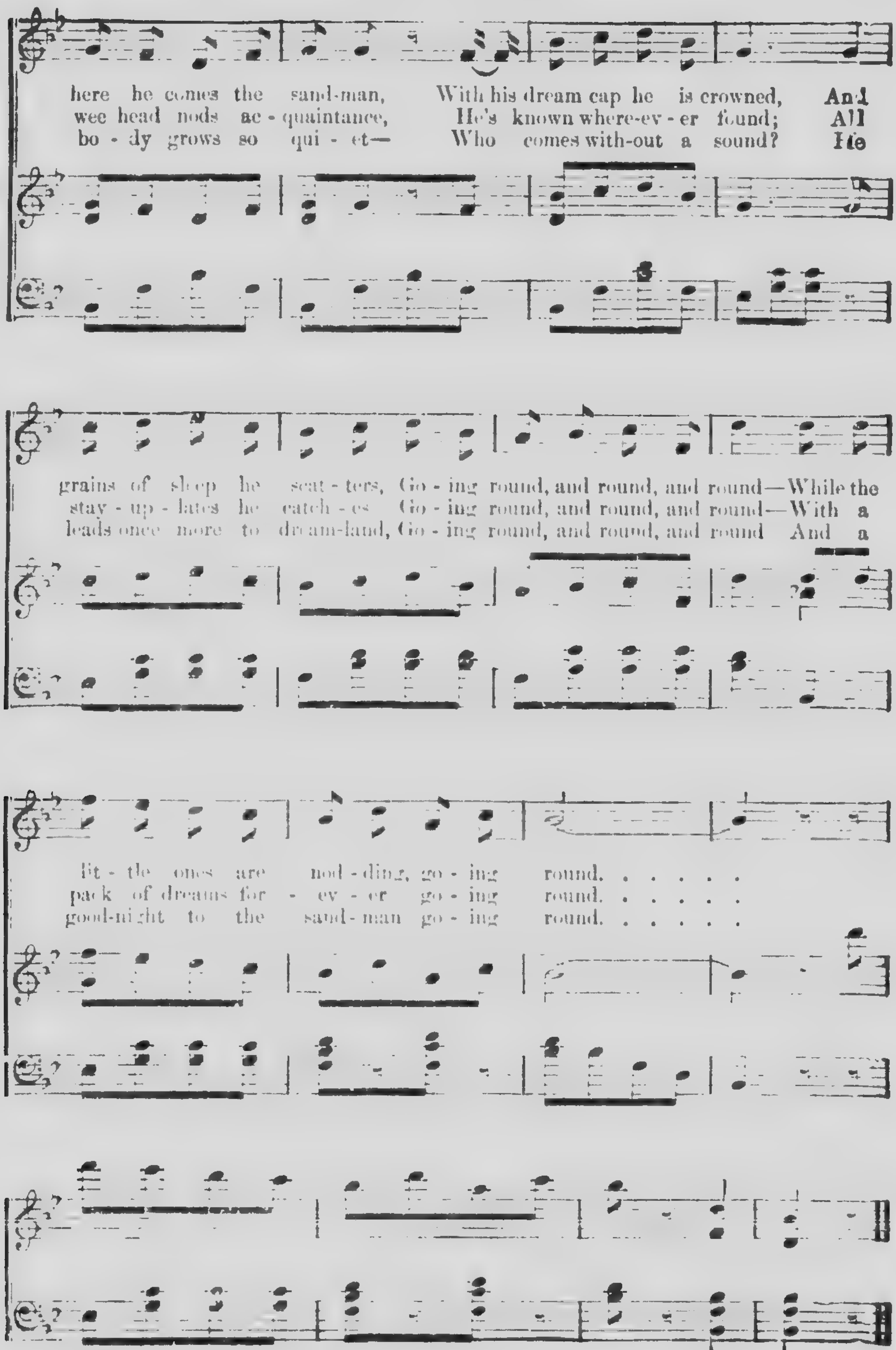

Soprano
Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a
Alto
Tenor
Now boys, don't you be in a hur - ry to go, Pause a
Bass
while on the beau - ti - ful farm, look once more; There's nothing so sure as it,
while on the beau - ti - ful farm, look once more; There's nothing so sure as it,
wealth to be-stow, It has health, it has hap - pi - ness for you in store.
wealth to be-stow, It has health, it has hap - pi - ness for you in store.

THE SAND-MAN.

Words from Independant.

ADAM GEIBEL.




here he comes the sand-man, With his dream cap he is crowned, And
wee head nods ac - quaintance, He's known where-ev - er found; All
bo - dy grows so qui - et— Who comes with-out a sound? He
grains of sleep he scat - ters, Go - ing round, and round, and round—While the
stay - up - lates he catch - es Go - ing round, and round, and round—With a
leads once more to dream-land, Go - ing round, and round, and round And a
lit - tle ones are nod - ding, go - ing round. . . . . . .
pack of dreams for - ev - er go - ing round. . . . . . .
good-night to the sand - man go - ing round. . . . . . .

Part XIV

HELPFUL QUOTATIONS

FROM NOTED PHILOSOPHERS, ORATORS, STATESMEN AND AUTHORS

For Use in Home and School

YOUNG people take a great interesest, and receive much benefit, both at home and in school, from the practice of beginning the day with a quotation from some noted person.

In the home parents may require each one at the breakfast table to give a quotation from a well-known author or public man. The name of the author should be announced the day before and some facts concerning his life be told to add interest to the work of preparing the extracts. During breakfast the quotations, or talk about the author form a pleasant theme for conversation.

In school where the number of children is great, a few may be apsointed to give quotations on the different school-days of the week.

The following selections will be found sufficient for several weeks practice and entertainment, after which favorite authors may be read and independent selections made.

SOLON.

The great Spartan Lawgiver.

Born about 640 Yeras B. C.

He who has learned to obey, will know how to command.

In everything that you do consider the end.

In all things let reason be your guide.

CONFUCIUS.

The Founder of the Chinese Religion, and occupying to his followers a position similar in some respects to that of Jesus in the Christian Creed.

Born 551 Died 479 B. C.

Eat at your own table as you would eat at the table of the king.

Learning without thought is labor lost.

MOHAMMED.

The Prophet and Founder of the Mohammedan Religion.

Born about 570, A. D. Died 623

The ink of the scholar is more sacred than the blood of the martyr.

CICERO.

The Greatest of Roman Orators.

Born 106 B. C. Died 43 B. C.

Usefulness and baseness cannot exist in the same thing.

An intemperate, disorderly youth will bring to old age, a feeble, worn-out body.

The searching out and thorough investigation of truth ought to be the primary study of man.

PLUTARCH.

The most noted of Ancient Biographers. But for his writings we should know little personally of the great men of antiquity.

[illegible]

To be ignorant of the lives of the most celebrated men of antiquity is to continue in childhood all our days.

DANTE.

Great Italian Poet; Author of the "Inferno."

[illegible]

He who knows most, grieves most for wasted time.

The wretch that would wish the poetry of life and feeling to be extinct, let him forever dwell in flame, in frost, in ever-during night.

CERVANTES.

Noted Spanish Poet, Wit and Play-wright. Author of "Don Quixote."

[illegible]

Blessings on him who invented sleep, the mantle that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and, lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise.

Irresolute people let their soup grow cold between the plate and the mouth.

It is courage that vanquishes in war and not good weapons.

Whoever is ignorant is vulgar.

Be slow of tongue and quick of eye.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

[illegible]

To live thy better, let thy worst thoughts die.

Passions are likened best to floods and streams,
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

LORD BACON.

One of the most illustrious Philosophers of the world.

[illegible]

Some books are to be *tasted*, others to be *swallowed*, and some few to be *chewed and digested*.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

The less people speak of their greatness the more we think of it.

Boldness is bad in counsel, but good in execution.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.

SHAKSPEARE.

The greatest Poet, Play-wright and Author of the world.

[illegible]

They well deserve to have
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honor.

He that is giddy, thinks that the world turns round.

What is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve.

Praising what is lost, makes the remembrance dear.

What is the city but the people?

Let them obey, that know not how to rule.

A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.

The plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment.

Things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs.

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

Make not your thoughts your prisons.

There is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Receive what cheer you may,
The night is long, that never finds the
day.

Wisely and slow: they stumble that run fast.

Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faith, fulness, and courage.

Our doubts are traitors and makes us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt.

How far that little candle throws its
beams!
So shines a good deed in this naughty
world!

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of twenty to follow mine own teachings.

The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet
sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends.

We must be gentle now we are gentlemen.

It is but a base ignoble mind that mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Didst thou ever hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

'Tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

Press not a falling man too far.

Cowards die many times before their deaths.
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Men at some time are masters of their
fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not.

Have more than thou showest
Speak less than thou knowest
Lend less than thou owest
Learn more than thou trowest.

WILLIAM PENN.

[illegible] Penn [illegible] and an illustrious [illegible]

A man, like a watch, is to be valued for his manner of going.

He that does good for good's sake, seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Good nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty cannot supply the absence of good nature.

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul.

What pity is it
That we can die but once to save our country.

BEN JONSON.

[illegible] contemporary [illegible]

Shakespeare was not of an age, but for all time.

Not to do base, unworthy things is valor; if they be done to us, to suffer them is valor too.

THOMAS FULLER.

Born 1608. Died 1661.

Thou may'st as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading. It is thought and digestion which make books serviceable and give health and vigor to the mind.

He lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived but lost.

MILTON.

Great English Poet, Author of "Paradise Lost."

Born 1608. Died 1674

Love not thy life nor hate; but what thou
liv'st,
Live well, how long or short permit to
Heaven.

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.

As good almost kill a man, as kill a good book.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Popular English Poet and Critic. Noted for the smoothness of his verse and the sting of his sarcasm.

Born 1688. Died 1744.

Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Honor and shame from no conditions rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Know then this truth (enough for man to
know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

VOLTAIRE.

"The most remarkable name in the history of French Literature."

Born 1694. Died 1778.

Ideas are like beards; men do not have them until they grow up.

It is the danger least expected, that soonest comes to us.

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.

Providence has given us hope and sleep as a compensation for the many cares of life.

I pity the man overwhelmed with the weight of his own leisure.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Eminent American Philosopher and Statesman.

Born 1706. Died 1790.

Energy and persistence conquer all things.

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

What maintains one vice will bring up two children.

Better is little, provided it is your own, than an abundance of borrowed capital.

If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosophers stone.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading, or read things worth writing.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him.

An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

In my opinion there never was a good war or a bad peace.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

One of the greatest Scholars and most eminent Writers of the Eighteenth Century.

Born 1709. Died 1784.

Words are daughters of earth, but ideas are sons of heaven.

The desires of man increase with his acquisitions.

Don't tell me of deception. A lie is a lie whether it be a lie to the eye or a lie to the ear.

Exert your talents and distinguish yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry that you retire.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

English Poet. Author of the "Vicar of Wakefield."

Born 1728. Died 1774

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.

Our greatest glory consists, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Born 1731. Died 1800

Stillest streams
Oft water greenest meadows; and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.

Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse;
But talking is not always to converse.

Absence of occupation is not rest:
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

ROBERT BURNS.

[illegible]

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a glee
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.

It's no' in books, it's no' in lear,
To make men truly blest;
If happiness has not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

First President of the United States. "Father of his Country."

[illegible]

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.

Without virtue and without integrity the finest talents and the most brilliant accomplishments can never gain the respect and conciliate the esteem of the truly valuable part of mankind.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Author of Declaration of Independence. Third President of the United States.

[illegible]

We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred hono

The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time.

We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness

DANIEL WEBSTER.

America's greatest Political Orator. The Defender of the Constitution.

Born 1782. Died 1852

One country, one constitution, one destiny.

I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American.

Let our object be our country, our whole country and nothing but our country. And, by the blessings of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.

ANDREW JACKSON.

(Old Hickory) 7th President of the United States. Noted for his patriotism, honesty and courage.

[illegible]

Our Federal Union, it must and shall be preserved.

Every good citizen makes his country's honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense and is conscious that he *gains* protection while he gives it.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The world's greatest military Genius. First Emperor of the French.

[illegible]

Public instruction should be the first object of government.

Circumstances! I *make* circumstances

Victory belongs to the most persevering.

Brave deeds are monuments of brave men.

I have only one counsel for you—*Be master.*

Providence is always on the side of the strongest batallions.

To a father who loves his children, victory has no charms. When the heart speaks, glory itself is an illusion

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

The General who conquered Napoleon.

Born 17[illegible]. Died 1[illegible].

The next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won

Troops would never be deficient in courage if they could only know how deficient their enemies were.

WILLIAM WORDSWOTRH.

English Poet

[illegible]

The charities that sooth and heal and bless,
Lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

Poetry is the outcome of emotions recollected in tranquility

Minds that have nothing to confer,
Find little to perceive.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

[illegible]

Here in the body pent
Absent from Heaven I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A days march nearer home.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Noted Scotch Poet, Historian and [illegible]

[illegible]

The paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness are always those of pleasantness and peace.

Without courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!

Oh many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Born 1777. Died 1844.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Tis distance lends enchantment to the view
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

A day to childhood seems a year
And years like passing ages

Coming events cast their shadows before.

LORD BYRON.

Born 17[illegible]. Died 1[illegible]

Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me
Here's a heart for every fate

They never fail who die in a great cause.

Words are but things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions think.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Mr. Bryant was the first great American Poet

Born 1794. Died 18[illegible]

The only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust; but, in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through.

So live that when thy summons comes, to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To the pale realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed,
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

JOHN KEATS.

Born 1795. Died 18[illegible].

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

The poetry of earth is never dead.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

[illegible]

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[illegible]

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.

Men do less than they ought unless they do all [illegible].

To be [illegible] is manly, chivalrous, Christian; to be [illegible] is mean, cowardly, devilish.

History is a mighty drama, enacted upon the theatre of times, with suns for lamps and [illegible] for [illegible].

The latest gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it.

HORACE MANN.

[illegible]

It is well to *think* well. It is divine to *act* well.

Ten men have failed from defect in morals where one has failed from defect in intellect.

THOMAS HOOD.

[illegible]

[illegible] come from [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] like a hollow shell, That sighs over its own emptiness.

VICTOR HUGO.

[illegible] Poet, [illegible], Orator and Novelist.

[illegible]

[illegible] of youth, while [illegible]

Let us proclaim it firmly: this age is the grandest of all ages. Because it is the most benignant. It proclaims the sovereignty of the citizen and the inviolability of life; it crowns the people and consecrates man.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Great American Poet, Philosopher and Essayist

[illegible]

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as strong to think.

Truth is the property of no individual, but it is the treasure of all men.

Shallow men believe in luck, strong men believe in cause and effect.

Beauty is its own excuse for being.

Books are the best things well used; abused, among the worst.

The world belongs to the energetic.

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form. It is the finest of fine arts.

The only way to *have* a friend is to *be* one.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So nigh is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must"
The youth replies, "I can."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[illegible] the most [illegible] read and most [illegible]

[illegible]

Nothing is too late
Till tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night

In the infinite meadows of Heaven,
Blossom the lovely stars, —the forget-me-nots of the angels

Something the heart must have and cherish,
Must love and joy and sorrow learn
Something with passion clasp or perish
And in itself to ashes burn

Sunday is the golden clasp that binds the volume of the week

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Poet of Freedom

Freedom, hand in hand with labor
Walketh strong and brave;
On the forehead of his neighbor
No man writeth slave!

Do well thy work. It shall succeed
In thine or in another's day
And if denied the victor's meed
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

When faith is lost, when honor dies
The man is dead

Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out,
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle shout.

Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Poet Laureate of England, and greatest English Poet of the Century.

Born 1809. Died 1892.

Men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things

Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the simple truth.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood

Oh, well for him whose will is strong;
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me

I doubt not, through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns

Ah, when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule? And universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land
And like a lane of beams across the sea
Through all the circle of the golden year

Behold we know not any thing
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last to all
And every winter change to spring.

If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh, teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray Heaven for a human heart
And let your selfish sorrow go.

Oh, God, for a man with heart, head, hand
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man, in a blatant land
Whatever they call him, what care I?
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[illegible]

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving

Wisdom is the abstract of the past but beauty is the promise of the future

Old books, as you well know, are books of the world's youth and new books are the fruits of its age

You may set down as a truth, which admits of few exceptions, that those who ask your opinion really want your praise.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One nation evermore

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

One of the greatest of American Presidents, [illegible]

[illegible]

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith, let us to the end dare to do our duty

With malice toward none, with charity for all with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right

Force is all conquering, but its victories are short lived

Knavery and flattery are blood relations

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

[illegible] English Statesman of the Nineteenth [illegible].

[illegible]

Apt quotations carry convictions

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is the shadow that cleaves to us, go where we will, and which leaves us only when we leave the light of life

Individuals not stations ornament society

To *train* the mind should be the first object and to stock it the next

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

America's greatest Pulpit Orator.

Born 1813. Died 1887

There is no such thing as a white lie; a lie is as black as a coal pit and twice as foul

The humblest individual exerts some influence, either for good or evil upon others

Happiness is not the end of life; character is

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your righteous life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God

JOHN B. GOUGH.

The World's greatest Temperance Orator

[illegible]

Intemperance weaves the winding sheet of souls

A man's enemies have no power to harm him, if he is true to himself and loyal to God

The power of evil habit is deceptive and fascinating, and the man by coming to false conclusions argues his way down to destruction

Many people begin and end their temperance talks by calling drunkards brutes. No, they are not brutes. I have labored for about eighteen years among drunkards and I have never found a brute.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[illegible]

Let us call tyrants *tyrants* and maintain
That freedom comes by grace of God,
And all that comes not by His grace must fall

Slow are the steps of freedom, but her feet turn never backward

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak :

* * * *

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three

Before men made us citizens, great nature made us men

MRS. MARIAN LEWES CROSS.

[illegible]

One of the greatest Woman Novelists of the World.

[illegible]

Do we not all agree to call rapid thought and noble impulse by the name of inspiration ?

Hope folded her wings, looked backward and became regret

Truth, like fruit has rough flavors if we bite through.

The reward of *one* duty is the power to fulfill another

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A noted English Poetess.

Born 1809. Died 1861.

Grief may be joy misunderstood
Only the good discerns the good.

The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
May stand and share its dewdrop with another near

Only my gentleness shall make me great:
My humbleness exalt me

God's greatness flows round our incompleteness :
Round our restlessness, His rest.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

An American Poetess.

Born 1791. Died 1865.

A lily said to a threatning cloud
That in sternest garb arrayed him,
"You have taken my lord, the sun, away,
And I know not where you have laid him."

Give words, kind words, to those who err,
Remorse doth need a comforter
With the sweet charity of speech,
Give words that heal, and words that teach.

SARAH JANE HULE.

An American Poetess.

[illegible]

The sea of ambition is tempest tossed
And thy hopes may vanish like foam
When sails are shivered, and compass lost,
Then look to the light of home

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

[illegible]

The rarest attainment is to grow old happily and gracefully.

ELIZA COOK.

[illegible]

I love it ! I love it ! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair ?

Let us question the thinkers and doers
And hear what they honestly say.
And you'll find they believe, like bold wooers
In—"where there's a will, there's a way."

ALICE CARY.

Born 1820. Died 1871.

Arise and all thy task fulfil,
And as thy day thy strength shall be.

Among the pitfalls in our way,
The best of us walk blindly :
So, man, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly

There is nothing so kindly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth.

PHŒBE CARY.

Born 1824. Died 1871.

And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can ?

There [illegible] many [illegible] things,
As many pleasant tones
For those who dwell by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones.

SARA J. LIPPINCOTT.

Grace Greenwood.

Naught can stay the human mind;
'Tis upward, onward ever!
It yet shall tread the starlit paths
By highest Angels trod
And pierce beyond the farthest world
In the universe of God.

MARY ABIGAIL DODGE.

[illegible]

It is the crushed grape that gives out the blood-red wine; it is the suffering soul that breathes the sweetest melodies.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Born 1838.

We cannot all *make* money
But some of us can *find it out*
And show its hive to others.—
A gracious thing, no doubt.

FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

[illegible]

It is better than everything else, that the world should be a little better because a man has lived — even ever so little better.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Philosophic Poetess of America.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb:
By a burst of strength, or a thought that is clever
We plan to outwit and forestall time.

Part XV

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS

DECORATING THE GRAVES OF OUR HEROIC DEAD.

[illegible]

THERE are several occasions in the course of the year when the heart of the American nation grieves or rejoices over events that have passed into history and which are the peculiar concern of the American people alone; when other nations have no place at all in the celebrations; when the presence of strangers is like the intrusion of a little known visitor on the family circle—at a time when something is occupying the minds and hearts of the family that is of deep concern to them alone; when the nation would fain lock its doors and be alone with its grief or its joy.

Memorial Day is peculiarly one of these occasions. The drum tap that awakens the living to decorate the graves of the dead thrills across the Continent, finding a responsive echo in the breasts of those who have loved ones in the cemetery and those who are fortunate enough to have none; it brings out the aged soldier, who can scarcely totter, to the graveside, but who would sooner die and be laid there himself than miss this annual gathering of veterans that year by year assemble in diminishing numbers; it calls forth the widow and the children of the patriotic dead to add to the tears which, for so many years they have been shedding over the last resting place of heroes. It makes the nation one in purpose and in sympathies. The following morning may see the struggling and the rivalries and the bickerings inseparable from daily life begin again, but for one day in the year, at least the nation lays aside these, and with clasped hands and bared heads does honor to the dead.

It is comforting to know that the American nation never forgets, and that so long as the flag flies, which is to say forever, the annual custom of decorating the graves of the nation's heroes will be observed.

We know not what the future has in store for the American nation, but this we know, that whether the grave that we decorate to-day is that of a Revolutionary hero, or the gallant men who fought in the Civil War, or of a soldier of the Union who gave up his life for a Ma[illegible] or succumbed to sickness in Cuba or the Philippines or came home to die from the effects of wounds received or sickness contracted during the late war, the duty is accepted by the American people as a national legacy of affectionate remembrance, to once a year, at least, pay a tribute of respect in the shape of flowers and flags on the cold earth, beneath which the soldier's ashes repose. The thought has consoled the dying and comforts the living who are nearing the borderland.

It is this beautiful regard for the dead who have given their lives for their country, that makes the American nation stand out from all nations of the world.

Victims of other and foreign wars are buried where they fall, and there lie forever. A hastily-dug trench at the close of the day receives hap-hazard the remains of the killed, friend and foe being laid indiscriminately together when the field is cleared by the bearers. A general sign may mark their last resting place. In the case of officers, they may even have a headstone in course of time.

But what nation save the American nation sends back its dead to be buried in the homeland, in graves that are not nameless, but separate and distinct, and set apart for the individual coffin, with appropriate inscription to tell who lies there. The sight of transports bearing hundreds of the identified dead of the armies to be laid at rest in the national cemeteries is one unique in the annals of the world.

America in this respect to its heroes has taught every nation a lesson. The reproach that the foe and the stranger shall walk over his head, cannot be laid at the door of the Americans. Those who fell beneath the flag are buried beneath its folds in a spot where forever the flag can wave overhead, and where once a year the floral tribute of the nation can be laid in token of its gratitude for the heroism that stopped not at death itself in its desire to sacrifice all for home and country. * * *

How pleasant to reflect that the patriot's memory will always be a grateful one and that the graves of the nation's dead will always be kept beautiful and bright with the best floral offerings of the early springtime.

The time was happily chosen for this annual decoration. When the world of flowers is bursting into leaf and blossom; when the trees are donning their Spring garments of green and the earth is smiling and verdant, is a fitting time for the sentiment of the nation that finds expression in Memorial Day ceremonies to have full sway.

Whether we are dedicating monuments on battle-worn heights, strewing flowers on a grave in a corner of the humble burial ground of a village, or planting flags on the military rows in the national burial grounds, all of us be impelled by the one sentiment, namely, that the dead who died for their country must never be forgotten by the patriotic men, women, and children of America.

MEMORIAL DAY.

CHILDREN, bring the buds of springtime,
Bring the fairest blooms of May,
We will reverently lay them
On the soldiers' graves to-day.

That our dear land should be happy,
And no man a slave should be,
That is what these brave men died for,—
Gave their lives for LIBERTY.

Now for them there is no sorrow;
Now for them all struggles cease;
Now for them all strife is ended;
They have won a glorious peace.

So with bright and cheerful faces,
We will go from grave to grave,
On this day when all the nation
Loves to honor its dead brave.

While the starry flag they died for
Floats, entwined with olive branch,
From the proudest Eastern city
To the wildest Western ranch.

LISBETH B. COMINS.

DECORATION DAY.

COVER them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours,
Lying so silent by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away,—
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave,
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave.
All the bright laurels they fought to make bloom
Fell to the earth ween they went to the tomb.
Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the honors their merits forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.
Cover them over,—yes, cover them over,—
Parent and husband and brother and lover;

Crown in your heart these dead heroes of
ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers

Cover the thousands that sleep far away,—
Sleep where their friends cannot find them
to-day;
They who in mountain and hillside and dell
Rest where they wearied, and lie where
they fell
Softly the grass-blade creeps round their
repose.
Sweetly above them the wild floweret
blows.
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
Whispering names for the patriot dead.
So in our minds we will name them once
more,
So in our hearts we will cover them o'er.
Roses and lilies and violets blue
Bloom in our souls for the brave and the
true
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover:
Think of those far away heroes of ours,
Cover them over with beautiful flowers.

WILL CARLETON.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

The following extract is regarded [illegible] the greatest [illegible] pieces [illegible] Toussaint L'Ouverture [illegible] Napoleon [illegible] veterans [illegible] army, and they finally made a treaty [illegible] governor over the island [illegible] and taking him on board a vessel [illegible] France. There he was placed in a dungeon [illegible]

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the "Father of his Country." But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave hated him because he had beaten them in battle

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by 200 years of slavery, 100,000 of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel, rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this inspired black of St. Domingo

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those 50,000 graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held

slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earliest civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

WENDELL PHILIPS.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF KENTUCKY.

A Cutting by Frances Putnam Pogle.

(From "Flute and Violin, and other Kentucky Tales and Romances," by James Lane Allen. [illegible] Harper & Brothers.)

[illegible] two gentlemen referred to are Colonel Romulus Fields, a Kentucky planter of the old school, and Peter Cotton, his negro [illegible]. After [illegible] the war the Colonel, who was [illegible] sells his [illegible], and [illegible] to Lexington.

[illegible] years Peter had been known to his [illegible] as a preacher of the Gospel, [illegible] that is conspicuous in dress, he had [illegible] to make for him a sacred blue jeans coat with [illegible] tails. Upon these tails, at [illegible], he had embroidered texts of Scripture [illegible] harmonious letterings that Solomon [illegible] reflected the glory in which Peter was arrayed whenever he put it on. [illegible] extract [illegible] is taken from [illegible] chapter entitled "New Love," [illegible] and in the [illegible]

ONE day, in June, Peter discovered a young couple love making in the shrubbery, and with the deepest agitation reported the fact to the Colonel. Never before, probably, had the fluttering of the dear God's wings brought more dismay than to these ancient involuntary guardsmen of their hiding-place. The Colonel was at first for breaking up what he considered a piece of underhand proceedings, but when, a few days later, the Colonel, followed by Peter, crept up breathlessly and peeped through the bushes at the pair strolling along the shady, perfumed walks, and so plainly happy in that happiness which comes but once in a lifetime, they not only abandoned the idea of betraying the secret, but ever afterwards kept away from that part of the grounds, lest they should be an interruption.

"Peter," stammered the Colonel, who had been trying to get the words out for three days, "do you suppose he has already — asked her?"

"Some's pow'ful quick on de trigger, en some's mighty slow," replied Peter neutrally. "En some don't use de trigger 't all!"

"I always thought there had to be asking done by somebody," replied the Colonel, a little vaguely.

"I nuver axed Phillis!"

"Did Phillis ask you, Peter?"

"No, no, Marse Rom! I couldn't er stood dat from no 'oman!"

The Colonel was sitting on the stone steps in front of the house, and Peter stood below leaning against a Corinthian column, hat in hand, as he went on to tell his love-story.

"Hit all happ'n dis way, Marse Rom. We wuz gwine have pra'r-meetin', en' I 'lowed to walk home wid Phillis en ax 'er on de road. I been 'lowin' to ax 'er heap 'o times befo', but I ain' jes nuver done so. So I says to myse'f, says I, 'I jes mek my sermon to-night kiner lead up to whut I gwine tell Phillis on de road home.' So I tuk my tex' from de lef' tail o' my coat: 'De greates' o' dese is charity'; caze I knowed charity wuz same ez love. En all de time I wuz preachin' an glorifyin' charity en identifyin charity wid love' I couldn' he'p thinkin' 'bout what I gwine to say to Phillis on de road home. Dat mek me feel better; en de better I feel, de better I preach, so hit boun' to mek my hearers feel better likewise—Phillis among 'um. So Phillis she jes sot dah listenin' en listenin' en lookin' like we wuz a'ready on de road home, till I got so wuked up in my feelin's I jes knowed de time wus come. By en by, I hadn' mo' 'n done preachin' en wuz lookin' roun' to git my Bible en my hat, 'fo' up popped dat big Charity Green who been settin' 'longside o' Phillis en tekin' ev'y las' thing I said to herse'f. En she tuk hole o' my han' en squeeze it, en say she felt mos' like shoutin'. En' fo' I knowed it, I jes see Phillis wrap 'er shawl roun' 'er head en tu'n 'er nose up at me right quick en flip out de dooh. De dogs howl mighty mo'nful when I walk home by myse'f dat night," added Peter, laughing

to himself, "en I ain' preach dat sermon no mo' tell after me en Phillis wuz married.

"Hit wuz long time," he continued, "fo' Phillis come to heah me preach any mo'. But 'long 'bout de nex' fall we had big meetin', en heap mo' um j'ined. But Phillis she aint nuver j'ined yit. I preached mighty nigh all 'roun' my coat-tails till I say to myse'f, 'D' aint but one tex' lef', en I jes got to fetch 'er wid dat.' De tex' wuz on de right tail o' my coat: 'Come unto me, all ye dat labor en is heavy laden.' Hit wuz a ve'y momentuous sermon, en all 'long I jes see Phillis wras'lin' wid 'erse'f, en I says, 'She got to come dis night, de Lohd he'p me.' En I had no mo' 'n said de word, 'fo' she jes walked down en guv me 'er han'. Den we had de baptizin' in Elkhorn Creek, en de watter wuz deep en de current tol'ble swift. Hit look to me like dere wuz five hundred 'uv 'um on de creek side. By en by I stood on de edge o' de watter, en Phillis she come down to let me baptize 'er. En me en her j'ined han's en waded out in de creek mighty slow, 'cause Phillis didn't have no shot roun' de bottom uv 'er dress, en it kep' floatin' on top de watter till I reached it down. But by en by we got 'way out in de creek, en bofe uv us wuz tremblin'. En I says to 'er ve'y kin'ly, 'When I put you under de watter, Phillis, you mus' try en hole yo'se'f still, so I can lif' you up easy.' But I hadn't mo'n jes got 'er laid back over de watter w'en 'er feet flew off de bottom uv de creek, en when I retched out to fetch 'er up, I stepped in a hole, en fus' I knowed, it we wuz flounderin' roun' in de watter, en de hymn dey wuz singin' on de bank sounded mighty confused like. En Phillis, she swallowed some watter, en all 't once 't she jest grip me right tight roun' de neck, en said mighty quick, says she, 'I gwine marry whoever gits me out'n dis yere watter!'

"En by en by, when me en 'er wuz walkin' up de bank o' de creek, drippin' all over, I says to 'er, says I:

"'Does you 'member what you said back yon'er in de watter, Phillis?'

"'I ain' out'n no watter yit,' says she, ve'y contemptuous.

"'When does you consider yo'se'f out'n de watter?' says I, ve'y humble.

"'When I get dese soakin' clo'es off'n me,' says she.

"Hit wuz good dark when we got home, en atter a while I crope up to de dooh o' Phillis's cabin, en put my eye down to de keyhole, en I see Phillis jes settin' 'fo' dem blazin' walnut logs dressed up in 'er new [illegible] linsey dress, en 'er eyes shinin'. En I shuk so I mos' faint. Den I tap easy on de dooh, en say in a mighty tremblin' tone, says I,

"'Is you out'n de watter yit, Phillis?'

"'I got on dry dress,' says she.

"'Does you 'member what you said back yon'er in de watter, Phillis?' says I.

"'De latch-string on de outside de door,' says she, mighty sof'.

"En I walked in."

As Peter drew near the end of this reminiscence, his voice sank to a key of inimitable tenderness; and when it was ended the ensuing silence was broken by his merely adding:

"Phillis been dead heap o' years now,"

after which he turned away.

This recalling of the scenes of a time long gone by may have awakened in the breast of the Colonel some gentle memory; for after Peter was gone he continued to sit awhile in silent musing. Then getting up, he walked in the twilight across the yard and through the gate and ... to a ... spot in the most distant corner. There he stooped, or rather knelt down, and pressed his hands, as though with mute ... over a ... bed of old-fashioned China pinks.

He continued kneeling over them, touching them softly with his fingers, as though they were the fragrant, never-changing symbols of ... communion with his past. ... it may have been only the early dew of the evening that glistened on them when he rose and slowly walked away, leaving ... the ... moonbeams to haunt the spot.

JAMES LANE ALLEN

APOSTROPHE TO JOHN CHINAMAN

LOOK here, John,
You great, big, overgrown,
Listless, lagging, lumbering, lummox,
If you don't stir your stumps
And keep up with the Chariot of Progress,
You'll be run down

And dismembered.
That's what
Did you ever hear the story
Of the bull trying to butt
A locomotive off the bridge?
No?
Well, you'll see the narrative
Done in living pictures
One of these days
And you won't be the locomotive,
Either.
Put that in your pipe
And smoke it
Along with your blamed little
Opium pill.
Will you?
Great Joss, John,
What's the matter with you?
You're a thousand years behind the age
And still you think
You're the head of the procession
Why in thunder
Don't you get that almond eye of yours
On to the signs of the times,
And tumble
To the kind of a crawfish
You are, anyhow?
Why, you self-sufficient,
Pigtailed Celestial,
Your representatives in this country
Of enlightened liberty
And progressive push
Have been doing the washee washee act
For Melican man
Long enough to have elevated
Your countless millions
Above the lethargic level
At which all of you have remained
Ever since Mon Gol (or whatever his name was),
The Son of Gin Sang,
Opened a tea joint
And proceeded to found
The Mongolian Dynasty
With the accent on the last two syllables
But have you caught on
A little bit?
Nary a caught
And you are to-day not only
Pigtailed, but pigheaded,
And your last days
Are worse than your first
Look at yourself
With four hundred millions of popu tion
In an ev lasting rabble and riot
Of reb and blood,
And a ver their heads
In ign ance, poverty and filth,
And you don't do a darn thing
Except to encourage them
To be worse if they can.
You're a gigantic, decayed cheese
Filled full of seething maggots,
That's what you are,
And civilization feels called upon
To disinfect you
For the welfare of the world.
Look at that Dowager Empress
You've got leading you around by the nose;
You could make a white mark
On her character
With a piece of charcoal
And look at that Boxer gang;
The kind of boxing you
Ought to give them
Is the oblong kind
With a silver plate on the lid.
But you'll never do it;
You ain't that kind.
Just the same, somebody else will.
And already
The American Eagle,
The British Lion and
The Russian Bear,
With a Franco-German side show,
Are about to open a circus season
In your midst
That will constitute
A megatherian wonder,
As an object lesson
To the very worst misgovernment
On earth;
And after the regular performance
There will be a concert
At which all civilization
Will sing in a grand chorus;
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

ODE TO EMBONPOINT

Great Scott!
Fat
Man, it's
Not
So hot.
Keep cool

By
Rule
Of never fret.
And yet,
Meseems, such
Talk
Doth mock
The
Man obese who
Mops his
Brow
And swears
As how
Last June
Was not
So
Hot
As Now.
No,
It's not
Hot.
O, no, no,
No
And so,
O,
Fat man,
Cease
Thy
Moan
For skeleton
Frame
Of
Skin and
Bone.
Possess thyself;
When
Winter's
Come
The lean by
Cold is
Soon
Made numb,
And,
Then, in
All
Thy wealth
Of
Fat
Thou'lt
Have the Lean
Man
Beaten
Flat.

IN MARGET'S GARDEN.

A Cutting, by Frances Putnam Pogle, from "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

When George came home for the last time, Marget went back and forward all afternoon from his bedroom to the window, and hid herself beneath the laburnum to see his face as the cart stood before the stile. It told her plain what she had feared, and Marget passed through her Gethsemane with the gold blossoms falling on her face. When their eyes met, and before she helped him down, mother and son understood.

"Ye mind what I told ye, o' the Greek mothers, the day I left. Weel, I wud hae liked to have carried my shield, but it wasna to be, so I've come home on it." As they went slowly up the garden walk, "I've got my degree, a double first, mathematics and classics."

"Ye've been a gude soldier, George, and faithfu'."

"Unto death, a'm dootin', mother."

"Na," said Marget, "unto life."

Drumtochty was not a heartening place in sickness, and Marget, who did not think our thoughts, endured much consolation at her neighbors' hands.

Kirsty Stewart had a "way" in sick visiting, consisting in a certain cadence of the voice and arrangement of the face, which was felt to be soothing and complimentary.

When I found George wrapped in his plaid beside the brier bush, whose roses were no whiter than his cheeks, Kirsty was already installed as comforter in the parlor, and her drone came through the open window.

"Ay, ay, Marget, sae it's come to this. Weel, we daurna complain, ye ken, be thankfu' ye haena lost your man and five sons, besides twa sisters and a brither, no to mention cousins. Ay, ay, it's an awfu' lesson, Marget, no to mak' idols o' our bairns, for that's naethin' else than provokin' the Almichty."

"Did ye say the Almichty? I'm thinkin' that's ower grand a name for God, Kirsty. What wud ye think o' a father that hame some bonnie thing frae the fair for ane o' his bairns, and when the puir

bairn wes pleased wi' it, tore it oot o' his hand and flung it into the fire? If a woman, he wud be a meeserable, cankered, jealous body. Oh, I ken weel that George is gaein' to leave us; but it's no because the Almichty is jealous o' him or me, no likely. It came to me last nicht that He needs my laddie for some grand work in the ither world, and that's hoo George has his bukes brocht oot tae the garden and studies a' the day. He wants to be ready for his kingdom, just as he trachled in the auld schule o' Drumtochty for Edinboro'. I hoped he would hae been a minister o' Christ's Gospel here, but he'll be judge over many cities yonder. A'm no denyin', Kirsty, that it's a trial, but I hae faith for it, and naethin' but gude thochts o' the Almichty."

When Marget came out and sat down beside her son her face was shining. Then she saw the open window.

"I didna ken—"

"Never mind, mither, there's nae secrets atween us, and it gared my heart leap to hear ye speak up like yon for God, and to know yir content. Div ye mind the nicht I called for ye, mother, and ye gave me the Gospel aboot God?"

"There had been a Revival man here," George explained to me, "and he was preaching on hell. That night I could not sleep, for I thought I might be in the fire before morning. I was only a wee laddie, and I did what we all do in trouble, I cried for my mother. Ye hae na forgotten, mither, the fricht that was on me that night?"

"Never," said Marget, "and never can; it's hard wark for me to keep frae hating that man, dead or alive. Geordie gripped me wi' baith his wee airms round my neck, and he cries over and over and over again, 'Is yon God?'"

"Ay, and ye kissed me, mither, an' ye said, 'Yir safe with me. Am I a guid mother tae ye?' and when I could dae naethin' but hold, ye said, 'Be sure God maun be a hantle kinder.' The truth came to me as with a flicker, and I cuddled down into my bed, and fell asleep in His love as in my mither's arms.

"Mither, that was my conversion, and, mither dear, I hae longed a' through thae college studies for the day when ma mooth would be opened wi' the evangel."

Marget's was an old-fashioned garden, with pinks and daisies and forget-me-nots, with sweet-scented wall-flower and thyme and moss roses, where nature had her way, and gracious thoughts could visit one without any jarring note. As George's voice softened to the close, I caught her saying, "His servants shall see His face," and the peace of Paradise fell upon us in the shadow of death.

The night before the end, George was carried out to his corner, and Domsie, whose heart was nigh unto breaking, sat with him the afternoon. They used to fight the college battles over again, with their favorite classics beside them, but this time none of them spoke of books. Marget was moving about the garden, and she told me that George looked at Domsie wistfully, as if he had something to say and knew not how to do it.

After a while he took a book from below his pillow, and began, like one thinking over his words:

"Maister Jamieson, ye hae been a guid freend tae me, the best I ever hed aifter my mither and father. Will ye tak' this buik for a keepsake o' yir grateful scholar? It's a Latin 'Imitation,' Domsie, and it's bonnie printin'. Ye mind hoo ye gave me yir ain Virgil, and said he was a kind o' Pagan saint? Noo here is my saint, and div ye ken, I've often thocht Virgil saw His day afar off, and was glad. Will ye read it, Domsie, for my sake, and maybe ye'll come to see—" and George could not find words for more.

But Domsie understood. "Ma laddie, ma laddie, that I luve better than onything on earth, I'll read it till I die, and, George, I'll tell you what livin' man doesna ken. When I was your verra age I had a cruel trial, and my heart was turned frae faith. The classics hae been my Bible, though I said naethin' to ony man against Christ. He aye seemed beyond man, and noo the vision o' Him has come to me in this garden. Laddie, ye hae dune far mair for me than I ever did for you. Will ye mak' a prayer for yir auld Domsie afore we pairt?"

There was a thrush singing in the birches and a sound of bees in the air, when George prayed in a low, soft voice, with a little break in it

"Lord Jesus, remember my dear maister, for he's been a kind freend to me and mony a puir laddie in Drumtochty. Bind up his sair heart and give him licht at eventide, and may the maister and his scholars meet some mornin' where the schule never skails, in the kingdom o' oor Father."

Twice Domsie said "Amen," and it seemed as the voice of another man, and then he kissed George upon the forehead; but what they said, Marget did not wish to hear

When he passed out at the garden gate the westering sun was shining golden, and the face of Domsie was like unto that of a little child.

IAN MACLAREN.

DOLLY'S BIRTHDAY

I HAVE a little dolly: she is one year old to-day.
She's never very naughty nor cries to have her way
And 'cause it is her birthday, I wanted her like new
But her face got a little dirty, like dollys sometime do
So I took some soap and water and scrubbed her just as soft
But, oh, my goodness gracious! her rosy cheeks washed off

She wasn't one bit pretty with her face so very white
So I quickly ran to mamma to fetch her round all right
"Never, never again will your dolly's cheeks be red
Dolly's wasn't made to wash!" that's all my mamma said

MARY B. RHEINFELDT

THE MAN *WITHOUT* THE HOE

Perhaps no poem of modern times has called forth so many [illegible] Markham's [illegible] "The Man With the Hoe." The following is one of the best among the number for recitation as well as the [illegible].

SING not my muse, the woes of him who plies the hoe,
Who gazes vacantly about, with pinging lips and forehead low,
Whose form beneath the weight of untold burdens bends,
Whose visage is more marred than that of other men's

But rather sing of him who, destitute of hoe and hope,
Has yet with misery and woe and wretchedness to cope,
Whose instincts low and grov'ling like the instincts of the beasts,
Find their aim and end of being as he riots, eats and sleeps.

Of him who, born and bred 'mid the lavishments of home,
Has thence, by some misfortune dire, been forced to roam,
Without the knowledge of a craft his daily bread to earn,
Without the cunning to direct, the vision to discern

Of him who seeking honest toil, can no employment find,
In city full or country sparse, for dextrous hand or mind,
Who vaguely wanders up and down all through the livelong day,
Willing to heave or dig or till for low and modest pay

Of him, posseesed of workman's craft and versed in artist's skill,
Who labors not, for workman's guild is bar to freeman's will,
And rules and laws of brotherhoods do not allow or grant
A right to to toil to him who's not of their own ilk or stamp.

Of him who gladly takes his crust from curb or open door,
While others feast and revel in more than ample store,
Who seldom finds for aching limbs and weary, throbbing head
More than a doorstep or a loft as a covert and a bed.

Of him who seeks, 'mid dens of vice and
 deadlier haunts of rum,
To drown his sorrows, hide his shame, his
 finer feelings numb;
Who finds no joy or comfort, no promise of
 release,
No home, no friend, no helper save the
 poorhouse or the police.

Whose mind is dead and dulled, whose soul
 lies crushed within,
With wilted manhood fled and conscience
 seared with sin;
More cursed is he than all the cursed sons
 of Ham,
For hope has left the breast of him whom
 custom calls a man.

Who made him such a helpless, lost and
 ruined thing?
Not God, who erst to Adam gave, when
 the morning stars did sing,
The promise of the chosen seed the serpent's
 head to bruise,
The privilege in sweat of face, a laborer's
 tool to use.

He formed him in His image, put luster in
 his eye,
To scan His works, who made him such in
 beauteous earth and sky,
Put music in his lofty soul, made him a
 lord to be
Of all His hands had fashioned, in bound-
 less land and sea.

Who made him otherwise? Man himself,
 his customs and his creed,
These, these, have made him what he is—
 man's lust of power and greed—
A thing that oftener creeps than stands, with
 independence gone;
No joy in breast, no light in brain, naught
 but a loathsome form.

'Tis you, O masters, customs, times, which
 must give back again
The right to toil where'er he can, the right
 to be a man,
To live in hope and with the hoe to break
 insensate clod,
Till body back returns to dust and the soul
 ascends to God!

CHARLES SHILAND

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL JOUBERT

[illegible] May [illegible], General Piet Joubert, Vice-President [illegible] and Commander-in-Chief [illegible] His loss was an irreparable [illegible] President Kruger had been [illegible] affairs of State for more than [illegible] frequently broke down [illegible] the following [illegible]

"BROTHERS, sisters, burghers and friends: Only a few words can I say to you, for the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak. We have lost our brother, our friend, our commandant general. I have lost my right hand. Not of yesterday, but my right hand since we were boys together, many long years ago.

"To-night I alone seem to have been spared of the old people of this cherished land, of men who lived and struggled together for our country. He has gone to Heaven whilst fighting for liberty which God has told us to defend; for freedom which he and I have struggled together so many years and so often to maintain. Brothers, what shall I say to you in this our greatest day of sorrow, in this hour of national gloom?

"The struggle we are engaged in is for the principle of justice and righteousness which our Lord has taught us is the broad road to Heaven and blessedness. It is our sacred duty to keep on that path if we desire a happy ending of our dear, dead brother who has gone on that road to his eternal life. What can I say of his personality? It is only a few short weeks ago that I saw him at the fighting front humbly and nobly taking his share of privations and the rough work of the campaign like the poorest burgher. A true general! A true Christian example to his people!

"Let me tell you the days are dark. We are suffering reverses on account of the wickedness being rampant in our land. No success will come, no blessings be given to our great cause unless you remove the bad elements from amongst us, and then you may look forward to attaining crowning reward of righteousness and noble demeanor. Let the world rage round us and enemies decry us, the Lord will stand by you against the ruthless hand of the foe, and at the moment when He deems it right for interference peace will come once more."

OUR SERMON TASTER.

A cutting by Frances Putnam Pogle from "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

IT was the birthright of every native of the parish to be a critic, and certain were allowed to be experts in special departments, but as an all round practitioner Mrs. Macfadyen had a solitary reputation. One felt it was genius, and could only note contributing circumstances—an eye that took in the preacher from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; an almost uncanny insight into character; the instinct to seize on every scrap of evidence; a memory that was simply an automatic register; an unfailing sense of fitness, and an absolute impartiality regarding subject.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Macfadyen did not take nervous little notes during the sermon, or mark her Bible or practice any other profane device of feeble-minded hearers. It did not matter how elaborate or how incoherent a sermon might be; it could not confuse our critic.

When John Peddie of Muirtown, who always approached two hours, and usually had to leave out the last head, took time at the Drumtochty Fast, and, gave at full length, his famous discourse on the total depravity of the human race from the text "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," it may be admitted that the Glen wavered in its confidence. Human nature has limitations and failure would have been no discredit to Elspeth.

"They were sayin' at the Presbytery," Burnbrae reported, "that is hes mair than seeventy heads coontin' pints, of coorse, and a' can weel believe it. Na, na: it's no tae be expeckit that Elspeth cud gie them a' aifter ae hearin'."

Jamie Soutar looked in to set his mind at rest, and Elspeth went at once to work.

"Sit doon, Jamie, for it canna be dune in a meenut."

It took twenty three minutes exactly, for Jamie watched the clock.

"That's the laist, makin seventy-four, and ye may depend on every ane but that fourth pint under the sixth head. Whether it wes the 'beginnin' o' faith' or 'the origin,' a' canna be sure, for he cleared his throat at that time."

Probationers who preached in the vacancy had heard rumors, and tried to identify their judge, with the disconcerting result that they addressed their floweriest passages to Mistress Stirton, who was the stupidest woman in the Free Kirk, and had once stuck in the "chief end of man." They never suspected the sonsy, motherly woman two pews behind Donald Menzies, with her face of demure interest and general air of country simplicity. It was as well for the probationers that they had not caught the glint of those black, beady eyes.

"It's curious," Mrs Macfadyen remarked to me one day, "hoo the pulpit fashions change, juist like weemen's bonnets.

"Noo a' mind when auld Doctor Ferintosh would stand two meenutes facing the fouk, and no sit doon till he hed his snuff.

"But thae young birkies gie oot 'at they see naebody comin' in, an' cover their face wi' ae hand sae solemn, that if ye didna catch them keekin' through their fingers tae see what like the kirk is, ye wud think they were prayin'."

"There's not much escapes you," I dared to say, and although the excellent woman was not accessible to gross flattery, she seemed pleased.

"A'm thankfu' that a' can see without lookin'; an' a'll wager nae man ever read his sermon in Drumtochty Kirk, an' a' didna find him oot! Noo, there's the new minister o' Netheraird, he writes his sermons on ae side o' ten sheets o' paper, an' he's that carried awa' at the end o' ilka page that he disna ken what he's daein', an' the sleeve o' his goon slips the sheet across tae the ither side o' the Bible.

"But Doctor Ferintosh wes cleverer, an' it near beat me tae detect him," and Elspeth paused to enjoy the pulpit ruse. "It came tae me sudden ae Sacrament Monday, hoo dis he aye turn up twal texts, naither mair nor less, and that set me thinkin'. Than a' noticed that he left the Bible open at the place till anither text was due, an' I wunnered a'd been sae slow. It was this wy: he askit the beadle for a glass o' water in the vestry, and slippit his sermon in atween the leaves in sae mony bits. A've wished for a gallery at a time, but there's

mair credit in findin' it oot below—ay, an' pleasure tae; a' never wearied in kirk in ma life.

Mrs. Macfadyen did not appreciate prodigal quotations of Scriptures, and had her suspicions of this practice.

"Tak the minister o' Pitscourie, noo; he's fair tozzy wi' trokin in his gairden an' feedin' pigs, and hesna studied a sermon for thirty years.

"Sae what dis he dae, think ye? He havers for a while on the errors o' the day, and syne he says, 'That's what man says, but what says the Apostle Paul? We shall see what the Apostle Paul says.' He puts on his glasses and turns up the passage and reads maybe ten verses, and then he's aff on a jundy (trot) again. When a man hes naethin' tae say he's aye lang. a've seen him gie half an 'oor o' passages and anither half oot o' havers.

"'He's a Bible preacher at any rate,' says Burnbrae tae me last Fast, for honest man he hes aye some gude word for a body.

"'It's ae thing,' I said to him, 'tae feed a calf wi' milk, and anither tae gie it the empty cogie tae lick.'

"It's curious, but a've noticed that when a Moderate gets lazy he preaches auld sermons, but a Free Kirk minister taks tae abusin' his neeburs and readin' screeds o' the Bible.

"But Maister Pittendreigh hes two sermons, at ony rate"; and Elspeth tasted the sweets of memory with such keen relish that I begged for a share.

"Well, ye see he's terribly prood o' his feenishes, and this is ane o' them.

"'Heaven, ma brethern, will be far grander than the hoose o' ony earthly potentate, for there ye will no longer eat the flesh o' bulls nor drink the blood o' goats, but we shall sook the juicy pear and scoop the luscious meelon. Amen.'

"He hes nae mair sense o' humour than an owl, and a' aye hand that a man withoot humour sudna be allowed intae a poopit.

"A' hear that they have nae examination in humour at the college; it's an awfu' want, for it wud keep oot mony a dreich body.

"But the meelon's naethin' tae the goat that [illegible] Fast tae

"If Jeems wes aboot a' daurna mention 't; he canna behave himsel' tae this day gin he hears o' it, though ye ken he's a douce man as ever lived.

"It wes anither feenish, and it ran this wy:

"'Noo, ma friends, a' wull no be keepin' ye ony longer, and ye'ill a' gie hame tae yir ain hooses and mind yir ain business. And as sune as ye get hame ilka man 'ill gang tae his closet and shut the door, and stand for five meenutes, and ask himsel' this solemn question, "Am I a goat?" Amen.'

"The amen near upset masel', and a' hed tae dunge Jeems wi' ma elbow.

"He said no a word on the wy back, but a' saw it was barmin' in him, and he gied oot aifter his dinner as if he had been ta'en unweel.

"A' cam' on him in the byre, rowing in the strae like a bairn, and every ither row he wud say, 'Am I a goat?'

"It was na cannie for a man o' his wecht, besides bein' a married man and a kirk member, and a' gied him a hearin'.

"He sobered doon, and a' never saw him dae the like since. But he hesna forgot, na, na; a've seen a look come ower Jeems' face in kirk, and a've been feared."

When the Free Kirk quarreled in their vacancy over two probationers, Mrs. Macfadyen summed them up with such excellent judgment that they were thrown over and peace restored.

"There's some o' thae Muirtown drapers can busk oot their windows that ye canna pass withoot lookin'; there's bits o' blue and bits o' red, and a ribbon here an' a lace yonder.

"It's a bonnie show and denty, an' no wunner the lassies stan' and stare.

"But gae intae the shop, and peety me, there's next tae naethin'; it's a' in the window.

"Noo, that's Maister Popinjay, as neat and fikey a little mannie as ever a' saw in a black goon.

"His bit sermon wes six poems—five a' hed heard afore—four anecdotes—three aboot himsel' an ain aboot a lord—twa burnies, ae floo'r gairden, and a snowstorm, wi' the text thirteen times and 'beloved' twal; that was a'; a takin' window, and Netherton's lassies cudna sleep thinkin' o' him.

"There's ither shopmen in Muirtown that fair scunner ye wi' their windows—they're that ill set out, and inside there's

sic a walt o' stuff that the man canna get what ye want; he's clean smoored wi' his ain goods.

"It's a graund shop for the old fouk that hae plenty o' time and can turn ower the the things by the oor. Ye ill no get a young body inside the door.

"That's Maister Auchtermuchty; he hes material than he kens hoo tae handle, and naebody, hearin' him, can mak head or tail o' his sermons.

"Ye get a rive at the Covenants ae meenut an' a mouthfu' o' justification tee next. Yir nae suner wi' the Patriarchs than yir whuppit aff tae the Apostles.

"It's rich feedin', nae doot, but sair mixed an' no verra tasty."

So the old and young compromised, and chose Carmichael.

BIJAH'S STORY.

HE was little more than a baby
And played on the streets all day;
And holding in his tiny fingers
The string of a broken sleigh.

He was ragged, and cold, and hungry,
Yet his face was a sight to see,
And he lisped to a passing lady
"Pleathe, mithus, will you yide me?"

But she drew close her fur-lined mantle
And her train of silk and lace
While she stared with haughty wonder
In the eager, piteous face.

And the eyes that shone so brightly
Brimmed o'er with gushing rain,
And the poor little head dropped lower
While his heart beat a sad refrain.

When night came, cold and darkly,
And the lamps were all alight,
The pallid lips grew whiter
With childish grief and fright.

As I was passing the entrance
Of a church across the way,
I found a poor dead baby,
With his head on a broken sleigh.

Soon young and eager footsteps
Were heard on the frozen street,
And a boy dashed into the station,
Covered with snow and sleet.

On his coat was a newsboy's number,
On his arm a brau new sled.
"Have you seen my brother Bijah?
He ought to be home in bed.

"You see, I leave him at Smithers'
While I go round with the *Press*.
They must have forgot about him,
And he's strayed away, I guess.

"Last night when he said 'Our Father,'
And about the daily bread
He just threw in an extra
Concerning a nice new sled.

"I was tellin' the boys at the office
As how he was only three
And they stuck in for this here stunner;
And sent it home with me.

"And won't—what's the matter, Bijah?
Why do you shake your head?
O Father in Heaven, have pity!
O Bijah! he can't be dead!"

He clasped the child to his bosom
In a passionate, close embrace,
His tears and kisses falling
'Twixt sobs on the little face.

Soon the boyish grief grew silent;
There was never a tear nor a moan,
For the heart of the dear Lord Jesus
Had taken the children home.

CHARLES M. LEWIS—"*M. Quad*,"—
in *Detroit Free Press*.

SALVATION AND MORALITY.

[illegible] Fourth Presbyterian [illegible]

THE divine Jesus with his morality, with his curse upon one who even called his brother *Raca*, with his prayer "Be ye perfect," with his benediction for him who did the least commandment and taught men so, with his whole career full of man's subjective salvation, is an object too vast to be swept from the Christian sky by the besom of any school past or to come. Be you anywhere, my friend, in the journey of life—in youth, or middle life, or old age, do not suffer any

voice to confuse your heart as to the need of a personal obedience rendered the teachings of the Saviour. The precise meaning of salvation may elude your power of definition. You may not be able to find that line that crosses every path

> The hidden boundary between
> God's patience and his wrath,"

but whatever darkness may gather around you, amid the obscure definitions of men there will always be in the imitation of Jesus Christ a place where no shadow can come. A religion that will make the Sermon on the Mount play a second part in your earthly career, comes it under any name, Calvinist, Methodist, Baptist or Catholic, that religion decline, or abandon so far, and draw nearer to him who knew better than all the schools wherein lies the best destiny of the soul.

All through the life of Christ the music of heaven sounded to the pure in heart and an awful thunder rolled in all the sky, over the spirit that sinned in deed and in thought and when a generation after the Saviour's death, the heavens opened to the vision of St. John, and this divine Being stood a radiant star on the border of earth, there came the same music again for the virtuous, the same thunder in the futurity of the wicked. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates of the city; for without are dogs and sorcerers and murderers and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." Here the morals of Jesus return to us in awful significance. Let us not add to, nor take away from the words of the prophecy of this book. DAVID SWING.

OUR BANNER.

When Christ is preached, there is a defiance given to the enemies of the Lord. Every time a sermon is preached in the power of the Spirit, it is as though a shrill clarion woke up the fiends of hell, for every sermon seems to say to them, "Christ is come forth again to deliver his lawful captives out of your power; the King of kings has come to take away your dominions, to wrest from you your stolen treasures, and to proclaim Himself your Master." Oh, there is a stern joy that the minister sometimes feels when he thinks of himself as the antagonist of the powers of hell. Martin Luther seems always to have felt it when he said, "Come let us sing the forty-sixth psalm, and let the devil do his worst." Why, that was lifting up his standard—the standard of the cross. If you want to defy the devil, don't go about preaching philosophy; don't sit down and write out fine sermons, with long sentences, three quarters of a mile in extent; don't try and cull fine smooth phrases that will sound sweetly in people's ears. The devil doesn't care a bit for this; but talk about Christ, preach about the sufferings of a Saviour, tell sinners that there is life in a look at him, and straightway the devil taketh great umbrage. Why, look at many of the ministers in London! They preach in their pulpits from the first of January to the last of December, and nobody finds fault with them, because they will prophesy such smooth things. But let a man preach Christ, let him disclaim about the power of Jesus to save, and press home gospel truth with simplicity and boldness, straightway the fiends of darkness will be against you; and if they cannot bite, they will show that they can howl and bark. There is a defiance, I say, it is God's defiance; his gauntlet thrown down to the confederated powers of darkness, a gauntlet which they dare not take up, for they know what tremendous power for good there is in the uplifting of the cross of Christ. Wave, then, your banner O ye soldiers of the cross, each in your place and rank keep watch and ward, but wave your banner still; for though the adversary shall be wroth, it is because he knoweth that his time is short when once the cross of Christ is lifted up.

CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Startles the village with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death angel touches these swift keys
What loud lament and dismal Misereres
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the clamor,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war drums made of serpents' skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain.

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear the voice of Christ say, "Peace

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

LONGFELLOW.

THE LAST LEAF

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town

But now his nose is thin
And it rests upon his chin,
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches,—and all that
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

CICERO AND DEMOSTHENES COMPARED.

To me Demosthenes seems superior to Cicero. I yield to no one in my admiration of the latter. He adorns whatever he touches. He lends honor to speech. He uses words as no one else can use them. His versatility is beyond description. He is even concise and vehement when disposed to be so, as against Catiline, against Verres, against Antony. But we detect the embellishments in his discourses. The art is marvelous, but it is not hidden. The orator does not, in his concern for the republic, forget himself, nor does he allow himself to be forgotten.

Demosthenes, on the contrary, seems to lose all consciousness of himself, and to recognize only his country. He does not seek the beautiful; he unconsciously creates it. He is superior to admiration. He uses language as a modest man uses his garment—for a covering. He thunders, he lightens; he is like a torrent hurrying all before it We cannot criticize him, for we are in the sweep of his influence. We think on what he says, not on how he ssys it. We lose sight of the speaker, we are occupied only with his subject

ARCHBISHOP FENELON

BRUTUS OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA

Dramatic and impassioned. The story of Lucretia's death should be read in Roman history, and the speaker appreciate the circumstances and enter fully into the spirit of the occasion.

Thus, thus, my friends, fast as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance, we have told our story.
And now, to say one word of the imposture,
The mask necessity has made me wear.
When the ferocious malice of your king—
King do I call him?—when the monster, Tarquin,
Slew, as you, most of you, may well remember,
My father, Marcus, and my elder brother,
Envying at once their virtues and their wealth,
How could I hope a shelter from his power
But in the false face I have worn so long?
Would you know why Brutus has summoned you?
Ask ye what brings him here? Behold this dagger,
Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time;
The mould in which each female grace was formed,
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallowed walk,
And whispered in his ear her strains divine
Can I conceive beyond her! The young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her! O, my countrymen,
You all can witness that when she went forth,
It was a holiday in Rome. Old age
Forgot its crutch, labor its task; all ran;
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
"There, there's Lucretia!" Now look ye where she lies

That beauteous flower, that innocent, sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence!—gone, gone!
Say, would ye seek instruction? would ye seek
What ye should do? Ask ye yon conscious walls,
And they will cry, Revenge!
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse; 'twill cry, Revenge!
Ask yonder senate house whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!
Go to the tomb of Tarquin's murdered wife,
And the poor queen who loved him as her son
Their unappeased ghosts will shriek Revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all viewing heavens,
The gods themselves shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound—Revenge! Revenge!

J. H. PAYNE.

ONLY THE CLOTHES SHE WORE.

THERE is the hat
With the blue veil thrown 'round it, just as they found it,
Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled—
Do you recognize that?

The gloves, too, lie there,
And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers,
That some one has pressed, perhaps, and caressed,
So slender and fair.

There are the shoes,
With their long silken laces, still bearing traces,
To the toe's dainty trip, of the mud of the slip,
The slime and the ooze.

There is the dress,
Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored and drabbled—
This you should know without doubt, and, if so,
All else you may guess.

There is the shawl,
With the striped border, hung next in order,
Soiled hardly less than the white muslin dress,
And—that is all.

Ah, here is a ring
We were forgetting, with a pearl setting;
There was only this one—name or date?—none?—
A frail, pretty thing;

A keepsake, maybe,
The gift of another, perhaps a brother,
Or lover, who knows? him her heart chose,
Or was she heart-free?

Does the hat there,
With the blue veil around it, the same as they found it,
Summon up a fair face with just a trace
Of gold in the hair?

Or does the shawl,
Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling,
A form, young and slight, to your mind's sight
Clearly recall?

A month now has passed,
And her sad history remains yet a mystery,
But these we keep still, and shall keep them until
Hope dies at last.

Was she a prey
Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow
Hiding from view the sky's happy blue?
Or was there foul pla '

Alas! who may tell?
Some one or other, perhaps a fond mother,
May recognize these when her child's clothes she sees;
Then—will it be well?

N G SHEPHERD

SCHOOLING A HUSBAND.

Mrs. Centre was jealous. She was one of those discontented women who are never satisfied unless something goes wrong. When the sky is bright and pleasant they are annoyed because there is nothing to grumble at. The trouble is not with the outward world, but with the heart, the mind: and every one who wishes to grumble will find a subject.

Mrs. Centre was jealous. Her husband was a very good sort of person, though he probably had his peculiarities. At any rate, he had a cousin, whose name was Sophia Smithers, and who was very pretty, very intelligent, and very amiable and kind-hearted. I dare say he occasionally made her a social call, to which his wife solemnly and seriously objected, for the reason that Sophia was pretty, intelligent, amiable, and kind-hearted. These were the sum total of her sins.

Centre and his wife boarded at a private establishment at the South end of Boston. At the same house also boarded Centre's particular, intimate, and confidential friend, Wallis, with his wife. Their rooms might almost be said to be common ground, for the two men and the two women were constantly together.

Wallis could not help observing that Mrs. Centre watched her husband very closely, and Centre at last confessed that there had been some difficulty. So they talked the matter over together, and came to the conclusion that it was very stupid for any one to be jealous, most of all for Mrs. Centre to be jealous. What they did I don't know, but one evening Centre entered the room, and found Mrs. Wallis there.

"My dear, I am obliged to go out a few moments to call upon a friend," said Centre.

"To call upon a friend!" sneered Mrs. Centre.

"Yes, my dear, I shall be back presently;" and Mr. Centre left the room.

"The old story," said she, when he had gone.

"If it was my husband I would follow him," said Mrs. Wallis.

"I will!" and she immediately put on her bonnet and shawl. "Sophia Smithers lives very near, and I am sure he is going there."

Centre had gone up stairs to put on his hat and overcoat, and in a moment she saw him on the stairs. She could not mistake him, for there was no other gentleman in the house who wore such a peculiarly shaped Kossuth as he wore.

He passed out, and Mrs. Centre passed out after him. She followed the queer shaped Kossuth of her husband, and it led her to C—— Street, where she had suspected it would lead her. And further, it led her to the house of Smithers, the father of Sophia, where she suspected also it would lead her.

Mrs. Centre was very unhappy. Her husband had ceased to love her; he loved another; he loved Sophia Smithers. She could have torn the pretty, intelligent, amiable, and kind-hearted cousin of her husband in pieces at that moment; but she had the fortitude to curb her belligerent tendencies, and ring the door-bell.

She was shown into the sitting-room, where the beautiful girl of many virtues was engaged in sewing.

"Is my husband here?" she demanded.

"Mr. Centre? Bless you, no! He hasn't been here for a month."

Gracious! What a whopper! Was it true that she whose multitudinous qualities had been so often rehearsed to her could tell a lie? Hadn't she seen the peculiar Kossuth of her husband enter that door? Hadn't she followed that unmistakable hat to the house?

She was amazed at the coolness of her husband's fair cousin. Before, she had believed it was only a flirtation. Now, she was sure it was something infinitely worse, and she thought about a divorce, or at least a separation.

She was astounded, and asked no more questions. Did the guilty pair hope to deceive her—her, the argus-eyed wife? She had some shrewdness, and she had the cunning to conceal her purpose by refraining from any appearance of distrust. After a few words upon commonplace topics, she took her leave.

When she reached the sidewalk, there she planted herself, determined to wait till Centre came out. For more than an hour she stood there, nursing the yellow demon of jealousy. He came not. While she,

the true, faithful, and legal wife of Centre, was waiting on the cold pavement, shivering in the cold blast of autumn, he was folded in the arms of the black-hearted Sophia, before a comfortable coal fire.

She was catching her death a-cold. What did he care—the brute! He was bestowing his affections upon her who had no legal right to them.

The wind blew, and it began to rain. She could stand it no longer. She should die before she got the divorce, and that was just what the inhuman Centre would wish her to do. She must preserve her precious life for the present, and she reluctantly concluded to go home. Centre had not come out, and it required a struggle for her to forego the exposure of the nefarious scheme.

She rushed into the house,—into her room. Mrs. Wallis was there still. Throwing herself upon the sofa, she wept like a great baby. Her friend tried to comfort her, but she was firmly resolved not to be comforted. In vain Mrs. Wallis tried to assure her of the fidelity of her husband. She would not listen to the words. But while she was thus weeping, Mr. Centre entered the room, looking just as though nothing had happened.

"You wretch!" sobbed the lady.

"What is the matter, my dear?" coolly inquired the gentleman, for he had not passed through the battle and storm of matrimonial warfare without being able to "stand fire."

"You wretch!" repeated the lady, with compound unction.

"What has happened?"

"You insult me, abuse me, and then ask me what the matter is!" cried the lady. "Haven't I been waiting in C—— Street for two hours for you to come out of Smithers' house?"

"Have you?"

"I have, you wretch!"

"And I did not come out?"

"No! You know you didn't!"

"There was an excellent reason for that, my dear. I wasn't there," said Centre, calmly.

"You weren't there, you wretch! How dare you tell me such an abominable lie! But I have found you out. You go there every day, yes, twice, three times, a day! I know your amiable cousin, now! She can lie as well as you!"

"Sophia tell a lie! Oh, no, my dear!"

"But she did. She said you were not there."

"That was very true; I was not."

"How dare you tell me such a lie! You have been with Sophia all the evening. She is a nasty baggage!"

"Nay, Mrs. Centre, you are mistaken," interposed Mrs. Wallis. "Mr. Centre has been with me in this room all the evening."

"What! didn't I see him go out, and follow him to C—— Street?"

"No, my dear, I haven't been out this evening. I changed my mind."

Just then Wallis entered the room with that peculiar Kossuth on his head, and the mystery was explained. Mrs. Centre was not a little confused, and very much ashamed of herself.

Wallis had been in Smithers' library smoking a cigar, and had not seen Sophia. Her statement that she had not seen Centre for a month was strictly true, and Mrs. Centre was obliged to acknowledge that she had been jealous without a cause, though she was not "let into" the plot of Wallis.

But Centre should have known better than to tell his wife what a pretty, intelligent, amiable, and kind-hearted girl Sophia was. No husband should speak well of any lady but his wife.

"THEM YANKEE BLANKITS"

"If your enemy hunger feed him." How kindness turned an enemy into a friend.

YES, John, I was down thar at Memphis,
A-workin' around at the boats,
A-heavin' o' cotton with emph'sis
An' loadin' her onter the floats.
I was comin' away from Ole Texas,
Whar I went, you know, arter the wah—
'Bout it now I'll make no reflexes,
But wait till I get ter long taw.

Well, while I was down thar, the fever,
As yaller an' pizen as sin,
Broke out; an' ef you'll beleeve her,
Wharever she hit she struck in!

It didn't take long in the hatchin',
It jes' fa'rly bred in the air,
Till a hospittel camp warn't a patchin'
An' we'd plenty o' corpses to spare.

I volunteer'd then with the Howards,—
I thought that my duty was clear,—
An' I didn't look back'ards, but for'ards,
An' went ter my work 'ithout fear.
One day, howsomever, she got me
As quick as the shot of a gun,
An' they toted me off ter allot me
A bunk till my life-race was run.

The doctor and nurses they wrestled,
But it didn't do me any good;
An' the drugger he pounded and pestled,
But he didn't get up the right food.
"No blankits ner ice in the city!"—
I hear'd 'em say that from my bed,—
An' some cried, "O God! whole take pity
On the dyin' that soon'll be dead?"

Next day, howsomever, the doctor
Came in with a smile on his brow.
"Old boy, jest as yit we hain't knocked her,"
Said he, "but we'll do fer her now!"
Fer, yer see, John, them folks ter the Nor'ward
Hed hear'd us afore we call'd twice,
An' they'd sent us a full cargo forward
Of them much-needed blankits an' ice!

Well, brother, I've been mighty solid
Agin' Yankees, yer know, since the wah,
An' agin reconstrucktin' was stolid,
Not kearin' fer Kongriss ner law:
But, John, I got onder that kiver,
That God-blessed gift o' the Yanks,
An' it sav'd me from fordin' "the river,"
An' I'm prayin' 'em oceans o' thanks!

I tell yer, old boy, thar's er streak in us
Old Rebels an' Yanks thet is warm;
It's er brotherly love that'll speak in us,
An' fetch us together in storm.
We may snarl about "niggers an' fran-cheese,"
But whenever thar's sufferin' afoot,
The two trees'll unite in the branches
The same as they do at the root!

Samuel W. Small.

THE KISS IN THE TUNNEL

They were sitting five seats back, but I plainly heard the smack,
As we dashed into the tunnel near the town,
And the currents of my veins ran like gush-April rains,
Though I'm grave and gray and wear a doctor's gown.

Once—alas! so long ago—on the rails I journeyed so,
With a maiden in a jaunty Jersey sack,
And I kissed her with my eyes, as the timid stars the skies,
But I longed, oh, how I longed, for one real smack!

Did she know it? I dare say! (She'd a a sweet clairvoyant way
In the glancing of her eyes so bright and blue.)
Ne'er a bee such honey sips as the nectar on her lips;
But I longed, in vain, as on we flew.

Just as yearning reached its height, lo! there came a sudden night,
And like steel to magnet clove my mouth to hers!
I shall never more forget how like drops of rain they met,
In the bosom of a rose that lightly stirs!

When we came again to light, both our faces had turned white—
White as clouds that float in summer from the South.
Missed I glances, missed I smiles! but on air I rode for miles,
With the sweetness of love's dew upon my mouth.

So the kiss that some one stole, in the ray-less Stygian hole,
While with loud imprisoned clangor on we rushed,
Caused the sluggish streams of age, with young madness leap and rage—
And my wife restored to daylight, laughed and blushed.

Detroit Free Press

UGLY SAM

He had been missing from the "Potomac" for several days, and Cleveland Tom, Port Huron Bill, Tall Chicago, and the rest of the boys who were wont to get drunk with him could not make out what had happened. They hadn't heard that there was a warrant out for him, had never known of his been sick for a day, and his absence from the old haunts puzzled them. They were in the Hole in-the Wall saloon yesterday morning, nearly a dozen of them, drinking smoking and playing cards, when in walked Ugly Sam.

There was a deep silence for a moment as they looked at him. Sam had a new hat, had been shaved clean, had on a clean collar and a white shirt, and they didn't know him at first. When they saw it was ugly Sam they uttered a shout and leaped up.

"Cave in that hat!" cried one.

"Yank that collar off!" shouted another.

"Lets roll him on the floor!" screamed a third.

There was something in his look and bearing that made them hesitate. The whiskey-red had almost faded from his face, and he looked sober and dignified. His features expressed disgust and contempt as he looked around the room, and then revealed pity as his eye fell upon the red eyes and bloated faces of the crowd before him.

"Why, what ails ye, Sam?" inquired Tall Chicago, as they all stood there

"Ive come down to bid you good by, boys!" he replied, removing his hat and drawing a clean handkerchief from his pocket.

"What! Hez ye turned preacher?" they shouted in chorus.

"Boys, ye know I can lick any two of ye, but I'm not on the fight any more, and I've put down the last drop of whiskey which is ever to go into my mouth. I've switched off. I've taken an oath. I'm going to be decent!"

"Sam, be you crazy?" asked Port Huron Bill, coming nearer to him.

"I've come down here to tell you all about it," answered Sam. "Move the chairs back a little and give me room Ye all know I've been rough and more too. I've been a drinker, a fighter, a gambler and a loafer. I can't look back and remember when I've earned an honest dollar. The police has chased me round like a wolf and I've been in jail and the workhouse, and the papers hez said that Ugly Sam was the terror of the Potomac. Ye all know this, boys, but ye didn't know that I had an old mother."

The faces of the crowd expressed amazement.

"I've never mentioned it to any of ye, for I was neglecting her," he went on. "She was a poor old body, living up here in the alley, and if the neighbors hadn't helped her to fuel and food she'd have been found dead long ago. I never helped her to a cent—didn't see her for weeks and weeks, and I used to feel mean about it. When a feller goes back on his old mother he's a-gettin' purty low, and I know it. Well, she's dead—buried yesterday. I was up there afore she died. She sent for me by Pete, and when I got there I seen it was all day with her."

"Did she say anything?" asked one of the boys, as Sam hesitated.

"That's what ails me now," he went on. "When I went in she reached out her hand to me, and says she, 'Samuel I'm going to die, and I know'd you'd want to see me afore I passed away.' I sat down feeling queer-like. She didn't go on and say as how I was a loafer, and had neglected her, and all that; but says she, 'Samuel, you'll be all alone when I'm gone. I've tried to be a good mother to you and have prayed for you hundreds o' nights, and cried for you till my old heart was sore!' Some of the neighbors had dropped in and the women were crying, and I'll tell you, boys, I felt weak."

He paused for a moment and then continued:

"And the old woman said she'd like to kiss me afore death came, and that broke me right down. She kept hold of my hand, and by and by she whispered, 'Samuel, you are throwing your life away. You've got it in you to be a man if you'll only make up your mind. I hate to die and feel that my only son and the last of the family may go to the gallows. If I had your promise

that you would turn over a new leaf, and try and be good, it seems as though I'd die easier. Won't you promise me, my son?' And I promised her, boys, and that's what ails me! She died holding my hand and I promised to quit this low business and to go to work. I came down to tell ye, and now you won't see me on the Potomac again. I've bought an ax, and am going up to Canada to winter."

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then he said:

"Well, boys, I'll shake hands with you all around afore I go. Good-by, Pete--good by, Jack--Tom—Jim. I hope ye won't fling any bricks at me, and I shan't never fling any at ye. It's a dying promise, ye see, and I'll keep it if it takes a right arm."

The men looked reflectively at one another after he had passed out, and it was a long time before any one spoke. Then Tall Chicago flung his clay pipe into a corner, and said:

"I'll whip the man who says Ugly Sam's head isn't *level!*"

"So'll I!" replied all the others.

WILL NEW YEAR COME TO-NIGHT.

Pathetic reading suitable to New Year's entertainment.

Will the New Year come to-night mamma? I'm tired of waiting so,
My stocking hung by the chimney side full three long days ago.
I run to peep within the door, by morning's early light,
'T is empty still—Oh, say, mamma, will New Year come to-night?

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? the snow is on the hill,
The ice must be two inches thick upon the meadow rill.
I heard you tell papa last night, his son must have a sled.
I didn't mean to hear, mamma, and a pair of skates you said.

I prayed for just those things, mamma, oh, I shall be full of glee.
And the orphan boys in the village school will all be envying me:
But I'll give them toys, and lend them books, and make their New Year glad,
For, God, you say, takes back his gifts when little folks are bad.

And wont you let me go, mamma, upon the New Year's day,
And carry something nice and warm to poor old widow Gray?
I'll leave the basket near the door, within the garden gate,—
Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? it seems so long to wait.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, I saw it in my sleep,
My stocking hung so full, I thought—mamma, what makes you weep?
But it only held a little shroud—a shroud and nothing more:
An open coffin—open for me—was standing on the floor

It seemed so very strange, indeed, to find such gifts instead
Of all the toys I wished so much, the story-book and sled:
But while I wondered what it meant, you came with tearful joy
And said, "Thou'lt find the New Year first: God calleth thee, my boy!"

It is not all a dream, mamma, I know it must be true;
But have I been so bad a boy God taketh me from you?
I don't know what papa will do when I am laid to rest,—
And you will have no Willie's head to fold upon your breast.

The New Year comes to night, mamma,—your cold hand on my cheek,
And raise my head a little more—it seems so hard to speak;
You need not fill my stocking now, I can not go and peep,
Before to-morrow's sun is up, I'll be so sound asleep.

I shall not want the skates, mamma, I'll never need the sled:
But wont you give them both to Blake, who hurt me on my head?

He used to hide my books away, and tear
  the pictures too,
But now he'll know that I forgive, as then
  I tried to do

And, if you please, mamma, I'd like the
  story-book and slate,
To go to Frank, the drunkard's boy, you
  would not let me hate;
And, dear mamma, you wont forget, upon
  the New Year day,
The basket full of something nice for poor
  old widow Gray?

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, it
  seems so very soon,
I think God didn't hear me ask for just
  another June;
I know I've been a thoughtless boy, and
  made you too much care,
And may be for your sake, mamma,
  He doesn't hear my prayer.

It can not be; but you will keep the
  summer flowers green,
And plant a few—don't cry, mamma—a
  very few I mean,
When I'm asleep, I'd sleep so sweet beneath
  the apple tree,
Where you and robin, in the morn, may
  come and sing to me

The New Year comes—good night, mamma
  —"I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord"—tell poor papa—"my
  soul to keep;
If I"—how cold it seems—how dark—kiss
  me, I can not see—
The New Year comes to-night, mamma, the
  old year—dies with me.

CORA M. EAGER.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF REGULUS.

Descriptive and Dramatic

The part attributed to Regulus should be delivered with great dignity and scorn

THE palaces and domes of Carthage were burning with the splendors of noon, and the blue waves of her harbor were rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. An attentive ear could catch a low murmur, sounding from the centre of the city, which seemed like the moaning of the wind before a tempest. And well it might. The whole people of Carthage, startled, astounded by the report that Regulus had returned, were pouring, a mighty tide, into the great square before the Senate House, a great outpouring of the populace.

There were mothers in that throng whose captive sons were groaning in Roman fetters; maidens, whose lovers were dying in the distant dungeons of Rome; gray haired men and matrons, whom Roman steel had made childless; men, who were seeing their country's life crushed out by Roman power; and with wild voices, cursing and groaning, the vast throng gave vent to the rage, the hate, the anguish of long years.

Calm and unmoved as the marble walls around him, stood Regulus, the Roman. He stretched his arm over the surging crowd with a gesture as proudly imperious, as though he stood at the head of his own gleaming cohorts. Before that silent command the tumult ceased—the half-uttered execration died upon the lip—so intense was the silence that the clank of the captive's brazen manacles smote sharp on every ear as he thus addressed them:

"Ye doubtless thought, judging of Roman virtue by your own, that I would break my plighted faith, rather than by returning, and leaving your sons and brothers to rot in Roman dungeons, to meet your vengeance. Well, I could give reasons for this return, foolish and inexplicable as it seems to you; I could speak of yearnings after immortality—of those eternal principles in whose pure light a patriot's death is glorious, a thing to be desired; but, by great Jove! I should debase myself to dwell on such high themes to *you*. If the bright blood which feeds *my* heart were like the the slimy ooze that stagnates in *your* veins, I should have remained at Rome, saved my life and broken my oath.

"If, then, you ask, why I have come back, to let you work your will on this poor body, which I esteem but as the rags that cover it,—enough reply for you, it is *because I am a Roman!* As such, here in your very capital I defy you! What I have done, ye never can *undo*; what ye may do I care not. Since first my young arm knew how to wield a Roman sword, have I not routed

your armies, burned your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels? And do ye now expect to see me cower and whine with dread of Carthaginian vengeance? Compared to that fierce mental strife which my heart has just passed through at Rome, the piercing of this flesh, the rending of the sinews would be but sport to me.

"Venerable senators, with trembling voices and outstretched hands besought me to return no more to Carthage. The generous people, with loud wailing and wildly tossing gestures bid me stay. The voice of a beloved mother,—her withered hands beating her breast, her gray hairs streaming in the wind, tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks—praying me not to leave her in her lonely and helpless old age, is still sounding in my ears. Compared to anguish like this, the paltry torments *you* have in store is as the murmur of the meadow brook to the wild tumult of the mountain storm.

"Go! bring your threatened tortures! The woes I see impending over this fated city will be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle with its agony. I die, but mine shall be the triumph; yours the untold desolation. For every drop of blood that falls from my veins, your own shall pour in torrents! Woe unto thee, O Carthage? I see thy homes and temples all in flames, thy citizens in terror, thy women wailing for the dead. Proud city! thou art doomed! the curse of Jove, a living lasting curse is on thee! The hungry waves shall lick the golden gates of thy rich palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea. Rome, with bloody hand, shall sweep thy heartstrings, and all thy homes shall howl in wild response of anguish to her touch. Proud mistress of the sea, disrobed, uncrowned, and scourged—thus again do I devote thee to the infernal gods!

"Now, bring forth your tortures! *Slaves!* while you tear this quivering flesh, remember how often Regulus has beaten your armies and humbled your pride. Cut as he would have carved you! Burn deep as his curse! You may slay Regulus, but cannot conquer him."

ELIJAH KELLOGG

NELL

Pathetic.

YOU'RE a kind woman, Nan, ay kind and true!
God will be good to faithful folk like you!
You knew my Ned!
A better, kinder lad never drew breath.
We loved each other true, and we were wed
In church, like some who took him to his death;
A lad as gentle as a lamb, but lost
His senses when he took a drop to much.
Drink did it all—drink made him mad when crossed—

He was a poor man, and they're hard on such.
O Nan! that night! that night!
When I was sitting in this very chair,
Watching and waiting in the candlelight,
And heard his foot come creaking up the stair,
And turned, and saw him standing yonder, white
And wild, with staring eyes and rumpled hair!
And when I caught his arm and called in fright,
He pushed me, swore, and to the door he passed
To lock and bar it fast.
Then down he drops just like a lump of lead
Holding his brow, shaking, and growing whiter,
And—Nan!—just then the light seemed growing brighter,
And I could see the hands that held his head,
All red! all bloody red!
What could I do but scream? He groaned to hear,
Jumped to his feet and gripped me by the wrist;
"Be still, or I shall kill thee, Nell!" he hissed.
And I *was* still, for fear.
"They're after me—I've knifed a man!" he said.
"Be still!—the drink—drink did it!—he is dead!"

Then we grew still, dead still. I couldn't weep;
All I could do was cling to Ned and hark,
And Ned was cold, cold, cold, as if asleep,
But breathing hard and deep.
The candle flickered out—the room grew dark—
And—Nan!—although my heart was true and tried—
When all grew cold and dim,
I shuddered—not for fear of them outside,
But just afraid to be alone with *him*.
"Ned! Ned!" I whispered—and he moaned and shook,
But did not heed or look!
"Ned! Ned! speak, lad! tell me it is not true!"
At that he raised his head and looked so wild;
Then, with a stare that froze my blood, he threw
His arms around me, crying like a child,
And held me close—and not a word was spoken,
While I clung tighter to his heart, and pressed him,
And did not fear him, though my heart was broken,
But kissed his poor stained hands, and cried, and blessed him.

Then, Nan, the dreadful daylight, coming cold
With sound o' falling rain—
When I could see his face, and it looked old,
Like the pinched face of one that dies in pain;
Well, though we heard folk stirring in the sun,
We never thought to hide away or run,
Until we heard those voices in the street,
That hurrying of feet.
And Ned leaped up, and knew that they had come.
"Run, Ned!" I cried, but he was deaf and dumb!
"Hide, Ned!" I screamed, and held him; "Hide thee, man!"
He stared with bloodshot eyes, and hearkened, Nan!
And all the rest is like a dream—the sound
Of knocking at the door—
A rush of men—a struggle on the ground—
A mist—a tramp—a roar;
For when I got my senses back again,
The room was empty—and my head went round!

God help him? God *will* help him! Ay, no fear!
It was the drink, not Ned—he meant no wrong;
So kind! so good!—and I am useless here,
Now he is lost that loved me true and long.
. . . That night before he died,
I didn't cry—my heart was hard and dried;
But when the clocks went "one," I took my shawl
To cover up my face, and stole away,
And walked along the silent streets, where all
Looked cold and still and gray,
And on I went and stood in Leicester Square,
But just as "three" was sounded close at hand
I started and turned east, before I knew,
Then down Saint Martin's Lane, along the Strand,
And through the toll-gate on to Waterloo.

Some men and lads went by,
And turning round, I gazed, and watched 'em go,
Then felt that they were going to see him die,
And drew my shawl more tight, and followed slow,
More people passed me, a country cart with hay
Stopped close beside me, and two or three
Talked about *it!* I moaned and crept away!
Next came a hollow sound I knew full well,
For something gripped me round the heart—and then
There came the solemn tolling of a bell!
O God! O God! how could I sit close by,
And neither scream nor cry?
As if I had been stone, all hard and cold,
I listened, listened, listened, still and dumb,
While the folk murmured, and the death-bell tolled.

And the day brightened, and his time had come.
Till Nan! all else was silent, but the knell
Of the slow bell!
And I could only wait, and wait, and wait,
And what I waited for I couldn't tell
At last there came a groaning deep and great
Saint Paul's struck "eight
I screamed, and seemed to turn to fire, and fell!

ROBERT BUCHANAN

THE LIGHTKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

THE pale moon hid her face: the glittering stars
Retired above the blackness of the night
The wild winds moaned, as if some human soul
In fetters bound was struggling to be free;
The ocean leaped and swayed his long white arms
Up in the darkness with a sullen roar
Across the heavy gloom of night there came
The faint light from the tower, and when the moon
Peeped from her floating veil of clouds, she sent
A gleam across the waters, rushing mad.

Against the angry sky
The lighthouse stood, whose beacon light foretold
The danger to bold ships that neared the rocks
While daylight slept.

In the tower by the sea, there all alone,
The keeper's pretty daughter trimmed the lamp,
And as the water sparkled in the light,
"God save the sailors on the sea," she prayed;
"The night is wild; my father gone, and near
Are rocks which vessels wreck when storms are high;
I will not sleep, but watch beside the light,
For some may call for help."

And so she sat
Beside the window o'er the sea, and scanned
With large dark eyes the troubled water's foam,
Unheeding as the wind her tresses tossed,
Or spray baptized her brow.

A muffled sound
Trembles upon the air, above the storm
Why strain her eager eyes far in the night?
Was it the wind, or but the ocean's heart
Beating against the cliffs?

Ah, no! Ah, no!
It was the signal-gun —the cry for help!
Now seen, now lost, the lights upon the ship
Glimmer above the wave
Her inmost soul with anguish stirred, sobs out,
"A vessel on the rocks, and none to save!"
Again that far, faint death-knell of the doomed
Upon her young heart falls. "They shall not die!
I rescue them, or perish in their grave!"
Her strong arms, nerved by heart long trained
To suffer and to dare for highest good,
Conquers in spite of warring elements;
The boat is launched; one instant does she pause
And lift her soul in prayer 'Tis silent,
But angels hear, and bear it on their wings
To the All-Father, and the strength comes down.

The wind howls loud: the cruel, sullen waves
Toss the frail bark as children toss a toy;
All nature tries to baffle one brave soul
As, beautiful and bold, she still toils on,
Unheeding all except one thought, one hope.

She nears the vessel, beating 'gainst the rocks;
A wave sweeps o'er her, but her heart is stayed
By cries for "help" from hearts half dead with fear;
Upon the tossing ship they watch and pray,
While nearer draws deliverance. One more bound

The ship is reached, and not a moment lost.
The boat is filled. Again she braves the
sea,
This time with precious freight, the while
the waves,
Thus cheated of their prey, mourn in
revenge.
The moon between the clouds in pity smiles,
The waves are broken into tears above
The boat of life; resisting wind and wave,
They near the land, an unseen Hand directs,
And one eye, never sleeping, watches all.

Upon the shore the fishers' wives knelt
down
And clasped their loved ones, given from
the grave.
Young children sobbed their gratitude, and
clung
To fathers they had never hoped to kiss;
Strong men were not afraid of tears, which
fell
Like April rain, as with their wives and
babes
They knelt upon the bleak seashore, to
pray.
Up to the skies a glad thanksgiving rose:
The wind ceased wailing, and the stars
came out;
Joy filled all hearts, and noble Grace was
blessed.
The earth grew brighter, for the angels sang,
In heaven, to God a glad, sweet song of
praise.

MYRA A. GOODWIN.

KEEPING HOUSE FOR TWO.

It's sweeping and dusting and cooking,
It's making the wee house bright,
For the man, all day who is earning his
pay,
And is hastening home at night.
He, for the toil and the wages,
She for the saving up;
And both in all weather to stand together,
And share the loaf and the cup.

It's singing above the pudding,
It's flitting to and fro,
With a heart so light from morning till
night
That the cheeks with roses glow.
It's watching the clock in the gloaming,
It's running to open the door,
With a smile and a kiss, and the touch of a
bliss
That can ask for nothing more.

Perhaps the means are narrow
In the keeping house for two;
But the little wife in her valiant strife
Will somehow make them do.
And God will help her onward,
And smooth her good man's way,
And, trudging together, in every weather,
They'll laugh at the rainy day.

As he works with hammer and pick-axe,
Or bends o'er ledger and bills,
As he faithfully toils for the golden spoils
That enrich another's tills,
He does not fret or worry,
He is proud as a millionaire;—
With a cheery wife and a happy life,
The man has enough and to spare.

'Tis stepping from parlor to kitchen,
And lilting a bit of song;
For she feels in her breast, that the tiny nest
Will not be lonesome long.
Flood-tide of life's fullest pleasure,
Joy-bells a peal to ring,
When a little bed, holds a flaxen head,
And the small home holds a king!

And then the merry problem
Will be keeping house for three;
And angels will wait at the lowly gate,
To give them company.
When it's one for the work and the wages,
And one for the saving up,
Aud the home to stand with the best in the
land,
And God for the loaf and cup!

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
In *Everywhere*.—

THE DIFFICULTY OF RHYMING

The humor of this selection must appear in the perplexed and difficult manner of the speaker in finding the rhyming word for the end of the fourth line.

We parted by the gate in June,
That soft and balmy month,
Beneath the sweetly beaming moon,
And (wonth—hunth—sunth—bunth—I
can't find a rhyme to month).

Years were to pass ere we should meet;
  A wide and yawning gulf
Divides me from my love so sweet,
  While (ulf—sulf—dulf—mulf stuck again; I can't get any rhyme to gulf. I'm in a gulf myself).

Oh, how I dreaded in my soul
  To part from my sweet nymph,
While years should their long season roll
  Before (hymph dymph symph I guess I'll have to let it go at that).

Beneath my fortune's stern decree
  My lonely spirits sunk,
For I a weary soul should be
  And a (bunk—dunk—runk—sk—That will never do in the world)

She buried her dear lovely face
  Within her azure scarf,
She knew I'd take the wretchedness
  As well as (parf—sarf—darf—harf-and-harf—That won't answer either).

Oh, I had loved her many years,
  I loved her for herself;
I loved her for her tender tears,
  And also for her (welf—nelf—helf—pelf—no, no; not for her pelf).

I took between my hands her head,
  How sweet her lips did pouch!
I kissed her lovingly and said—
(bouch—mouch—louch—ouch; not a bit of it did I say *ouch*).

I sorrowfully wrung her hand,
  My tears they did escape,
My sorrow I could not command,
  And I was but a (sape—dape—fape—ape; well, perhaps, I did feel like an ape).

I gave to her a fond adieu,
  Sweet pupil of love's school;
I told her I would e'er be true,
  And always be a (dool—sool—mool—fool; since I come to think of it, I was a fool, for she fell in love with another fellow, before I was gone a month).

A TWILIGHT STORY.

"AUNTIE, will you tell a story?" said my little niece of three,
  As the early winter twilight fell around us silently
So I answered to her pleading: "Once, when I was very small
With my papa and my mamma I went out to make a call;
And a lady, pleased to see us, gave me quite a large bouquet,
Which I carried homeward proudly, smiling all along the way.

"Soon I met two other children, clad in rags and sad of face,
Who grew strangely, wildly joyous as I neared their standing-place
'Twas so good to see the flowers! 'Give us one—oh, one!' they cried.
But I passed them without speaking, left them with their wish denied.
Yet the mem'ry of their asking haunted me by night and day,
'Give us one!' I heard them saying, even in my mirthful play.

"Still I mourn, because in childhood I refused to give a flower;
Did not make those others happy when I had it in my power."
Suddenly I ceased my story. Tears were in my niece's eyes—
Tears of tenderness and pity—while she planned a sweet surprise;
"I will send a flower to-morrow to those little children dear."
Could I tell her that their childhood had been gone this many a year?

MARY J. PORTER.

KING WHEAT.

Suitable to Thanksgiving Entertainment.

YOU may tell of your armored cruisers
  And your great ships of the line;
And swift or slow may steamers go
  Across the billowy brine.
Like thunder may the cannon boom
  To greet their flags unfurled,
And for an hour they may have power
  To rule the frightened world.

From ocean shore to ocean shore
  Lie lines of gleaming steel
And night and day we hear alway
  The ring of rushing wheel ;
Though buffalo have left the plain,
  And Indian tents are furled,
Nor steam nor hand at wealth's command
  Can rule the busy world.

But where the hillside rises fair
  In terraces of green,
And on the plain, where wind and rain
  Sweep fields of golden sheen,
Where sturdy yellow stalks arise,
  With bannered heads unfurled,
Here you may greet the Great King Wheat,
  The ruler of the world.

Oh, hills may shake and vales resound
  Beneath the flying car
And driven by steam and winds a beam
  Our ships ride fast and far ;
Cities may crumble 'neath the guns
  Which guard our flag unfurled,
Yet all shall greet—at last—King Wheat
  For hunger rules the world.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

MOSAICS

A pleasing contest may be introduced in a literary society or circle of friends by reading the following verses and offering a prize to the person who names the titles of the greatest number of poems from which the lines are taken. The contestants should be supplied with paper and pencils and two minutes' time given after the reading of each stanza for the writing of the title.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day—
  Great day from which all other days are made ;
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray,
  In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed.

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
  The moping owl does to the moon complain ;
With louder plaint the mother spoke her woes,
  Driven by the wind and battered by the rain.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise ;
Westward the star of empire takes its way
  And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
  Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
"What were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries :
  One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined :
  Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
  Oh, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store,
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing—
Arm! Arm! It is the cannon's opening roar.

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
  And catch the manners living as they rise.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
  If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

You see mankind the same in every age,
  And as they first are fashioned always grow ;
He struts and frets his hour upon the stage—
  Virtue alone is happiness below.

"Turn gentle hermit of the dale,
  And guide my lonely way ;"
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
  To find the better way!

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  An' never bro't to min'!
Oh, no, my friends, for is it not
  Poured out by hands divine?

This world is all a fleeting show
From many an ancient river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

On Linden when the sun was low,
With eyelids heavy and red,
Man wants but little here below,
As hath been sung or said.

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
To be, or not to be;
In this the art of living lies,
Come to the sunset tree.

Mary had a little lamb,
With fingers weary and worn,
And everywhere that Mary went
Shows man was made to mourn.

John Gilpin was a citizen
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And so the teacher turned him out,
And sang the song of the shirt.

A nightingale that all day long
Made fields and forests bare,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,"
And hoary was his hair

And what is friendship but a name?
The eager children cry—
A charm that follows wealth or fame
Comin' through the rye.

And love is still an emptier sound,
Where the scattered waters rave,
A chieftain to the highlands bound
Cries, "A life on the ocean wave."

Oh, swiftly glides the bonnie boat,
With fainting steps and slow;
He used to wear an old brown coat,
Its fleece was white as snow.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain:
Oh, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
At the close of the day when the hamlet is still;
Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
In the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep.
You have waked me too soon; I must slumber again;
Rock me to sleep, mother; rock me to sleep.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
With lovely young Jamie, the pride of the Dee;
His footsteps are feeble once fearless and bold
And away he went singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

Will you come to the bower I've shaded for you?
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow,
Perfumed with fresh flagrance and glittering with dew,
Roderick Vic Alpine Dhu! ho iero!

JOTHAM WINROW.

OLD GLORY.

(A Chant Royal.)

"I have seen the glories of art and architecture and mountain and river. I have seen the sunset on Jungfrau, and the full moon rise over Mont Blanc; but the fairest vision on which these eyes ever looked was the flag of my country in a foreign land. Beautiful as a flower to those who love it, terrible as a meteor to those who hate, it is the symbol of the power and glory and the honor of fifty millions of Americans."—GEORGE F. HOAR.

ENCHANTED web! A picture in the air,
Drifted to us from out the distance blue
From shadowy ancestors, through whose brave care
We live in magic of a dream come true
With Covenanters' blue, as if were glassed
In dewy flower-heart the stars that passed
O blood-veined blossom that can never blight!

The Declaration, like a sacred rite,
Is in each star and stripe declamatory,
The Constitution thou shalt long recite—
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"*

O symphony in red, white, blue! fanfare
Of trumpet, roll of drum, forever new,
Reverberations of the bell that bear
Its tones of LIBERTY the wide world through!
In battle dreaded like a cyclone blast!
Symbol of land and people unsurpassed,
Thy brilliant day shall never have a night.
On foreign shore, no pomp so grand a sight,
No face so friendly, naught consolatory.
Like glimpse of lofty spar with thee bedight,—
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

Thou art the one Flag: an embodied prayer.
One, highest and most perfect to review:
Without one, nothing: it is a lineal, square,
Has properties of all the numbers, too,
Cube, solid, square root, root of root: best classed
It for his essence the Creator cast.
For purity are thy stripes of six white:
This number circular and endless quite:—
Six times, well knows the scholar wan and hoary,
His compass spanning circle can alight,—
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

Boldly thy seven lines of scarlet flare,
As when o'er old centurion it blew;
(Red is the trumpet's tone: it means to dare.)
God favored seven when creation grew:
The seven planets; seven hues contrast;
The seven metals; seven days; not last
The seven tones of marvellous delight
That lend the listening soul their wings for flight;
But why complete the happy category
That gives thy thirteen stripes their charm and might,—
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

In thy dear colors, honored everywhere,
The great and mystic ternion we view;
Faith, Hope and Charity are numbered there,
And the three nails the Crucifixion knew.
Three are offended when one has trespassed,—
God, and one's neighbor, and one's self aghast;
Christ's deity and soul and manhood's height;
The Father, Son and Ghost may here unite.
With texts like these, divinely monitory,
What wonder that thou conquerest in fight,—
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!"

ENVOY.

O blessed Flag! sign of our precious past,
Triumphant present, and our future vast,
Beyond starred blue and bars of sunset bright
Lead us to higher realm of equal right!
Float on, in ever lovely allegory,
Kin to the eagle and the wind and light—
Our hallowed, eloquent, beloved "Old Glory!

EMMA FRANCES DAWSON.

*"Old Glory," as our flag was baptized by our soldiers in the Rebellion.—*Preble.*

ICHABOD.

The following poem was written on hearing of Daniel Webster's speech in supporting the "Compromise Measure," including the "Fugitive Slave Law." This speech was delivered in the United States Senate on the 7th of March, 1850, and greatly incensed the Abolitionists. Mr. Whittier, in common with many New Englanders, regarded it as the certain downfall of Mr. Webster. The lines are full of tender regret, deep grief and touching pathos.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Revile him not—the Tempter hath
A snare for all:
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath
Befit his fall!

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now :
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, nought
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone ; from those great eyes
The soul has fled :
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead !

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame ;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

CASABIANCA.

Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old (son of the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled ;
The flames that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm :
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on ; he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, " Say, father, say,
If yet my task be done ? "
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father ! " once again he cried,
" If I may yet be gone ! "
And but the booming shots replied
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still but brave despair :

And shouted but once more aloud,
" My father ! must I stay ! "
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky

There came a burst of thunder sound :
The boy—Oh ! where was *he?*
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strewed the sea-

With shroud and mast and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young faithful heart.

FELICIA HEMANS.

A PARODY ON CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the back-yard fence, whence all but him had fled
The flames that lit his father's barn, shone just above the shed.
One bunch of crackers in his hand, two others in his hat,
With piteous accents loud he cried, " I never thought of that ; "
A bunch of crackers to the tail of one small dog he'd tied ;
The dog in anguish sought the barn, and 'mid its ruins died.
The sparks flew wide, and red and hot, they lit upon that brat ;
They fired the crackers in his hand, and e'en those in his hat.

Then came a burst of rattling sound—the boy ! Where was he gone ?
Ask of the winds that far around strewed bits of meat and bone :
And scraps of clothes, and balls, and tops, and nails, and hooks, and yarn—
The relics of that dreadful boy that burnt his father's barn.

J. T. GAMBLE.

Part XVI

PROGRAMMES

TO make a programme for an entertainment is always a difficult task. First, *what* to have, and, second, where to find it, are perplexing questions which present themselves. To help solve this difficulty and answer these troublesome questions is the object of this department.

Let it be understood that variety in selections, as far as the occasion will admit, always contributes to the pleasure of the audience. Yet there is a "fintess of things" which should never be lost sight of.

The few succeeding programmes are intended to be used as samples. They may be adapted and used as they appear, or they may be altered to conform to local requirements. The compiler of this volume, with a view to aiding the user of the book as far as possible, has indicated by "*notes*" at the beginning of a large number of selections, their special adaptation to some particular entertainment or occasion. The illustrations alsc furnish many suggestions for tableaux, costumes and easy graceful attitudes in acting

AN ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

QUEEN'S DAY, MAY TWENTY-FOURTH

[By enactment this day has been made a special holiday, and the following Programme is suggested for this occasion.]

MUSIC . . . . *By an Orchestra or Band*

RECITATION, by reading . . . *Canadian Loyalty and Patriotism*

ADDRESS (or Original Paper)

"*The Queen a Model Woman and Mother*"

SONG—"*Home, Sweet Home*" . . . . . . Page 394
(or other selection.)

ADDRESS (or Original Paper)

"*The Queen as Ruler*"

RECITATION—"*Victoria a Constitutional Sovereign*" . . Page 68

MUSICAL SELECTION

RECITATION—"*Empire First*" . . . . . . Page 74

ADDRESS—"*Canada and Canadians*" . . . . . Page 84

MUSIC, by the Audience . . . . . *The National Anthem*

CLOSING ADDRESS by the Chairman

[This Programme may be varied to suit the age and places of those who participate. Brief essays covering the Queen's Life and Reign may be introduced, and other selections made for Recitations and Readings.]

A NATIONAL HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT

MUSIC, "*Rule Britania*" . . . . By the Band

RECITATION—"*The Love of Country*"
or "*The Power of Great Britain*" . . . Pages 65 and 93
(For a girl.)

DECLAMATION—"*True Greatness*" or
"*The United Empire*" . . . . Pages 69 and 97
(For a boy.)

SONG "*Maple Leaf Forever*" . . . . By Audience

ORIGINAL ADDRESS—"*The Greatness of the British Empire*"
Prepared and delivered by some local speaker. It should not last longer than eight or ten minutes
(time.)

MUSIC, *Any Patriotic Air* . . . . By the Band

DECLAMATION—"*Canadian Loyalty and Patriotism*" . . . . . Page 68
(Delivered by some one who can speak with dignity.)

SONG—"*Canada the Land of the Maple*" . . . By Chorus or Audience

TABLEAU "*Canada, Britania's Favorite Daughter*"

(Let some stately matron in cap and gown represent Britannia, or she may wear a gilt crown and hold a sceptre and be seated upon a raised seat or throne. A pretty girl or maiden wearing Canadian colors may stand [illegible] representing the first fruits of the [illegible] subject themselves for this tableau.)

DECLAMATION—"*Empire First*" . . . . Page 74

SONG—"*The Soldiers of the King*" Sung by the Chorus and
Played by the Band

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT

A Programme adapted to the close of school where a variety of entertainment is desired.

1. SONG.—"*God Save the King.*" . . . . By the School

2. ADDRESS OF WELCOME, with remarks on the progress made in the school.
(By the Principal or Teacher.)

3. DECLAMATION—"*The Life and Reign of Queen Victoria*" or
"*Canada and the Canadians*" . . Pages 66 and 84
(For a boy or girl of 15 or older.)

4. AN ESSAY
(Prepared for the occasion and read by one of the pupils.—A selection, from Part XV, as a reading may be substituted.)

5. SONG—*Selection from the School Song Book* . . . . By the School

6. DECLAMATION—"*Baby in Church*" . . . . Page 194
(For little girl.)

7. "*Doll Rosy's Bath*" . . . . Page 290
(For little girl.)

8. AN ESSAY
[Prepared for the occasion and read by one of the pupils. A reading may be selected instead.]

9. SONG, ... By the School
[To be selected from Musical Department of this book—or from other songs already prepared.]

10. DIALOGUE—"*Failed*" . . . . Page 327
(For boy and girl.)

11. RECITATION.—"*Pegging Away*" . . . . Page 270
(For boy or girl.)

12. FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS
[To be selected from pages 404-414, or from many choice selections of this book, and recited by one or more classes of school as called upon.]

13. SONG, ... By the School
[To be selected from Musical Department of this book—or from other songs already known.]

14. CLOSING ADDRESS . . . . Page 299
(For boy or girl.)

NOTE.—This is only a sample programme. The teacher should adapt it to his or her peculiar needs, and endeavor to bring in all the pupils in some way. Quotations are often introduced for this purpose.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

Programme suitable for Parlor, Church or Sunday School where children take part.

1. SONG—"*A Christmas Song*" . . . . Page 382
2. SELECTION—From Scripture . . . . Luke 2: 8–20
   [The Shepherds and the Angels.]
3. RECITATION—"*Nobody's Child*" . . . . Page 190
4. RECITATION—"*The Bells*" . . . . Page 158
5. SONG—Solo
   [To be contributed for the occasion.]
6. RECITATION—"*Building and Being*" . . . . Page 251
   [May be read or recited.]
7. DIALOGUE—"*A Home Scene in the Chaplain's Family*" . . Page 333
   [A dialogue for four girls.]
8. SONG, by the Children
   [Selected from some familiar hymn.]
9. READING—"*How Prayer Was Answered*" . . . . Page 253
10. RECITATION—"*A TwilightStory*" . . . . Page 442
11. RECITATION—"*Katie's Wants*" . . . . Page 289
    [For a little girl of 6.]
12. RECITATION—"*Christmas Has Come*" . . . . Page 292
    [For a little girl of 6 or 7.]
13. QUOTATIONS
    [Let each one of a class or a select few read quotations suitable to the occasion. To be selected from Scripture or this book.]
14. CLOSING HYMN

PARLOR ENTERTAINMENT

Where only a few are expected to participate.

1. INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

2. READING—"*In Marget's Garden*"

3. A DIALOGUE—"*The Interviewer*" . . . . Page 236

4. READING OR RECITATION—"*Leedle Yawcob Strauss*" . . . Page 208

5. INSTRUMENTAL OR VOCAL MUSIC

6. READING—"*In the Bottom Drawer*" . . . . Page 179

7. A FARCE—"*Courtship Under Difficulties*" . . . . Page 350
[For two gentlemen and one lady.]

8. READING—"*Two Gentlemen of Kentucky*" . . . . Page 418

9. A RECITATION—"*From the Sublime to Ridiculous*" . . . Page 321